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Read, ponder and reflect
Then please return
without neglect.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE ORIENT

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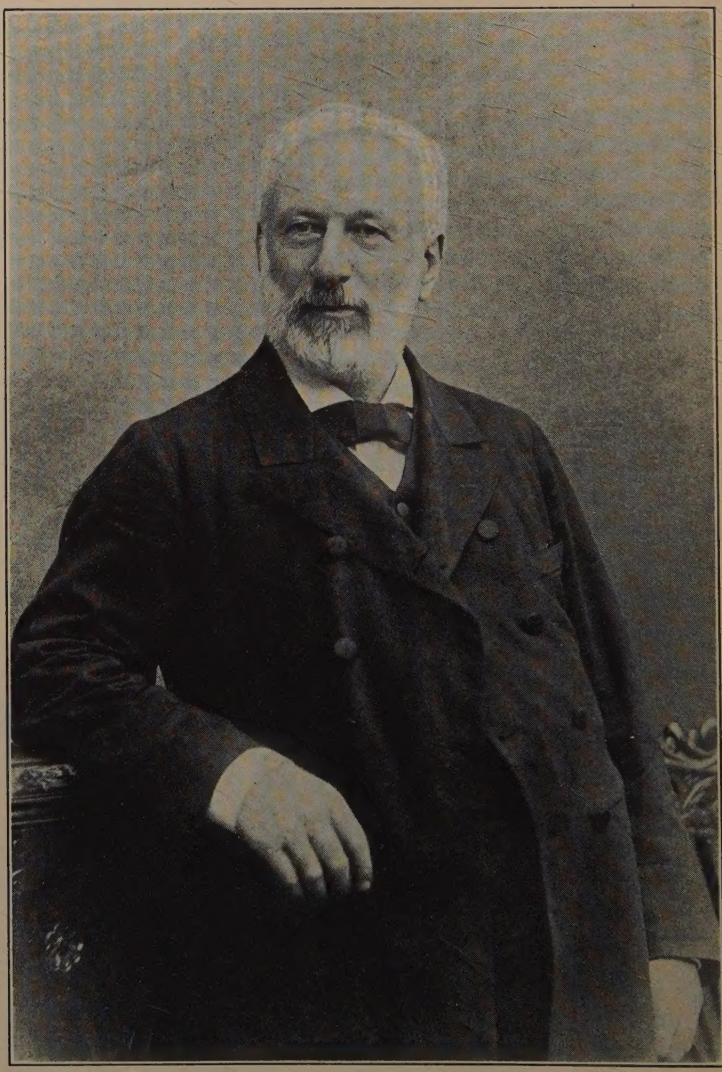

JOHN E. CLOUGH (1891)

"I arrived in Boston. . . . The papers talked of me as a venerable old man, yet I was only fifty-five years of age, grown prematurely old through the burdens I had carried. . . . The house was packed. . . . I told them in simple words how the Telugu Mission had grown. . . . They granted everything for which I asked. . . . One year later twenty-five men were ready to go. . . . Fifty thousand dollars were given twice over. . . . Jesus was bringing the uttermost parts of the earth together in spiritual contact. . . ."

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE ORIENT

THE STORY OF A MAN, A MISSION AND A MOVEMENT

MT80
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BY
JOHN E. CLOUGH, D.D. 1836-1910.

WRITTEN DOWN FOR HIM BY HIS WIFE
EMMA RAUSCHENBUSCH CLOUGH, PH.D.
Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland
Mitglied der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft

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INTRODUCTION

THIS is one of the great stories of modern missions. Numerous short versions of it have for years been circulated. It is here told for the first time in full.

During three decades unusual tidings reached the Christian world from the little Telugu town of Ongole, in southern India. These tidings dealt with events of a religious nature in so dramatic a form that they appealed to the imagination as well as to the faith of men. They were full of the romance of missions: there was prophecy fulfilled, inspiration voiced in song, and there was manifestation of a simple faith in Jesus, the Christ, by such numbers that it approached the miraculous. In an out-of-the-way place of the world striking phenomena of a spiritual nature occurred, which most of the followers of Jesus had begun to believe impossible.

The facts were simple, and distinctly human, nevertheless most unusual. The mass baptism of nearly nine thousand persons in six weeks received its appealingly picturesque setting in a huge famine camp, where the starving were brought together. Yet not the pangs of hunger, nor the hope of help could wholly explain how the religious impulse could move thousands to awaken out of the apathy of their ignorant, downtrodden lives, and walk long distances to give expression to the newly-born faith within them, and to demand the Christian rite of baptism.

It all sounded strangely like the early centuries of the Christian era. Men marveled at it, and felt their

faith refreshed. They pointed to that mass movement in the far-off Telugu country when they looked for tests on which to stake their trust in the power of the Christ to touch the hearts of men in large numbers even to-day.

The story was repeated hundreds of times the world over. Among all the links that were then being forged to bind the West to the East, in the beginnings of the racial contact which is now assuming such vast proportions, that story played a part. It forced a host of Christians who seldom thought beyond their own country and their own race to ask, Who are those people whose faith in our Master, Jesus, is so simple and so strong? They thus took the first step in the direction of that larger sense of brotherhood which enfolds all races.

At the time when this story begins, in the middle of the last century, India was not yet awake as she is to-day. That interchange of thought had only just begun, between East and West, which led the thinkers of the West to the fountain of the ancient wisdom of India, and gave in turn to the Hindu some access to the mental striving which marks the Anglo-Saxon race. England had but just become the reigning political power. Religious liberty had been proclaimed, but had yet to be taught to intolerant village officials. The caste system as an arrangement of the social order had become a species of tyranny to hold the people down. At the bottom round of the social ladder, in a position almost of serfdom, were the tribes of Pariahs. The ancient communal village system, though even then beginning to disintegrate under English rule, was still intact and pressed the Pariahs sorely. It came to pass that among one of these outcaste tribes there was a mass movement toward Christianity. Of that movement this is the story.

When John E. Clough went to India in 1864, the project of foreign missions was in its early vigorous youth. There was opportunity for heroism. It was a time of the free reaching out of missionary pioneers, scattered here and there, the propaganda spirit strong upon them, their methods yet in the making, and their problems slowly taking shape. Some of them developed into men of striking personality—into men who were a pronounced embodiment of the white man's way of taking life and its resources. By their dwelling among them, these men made available to Asiatics to some extent the heritage of Western thought and motive.

Like their great Master, these early missionaries had the tendency to address themselves to the poor and lowly. Though seldom received by the higher classes of the Indian population, they found that the outcaste tribes received them gladly. They took upon themselves the burdens of the heavy laden, and as time passed identified themselves more and more with the interests of the Pariah classes. Ready to second the efforts of enlightened English government officials, they labored for the uplifting of the submerged tenth of the population.

To-day the Hindus realize that they missed an important opportunity while they held aloof from the Pariahs, and allowed them to reach out after better social conditions under the tutelage of the foreign religion. They have reason to fear that the organic connection between high and low has thereby been weakened, and they are now beginning to cope with the problem on lines distinctly oriental. This marks a phase of the onward tread of a nation. But the fact remains that here the missionaries were the pathfinders. And Dr. Clough stands out among his fellow pioneers in the front rank, second to none. In so far as he became the leader of several hundred thousand Pariahs in a

movement toward adequate recognition in the social organism, he took part in the reconstruction of modern India on lines indicated by the progressive Christian nations of the West.

A peculiar condition of preparedness was waiting for the contact with him. The man seldom creates the situation; the two must find each other. In this case a nucleus of spiritual force of a distinctly oriental type had been engendered, with which he came in touch soon after his arrival in Ongole, and the birth of that mass movement toward Christianity took place then and there. A close relation existed between several preceding Hindu religious movements and the Christian movement which spread over the same area. Indian religious reformers had prepared the way. Through them most of the men and women who became leaders in the Christian movement had come under Yoga teaching. The Christian propaganda inherited the religious fervor fostered in Indian mysticism.

In more ways than he realized, Dr. Clough worked on the lines of primitive Christianity. Like the Christians of apostolic times, he and his staff of preachers simply told and retold the story of the life and death of Jesus, the Christ, with a tireless zeal, and around the personality of Jesus as a living, loving reality men gathered in thousands. Dr. Clough had a singular conviction that he was acting as his ambassador. He was often spoken of as the "Apostle to the Telugus." In so far as the movement was a revival of primitive Christianity it was successful.

From the beginning of his career, Dr Clough's strength lay in the fact that he so thoroughly wrought out his own methods. He had the typical American capacity of seeing a need clearly and meeting it promptly. There was a boldness in his methods that led him to

hew a fresh track off the beaten highroad. Other men, consciously or unconsciously, followed him. Students of missions believe that he inaugurated a new era in modern foreign missions. There were controversies over his methods all through the years, yet he and his mission stood unmoved. He felt the pressure of destiny which used him as a part in some great design, and often he forged ahead fearlessly when he scarcely knew where the path was leading him.

The old missionary aim had been to seek the conversion of individuals; to get them detached from their previous life, one by one, and gathered into churches. Dr. Clough did not discard this aim; he added to it his faculty of getting hold of men. Early in his career he recognized the importance of the social group; he left men in it and Christianized the group. Family cohesion and tribal characteristics were factors with which he reckoned. And when, with the gregarious instincts that dominate an eastern tribe, they came over to Christianity in families, in villages, in crowds, he was not afraid of them; he had become an expert on their social organization, and could handle the crisis.

It had been a method much used by the older missionaries, to go to annual temple festivals, and to use occasions of religious excitement to bring to the minds of the gathered crowds the teachings of the new religion. This he discarded wholly. He preferred to take men in their own home environment, not as detached units away from home. From the first he went straight into Indian village life and planted centers of Christian activity there that grew and flourished with evident life.

He believed in a large use of native agency in evangelization. In a masterly fashion he picked out the men who rose above the rest and drew out the best that was in them. He let his preachers stay as close to the

model of the Hindu Guru—the spiritual teacher whom they had known in the old régime—as was possible. Always ready to heed the opinions of his staff of workers, they taught him to see with their eyes. On the basis of the primitive system of self-government existing in the Indian village, he built up a rudimentary church government. Leaving the people in their own grooves, respecting their old customs wherever principle was not at stake, he inspired the social organization with the Christian spirit. Therein lay the cause for the stability of the movement: the foundations were oriental and therefore permanent.

That mass movement toward Christianity in the Orient has already receded sufficiently far into the past to permit a historical estimate of its value. The thousands who participated in it have mostly passed away; they lived in the faith and died in it. There has not been a single break in the continuity. The Telugu Mission of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society has a staff of more than one hundred missionaries, sixty thousand communicant members, two hundred thousand adherents, and schools by the hundred. The "wholesale baptisms" of thirty years ago were not followed by wholesale apostasy. There was no lamentable diminishing of religious fervor. As Dr. Clough used to say, "Jesus kept them all faithful to the end." It therefore appears that this movement toward Christianity within a primitive outcaste Asiatic tribe will have to be marked in the history of missions as a success, and will have to go down in church history as such.

It remains for me to state the manner in which my husband and I coöperated in producing this book. The story is his; the writing is mine. When we began this book in the summer of 1908, he was already past writing anything himself, and he was almost past dictating.

His memory for facts and dates was nearly gone, but that was unessential: I had gathered the facts.

My material was abundant. There were his diaries for forty years, printed reports and newspaper cuttings for all those years, and many packages of old letters. He had dictated to me, ten years before, much pertaining to his early life, previous to going to India. All the old stories which I used to hear him tell in the course of years, if not in my notebook, were stored in my memory. I put them all into the book, nor did I let them lose that slight touch of boastfulness that generally characterizes a masterful man's reminiscences.

I had drawn upon other sources also. I knew personally nearly all the men and women mentioned in this story, and with many of them I had had long talks, all with a view to obtaining the information which I knew would be needed for this book. My notebook was full of the stories which the old preachers of the mission told me. I went over many of them with my husband; and he asked me to put them all in. He had a great love for those men, his faithful staff of workers through all the years, and wanted their stories to form a part of his own.

It often encouraged us both to find how old friends were willing to take hold and help, so that there might be neither errors nor lack of information. It is for me now to tender our grateful thanks to them, especially to those who went over the manuscript with me, thus making less the responsibility which had fallen upon me alone.

We were always glad that we decided to give the book the form of an autobiography. He trusted me by giving me the utmost freedom as his biographer, and in return for this trust I eliminated myself, and made it my sole aim to give him opportunity to tell his story in his own

way. I had to think with him, to use his manner of speech, to voice his opinions, and to live his life over again with him. It was intimate mental partnership, in which he found expression, whereas it was for me to practice literary renunciation.

He looked upon the telling of this story as a last duty which he must perform. The close of his life had come. Silence reigned where there had been strenuous activity. Losing his grip on the present, his soul was wandering in the past. The lesser values of his life were receding; the mountain peaks of the larger, wider life were coming into view. I found that while his memory for definite actions had become faint, the motives for them stood out luminous. I drew on him for the results of his days and nights of retrospect. They will be found all through the book. Very willingly he went with me whenever he saw me depart from the lines of the ordinary missionary story, and with a deep insight he helped me find the application in his own story to that larger design in foreign missions which must yet work itself out.

When we were nearing the end of our work, I said to him, "Your readers will wonder how it was that wherever you went among your Telugus, and preached, they straightway opened their hearts and believed your message." He replied, "One thing I know: I loved the people. And when I told them in the simplest words that I could use about Jesus Christ and his love for them, they somehow believed me. Whether my listeners were a few, or whether they were a crowd, by the time I was done telling them of Jesus' love, they believed in it and wanted it."

I said, "The most thoughtful of your readers will wish you had said something as to whether you felt aware of being the medium between the Master Jesus and

those people,—whether any power of believing was transmitted through you." He thought a few moments and then replied, "I think I had better keep still about that." I had come to his Holy of Holies, and he refused to lift the curtain. I said nothing more, and saw that he was deep in thought, wrapped in the mysteries which perhaps have been revealed to him since then.

To me—the comrade of ten hard, crippled years—he left the task of completing his book. I stayed a year in the room adjoining the one in which he closed his eyes, first in my greatly needed convalescence, then at work. I never lost sight of his point of view, always eliminating myself, always letting memory reproduce even the words he was wont to use. On the spiritual aspects throughout the story I dwelt with all the reverence which we human beings feel for that in each other which binds us to God.

E. R. C.

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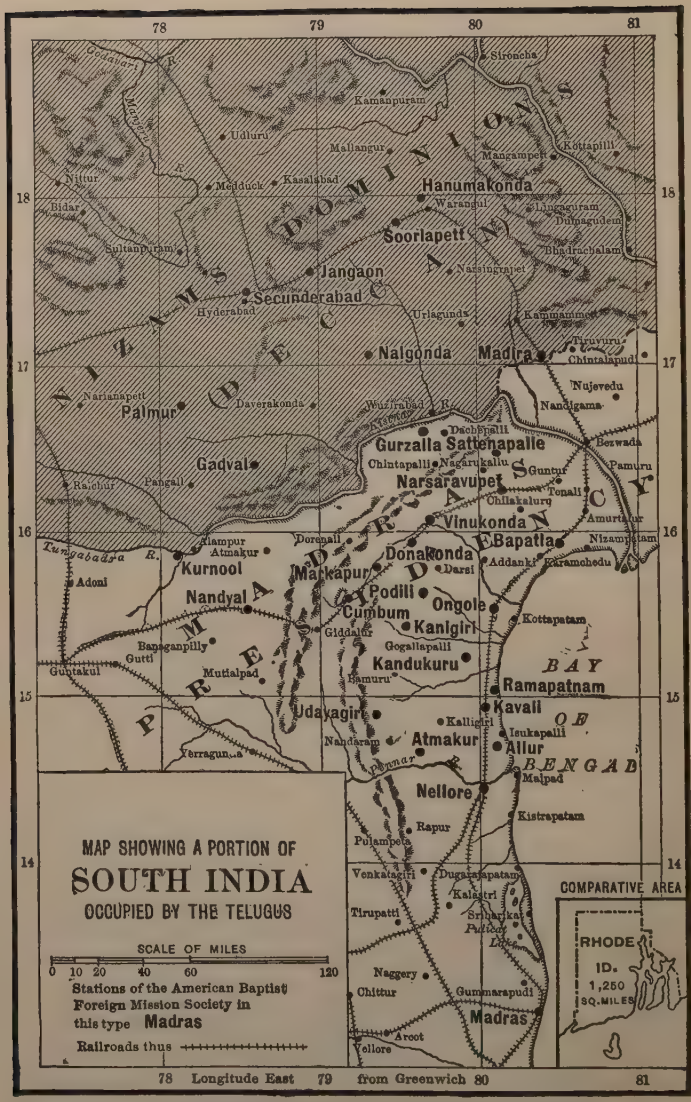


By courtesy of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE ORIENT

I

A PIONEER BOY IN THE FORTIES

My birth year, 1836, saw the beginning of many enterprises of a religious and philanthropic nature. Many of the men of that year also had these characteristics. The Telugu Mission and I, born at the same time, had similar experiences till we came to a meeting point, and after that we became so knitted together that the story of the one was also the story of the other.

I was born in a blockhouse, on a farm near Frewsburg, Chautauqua County, New York, July 16, 1836. My parents named me John Everett after an uncle of mine. Western New York was at that time a new and unsettled country. Thrifty, resourceful families from the New England States were emigrating to these parts. Many a man who afterwards did hard work in the world was born into one of those pioneer families in Western New York.

My father's family came originally from Wales. The name Clough is said to be derived from the Celtic, meaning *stone*. The ancestor of the American branch of the family sailed from London in 1635, and settled in Salisbury, Massachusetts. His descendants had the staunch qualities of the early settlers and were ready to fight for their country. My grandfather shouldered his gun un-

der Washington, during the Revolutionary War, passing through the hard winter at Valley Forge.

Through my mother I am of Scotch-English descent. Her mother was of the Scotch clan of the McEwans, a clan noted for piety. Her father was a Sturgeon, descended from a family which, it is said, originally came from Holland and emigrated to England in the twelfth century. One of her ancestors was ennobled for some meritorious service to an English king. Two Sturgeon brothers became famous leaders in the defense of Derry, Ireland, in 1689. The son of one of these brothers came to America in 1720, and settled in Pennsylvania. He was my ancestor. My mother's grandfather fought in the war of the Revolution. Her father with three brothers cut their way four miles through the forests of Pennsylvania, and took possession of land which they had purchased. The town of Fairview was built on their property.

Through my mother I am of the fifth generation of early settlers, and through my father I am the seventh American in a direct line. Very likely I have a good deal of the Yankee in my make-up, and I am proud of it. My love for India came afterwards, and my loyalty to the English Government came with it. But it was all grafted upon my Yankee instincts. There was never a time when I could not easily become stirred with love for my country.

I had scarcely come into the world when my parents lost all their property. My father was doing well in the lumber business. He was a kind-hearted man, and people came to him for help when in trouble. Through loyalty to a friend he signed a note which he afterwards was obliged to pay in full. Everything was swept away, including my mother's handsome dowry. My sister remembers how mother stood in the doorway and looked

on as the horses and cattle which were part of the dowry were driven away. She did not blame father, for she knew he had acted in good faith. But my destiny was changed while I lay in the cradle. I grew up a poor man's son.

My parents told me that when the family physician saw me, he said, "One continent will be too small to hold that boy." An old Indian chief from a reservation of peaceful Indians—the Alleghanys—was one of my earliest friends. He told my mother that I would become a great medicine man, and ranked me thus among the wise men of the Indian tribes, who knew their hidden wisdom and communed with the Great Spirit. He brought me as a present a little pair of moccasins, done in beadwork, in the finest Indian fashion. I wore them as my first shoes, and learned to walk in them.

Evidently I was a sturdy child, and seem to have been somewhat unmanageable. I would not take anything from hearsay, but had to test everything myself. If I was on the wrong track, I would not stop until I found it out for myself, generally by coming to grief in some way. When I was about four years old, my mother went on an errand one day to the nearest neighbors, about half a mile away. She left me with Jane, who was three years older than I. When I realized that mother was gone, I broke loose and started after her. The snow was deep, and before Jane could get someone to help her control me I had gone far, and had frozen my feet badly. On another occasion I hurt myself because I wanted a stick which I saw when going through the woods with one of my brothers. I watched my opportunity, got the axe, and started for the stick. A log lay in the way. I dropped the axe over, but in climb-

ing after it, put my hand on its edge and cut myself severely.

The stories told at the fireside in my home were of a kind to keep my youthful mind intensely excited. The war of the Revolution formed a frequent topic of conversation. My father often told stories about it, which he had heard his father tell. There were men coming and going who had fought in the War of 1812. Two of my father's brothers had served in that war. It was then in the recent past that the English, under stress of war, had agreed to pay the Indians a good price for the scalps of settlers. Thus my uncle was scalped, and hundreds of Americans at the same time. I listened and wished I were big enough to fight; I would have considered it good service to kill an Englishman.

My mother, when a girl, heard the cannonading on Lake Erie from Commodore Perry's fleet. She knew Sergeant Bird, who distinguished himself in that battle, carrying the flag. By a captain in command he was wrongfully court-martialed and sentenced to death. Commodore Perry himself came riding fast, waving a flag to stop the execution, but he was too late. The man was shot. My mother told us children this story, and sometimes she sang a song that had been composed about "Gallant Bird." It is one of my earliest recollections that I was burning with indignation over the wrong done to my mother's friend.

Then there were the Indians about whom I heard many stories, especially from my mother. She passed her girlhood in the forests, where the white settlers were constantly taking precautions, fearing the cruelty of the Indians. Only six weeks, all told, did my mother have opportunity to go to school. When she was fourteen years old she lost her mother by death. She then kept house for her father and took charge of two younger

brothers and a sister. Once she saw a gang of Indians approaching. She hurried the children into some hiding place. The men of the family were out on the fields. The Indians passed and did no harm.

It all made me feel, as I listened, as if I ought to be fighting, no matter whether the Indians or the English. Often I made war on an old gander in the barn-yard. Whether, for the time being, he was an Indian or an Englishman, he was always ready for a fight. It was a square fight too, for if I did not look out he caught me and whipped me with his wings. There was a big grain-stack in the farm-yard, which I called my fort. Another little boy and I bombarded it with stones, and played that it was war. But the day came when a man brought a threshing machine and threshers. The stones got into the machine and stopped it every little while. The men swore and said it would ruin the machine. My father and all on the farm knew who had done it, but they did not tell. The other boy and I ran into the woods and kept out of sight, so as to escape questions. It was more fun telling about it afterwards than it was that day.

A neighbor had obtained turkeys' eggs and had put them under a hen to hatch. His young son and I kept our eye on that old hen. We heard our parents talk about the time it would take, and concluded that the old hen was not doing right by the turkeys and ought to be helped. We drove her off the nest, picked the eggs open and got the little turkeys out—liberated them. They stood up a few minutes and then fell over and died. Our parents were ready to annihilate us, but they did not do it.

I do not remember that my mother ever told me Bible stories, or taught me to say my evening prayers. There was a Sunday school some miles away to which my

brothers went, but it was too far for me. My mother's father had held to family prayers. Once, when the young people were going cranberrying, he made them come to prayers first, and prayed so long that their knees ached, while their companions stood outside waiting for them. A large share of his wealth went to his church. Soon after his death the members divided into Old School and New School Presbyterians, and each faction claimed the money and lands; they went to law about it and lost most of it in litigation. All this probably had something to do with my mother's silence about religious matters. She let me grow up untaught. My father kept the Puritan Sabbath. If he saw me out in front of the house playing marbles, he rapped on the window: "Bub, it is Sunday to-day, not the day for play."

A little playmate and I were discussing one day what we would do when we were men. Among other great exploits I said I was going to kill the devil. He remarked, "But you cannot kill God." I replied, "There is no God; for I do not see him." My playmate said, "Yes, there is. He is everywhere." It was my great ambition at that time to have a pocket in my jacket. I therefore replied, "Then God must be in my pocket, and he is not there." What he said in turn, I do not remember. He had been taught in his home. I grew up a little heathen.

When I was five or six years old, I was deeply affected by the Millerite excitement. Mr. Miller lived only forty miles away. Men were going over the country saying the world was going to burn up. The aurora borealis was playing every night, brighter than lightning, and all the northern heavens were ablaze. In Jamestown, a few miles away, a whole company of people were assembled for days, clad in white robes,

expecting every moment to be lifted up at the second coming of our Lord. My family did not join in the excitement, but of course no one talked of anything else. I listened, and was much frightened. At night I stayed close to the grown people and asked them often how the fire was going to be put out. In the daytime I followed father into the woods, where he was drawing logs to the sawmill, and did not lose sight of him. He talked with me and made me forget my fear. Then, when nothing came of it all, I was old enough to feel the reaction. I was disgusted, and it made me averse to religious excitement for the rest of my life.

It was about this time that a missionary came and spoke at Jamestown. He had an idol with him, which was passed around. People took it home to show it to their families. My mother, too, had it, and she let us children see it. This was my introduction to foreign missions.

My first day at school came when I was only five years old. My mother sent me with Jane and two of my brothers, by the short cut, a mile or two across fields and over fences to the little red-painted, clapboard schoolhouse. I went willingly enough, it seems. The teacher was much loved by the children. She smiled at them, and then they did what she told them to do. Presently she called me to her desk and I went quite fearlessly. She said she wanted me to say my A B C. I replied, "But I won't say my A B C." She took the primer and pointed to the first letter: "There is A, now say A." I replied, "I won't say A." Next she tried me on B. The same answer: "I won't say B." She said, "But you just said B." I held my ground and said, "But I won't say B again."

The other children were all smiling. The teacher was too wise to fight me, she said, "You have done very

well. You have said A nicely." This did not suit me at all. I was mad and waited for a chance to run home. Recess came, and I was soon out of the door. Jane and the boys ran after me and held me by the shoulders and legs. I battled with them and would have torn away, if the teacher had not come. She said, "Why, Everett, you do not want to go home. You want to wear my watch." She put it around my neck, and told me to sit still and I could hear it tick. I was tame as a lamb after that.

A year later I had my first day out in public. The volunteers of that region were to have a day for training at Frewsburg. My father took me with him. To hear the cannon booming as we approached the town excited me a good deal. I held my father's hand tightly as we walked along. He showed me the horse-racing, and let me see the cannon at a safe distance, and bought raisins and crackers as a treat for me. I had led such an isolated life on the farm that the experiences of the day stirred me.

I now began to go to the creek with the other boys to fish, and found that pin-hooks would not catch fish, though it was just as much fun. My big brothers took me swimming. One of them would go into the water with me on his back, and would let me slip off, forcing me thus to strike out for myself. Or if I made him promise not to let me slip, he would dive with me on his back.

The first public recognition of my capability happened one spring in the "sugar-bush." The sap from the maple trees in our grove was trickling into buckets. In the sugar-camp the sap was turned into sugar in large kettles, hung over a slow fire. A steady yoke of oxen went back and forth with the buckets. My father let me drive them. The old oxen knew their way by themselves, but

I was very proud, driving them. This sport lasted a week or two. My keen interest in the maple sugar cooled down after the first few days. The men asked me how much I thought I could eat of it. I said I could manage a bucketful. They laughed, and when I tried and soon had enough they laughed more.

When I was about eight years old, a decisive change was contemplated by my parents. Their attempts at coming back to their former prosperity had brought little success. They owned land in southern Wisconsin. This was then the Far West, and the federal government was holding out inducements to settlers. Rich prairie land could be obtained at twenty-five cents an acre. My mother had five boys growing up around her, three older and one younger than I. She wanted to settle on one of those large farms in the West, so that her sons could each take a portion and be independent, and could yet all be together. With that idea in mind, she was willing to turn her face to the Far West. Such clothing as the family was supposed to need for a year or two was made ready. Everything that could not be conveniently taken along in two large wagons was sold. Early in September, 1844, we started.

My mother's ancestral home was on our way. We halted there, and found ourselves in the midst of political excitement. Henry Clay and James K. Polk were in contest for the presidential election. A great mass meeting was held at Erie, ten miles away. During several days wagons were passing our place, drawn by many horses—one had twenty-four—decorated with flags and ridden by boys in uniform. The wagons were trimmed with high poles on which were raccoons and bunting. My youthful American enthusiasm was at its height. With some young cousins I took my stand on a pile of stones near the road and, expressive of the sentiment of

the family, shouted, "Hurrah for Henry Clay!" at every passing wagon. When not shouting we had to fight a nest of bumble-bees living in that pile of stone. Six old ganders were constantly attacking us. We had to club them and stone them and make them withdraw, in the intervals of our shouting. It was great sport.

A long, tedious journey was now before us. As far as Cleveland—then a small town—there was a fair road. Then the hardships began. The Maumee Swamp was only thirty miles wide, but progress was slow, going bump, bump over the logs which had been laid down, making a corduroy road. When within sixty miles of Chicago we had an anxious night. We had retired, mother and the younger children in the wagons, father and the older boys rolled in blankets under the wagons, in regular emigrant fashion, when some one noticed that the horses had stampeded. The fear was that they had been stolen, and were even now being driven over the prairies, beyond our reach. Father and my three brothers started out in every direction in search of them. Mother stayed by the wagons and blew a tin dinner horn every few minutes, so that father and the boys might know how to find their way back. It was a long night—I remember it well. I was awake, staying close to mother, learning how to go through anxious hours. At last, toward morning, one of the brothers appeared, riding back with the strayed horses.

We had gone just beyond Chicago when snow fell. Winter had overtaken us. Father went into the nearest village, hired a small house, and there we abode till spring. A series of reverses now came upon us. It was decided that father should start out with one of the wagons and spy out the land in Wisconsin. He had gone a few miles, and was holding a pail of water up to the horses to drink, when they became frightened at some-

thing, knocked him down and ran the wagon over him. With ribs and shoulder broken he was brought back to us. He had been an unusually strong man. From the effects of this accident he never fully recovered. While he lay crippled, he heard that the land in Wisconsin which he owned was nearly worthless. It was decided to settle on a farm in Winnebago County, Illinois.

On this farm I passed two or three of the hardest years of my life. If it was so ordained that I was to endure poverty, perhaps the clean poverty of pioneer life was the least objectionable kind. My parents sheltered me in our home. I was never exposed to the rough usage of those who stand ready to grind down the children of the poor. But my boyhood was nipped by an early frost. I could never again be like other boys. From that time on life brought me work, incessant work. I have always felt that through those hard experiences, something went out of my life which never came back.

There is one thing that I learned during those years: I learned how it feels to go hungry. For one who was to become a missionary to thousands of the poorest people in India, who have to go hungry many a day in the year, perhaps it was necessary training. I never forgot it. Many a time when those poor, outcaste people in India complained that they had only one meal a day to eat, and that of a cheap kind of porridge, I told them, "You cannot tell *me* anything about poverty. Porridge and potatoes was all my mother had to give me during one winter, and not enough of that." They knew by the look on my face that I was telling them the truth, and it made a strong bond of fellowship between us.

My mother rose to the emergency and kept the wolf from the door. Too proud to tell her wealthy brothers in the East of our trouble, she found ways to tide

us over to better times. She procured bran, sifted it, and baked bread of it. Our supply of clothes was giving out. When we children had gone to bed, she mended our clothes, washed them and dried them by the fire over night, and thus clean she sent us to school the next morning. The children of the older settlers had well-filled lunch baskets. I often hid behind the schoolhouse and ate my piece of cornbread there. There were few settlers who had not gone through times such as we were enduring. No one felt degraded by temporary poverty, which was bound to yield to thrift and bounty. Still, it was a grinding experience.

The bright spot to me in all the dreariness of those years was my poultry yard. I was only nine years old when I was given the chores to do, that my father and brothers might devote themselves to the hard work of the farm. There was one cow to tend, and there was a humble little family of hens, which began to interest me. I noticed the fowls of neighboring farmers. I could not see a nice fowl without wanting it. By exchange or gift I came into possession of Shanghais, geese, ducks and guinea hens. After a few years mine was the finest poultry yard in all that section. The eggs, taken to the country store, provided groceries for our table. No one interfered with me about that poultry yard. I was a Yankee boy and wanted to be boss over something. My family respected my rights. I took great pride in my Shanghai rooster. Some neighbors gave him to me when he was a mere chick. I guarded him as the apple of my eye. He had a crowing acquaintance with every rooster of the neighborhood. None were as big as he. We moved to a farm about a mile away. He was not satisfied. Before daylight the first morning he began to communicate with his friends. By crowing back and forth he found his way through the

forest to the old place. All the neighborhood heard of this performance, and how I had to go and bring the big fellow home in my arms. It was something to live for.

As I grew older I came into more work. One summer I had to shepherd about six hundred sheep, driving them out on the open prairie in the early morning, keeping the dogs and wolves off during the day, and bringing them home in the evening. It was tedious work for a boy. The silly sheep used to stare at me and bleat and run around in stupid fashion. I did not see how anyone could love a sheep. It was heavier work when my brother Cyrus bought a plow for breaking prairie land, and wanted me to drive the six yoke of oxen hitched to the plow. There was demand for such work and it was well paid. During those years I helped the farmers to bring many an acre of prairie land under cultivation.

My education meanwhile was not neglected. An incapable teacher had been presiding over our school. The parents of the children were dissatisfied. They talked it over. My parents knew of a superior young woman, and my father, acting on behalf of the school board, went himself and engaged her and brought her. She proved to be one of the best teachers I ever had. It was a happy winter for me. As the oldest pupil in the school, I had the right of way to her all the time. I began to grow hungry for an education. That good woman fostered in me ambition which bore fruit.

About this time, when I was fourteen years old, another good woman, the wife of Judge Farwell, spoke words to me that touched me more deeply than anything I had thus far known. She woke me up. There was not a woman in all that region more respected than she. Cyrus had worked on her farm, and sometimes

she engaged me for smaller jobs. She often spoke kindly to me, and gave me presents. One day she brought me a thick book. It was the "Antiquities of Greece." She said, "See, Everett, you do not understand this now, but before many years you will be reading just such books as this, and you will want it then." Cyrus heard her say this and reported it to the family. I went home with my prize, and no one knew how the hidden springs of my nature were stirred. I had been marked for a career beyond the range of my father's farm. The call of the world began to ring in my ears.

It seems the boys of the neighborhood looked up to me. I was in touch with their boyish affairs, and appear to have given them sage advice at times, to help them keep out of trouble. They said, "Everett is going to be a lawyer." As a boy, among boys, I was singled out for a legal career. Sometimes, as my parents sat together, I went to them, and in a way that could only be pleasing to them I urged that something be changed, or some new scheme be undertaken. After listening to me, my father would say, "Well, maybe Everett is right. I think we had better do that way."

Meanwhile, after four or five years of hard work, we had come into a good degree of prosperity. A railroad passed through our land, enabling us to sell at large profit. With the proceeds of this sale and our hard-earned money we decided to move to Iowa. We were following on the track of the Indians. Iowa had been the hunting ground of several original tribes. By successive treaties the government had purchased it from them. Settlers were encouraged to take possession of the rich prairie land now open to them. It was at best a hazardous undertaking. We knew that we would be in danger of Indian cruelty for years to come. Seven years later, only about a hundred miles northwest of us,

the white population of the state was nearly annihilated by the Indians. However, we decided to run the risk. My father staked off nearly sixteen hundred acres of beautiful prairie land in Iowa by what was called "the right of squatter sovereignty," forty acres to a block. Our property was on the section called Strawberry Point. It had been named thus by some soldiers, passing through to Indian wars, who found acres of wild strawberries growing there.

When we moved over to Iowa we were quite a caravan of wagons, horses, cows, six yoke of oxen, and provisions enough to last a year. Again on the outskirts of civilization, we found ourselves among settlers who were going through privations similar to those which we endured a few years previously. Some of them had not seen bread made of flour for a long time. My mother had flour enough to last our family a year. The memory of her own hard times was strong upon her. She wanted to divide with everyone. She gave away of her tea, a luxury among settlers, and often she ate corn-bread herself that she might have more flour to give away. We were prosperous, but I had to continue to work hard. During the winters I went to school, walking several miles back and forth. In summer, as hired help was hard to obtain in that thinly populated part of the state, I had to take my place with the men. Only fifteen years old, I did a man's work from that time on. It did not hurt me, but I think if I had not worked so strenuously during that growing period, I might have been a few inches taller, and stood six feet in height.

I began now to reach out: life was rich with hope. I was thirsting for experience, and went with zest into everything that came my way. On a Fourth of July there was to be a big celebration in a town ten miles away. The farmers scattered here and there were all go-

ing, leaving only a few of the older people at home on the farms. From our neighborhood two large wagons, trimmed with greens, were filled with sight-seers. One belonged to us, with six yoke of oxen hitched in front. My brothers said, "Everett shall drive." The women of our family had made a large flag, which was fastened over the wagon so that it waved over my head. There was not a prouder boy in Iowa that day than I, driving those twelve oxen. Our wagon was cheered all along the road, and the crowd gathered to see it when we arrived where the political stump speeches were to be delivered.

At the marriage of my sister Jane I again asserted myself. She had been a good comrade to me. To hide my feelings in losing her, I arranged for a "shivaree" on the night of the wedding. I gathered the lads of the vicinity, and with horns, bells, tin pans, and horse fiddles we marched around the house, while it was snowing hard. Then we halted, and called for the bride and groom.

Always without fear of anyone, I made an exhorter beat a hasty retreat from our barn one day. I was there with my brothers, cleaning wheat, when this man came in, and without waiting for an invitation began to exhort. I knew him, and considered him a rank hypocrite. I reached up, took from a beam a pack of cards, and holding them toward him, asked him whether he would not have a game of euchre. Thus foiled, he began to hurl curses at me, but the forbidding looks of my brothers warned him that our barn was not a good place for him.

I was self-righteous in those days. I considered myself as good as anyone, and better than some who were doing a good deal of preaching. My mother could not persuade me to go to Sunday school any more. I felt

myself too good. The Methodists were holding revival meetings in a big barn. Jane and two of my brothers went and were deeply impressed. They urged me to come, but I refused. I had heard some Universalists talk about the ultimate redemption of everyone. I used to say, "If God has any account against me, let him send in his bill, and I will see whether I cannot pay."

One Sunday I took the gun to go shooting. Father said, "It is Sunday, do not go." I said I was going to bring a buck home and went. The breach-pin blew out of the gun, gave me a deep gash across my forehead and drove the powder into my face. I came home and urged Jane to take a needle and pick the powder out. She was nearly sick with the sight of so much blood. I had no pity on her, and while digging out the powder she gave vent to her feelings by telling me what she thought about my going shooting on Sunday, and my general air of self-sufficiency.

The time came for me to leave my father's house. My early years had all been passed on the borders of civilization. I was now to penetrate into an uninhabited wilderness.

II

STAKING OUT THE YOUNG WEST

EARLY in 1853, when I was nearly seventeen years old, I came home one evening from the plow, after breaking new land all day, and saw covered wagons and some mules near the house. Evidently strangers had come. This was nothing new. No traveler was turned hungry from my father's door. His was squatter hospitality, with the latch-string out.

Our guest this time was Mr. W. I. Anderson, a United States surveyor. When on our way to Iowa, two years before, we had stayed at his home in Dubuque. He, with his surveying party, now came to us. They were going to northern Minnesota to survey a tract of land under contract with the government.

Mr. Anderson had a talk with my father. He told him that he had his company made up, but still lacked a man who could turn his hand to anything. This post he now offered to me. My father was slow to consent. His family was yet together, and he was not willing to let his son go into the wilds of Minnesota without some guarantee for his safety. Mr. Anderson promised to pay me twenty-five dollars in gold per month, furnish everything, and see that no harm came to me. It was a fabulous price to offer an inexperienced boy. I wanted to go in order to get into something new, and to make money. Cyrus put in a word at this juncture. He re-

membered what the wife of Judge Farwell said in his hearing about the work in the world which she expected me to do. He thought this post with the surveyors might lead to something else for me. He spoke in favor of my going, and my parents yielded. My mother packed my supply of clothes into a two-bushel bag; it was put on the wagon, and off we started early the following morning for Minnesota, then an almost unknown land.

Ten days later we crossed the Iowa boundary. Now we had no roads before us, not even a wagon track. We picked our way along the banks of the Cedar River, and after a few days reached our camp. Near it a family of squatters had recently settled on a claim. They had built a little blockhouse and called the place Austin—a large town to-day. Work began. My chief gave me a task of a general nature. I carried the surveyor's chain and followed those who marked the lines. The demarcation posts were laid upon mules and brought along. There were miles of walking to do each day, and hard work for me with axe and spade, which I had to carry. The country was wholly uninhabited, except by Sioux Indians and rattlesnakes. Of the latter we killed on the lines about six a day. We saw roving bands of Sioux Indians frequently. They generally appeared friendly, but the half-breeds who passed that way told us stories of their cruel doings.

My new life had pleasant features. The men were kind-hearted, we had a good cook, abundant supplies and enough to eat, and it was a free life out in God's open country. But I was a very homesick boy. I had never been away from home before and there was no way of hearing from my family. If I had known the road, I might have deserted. But the Indian trail used by the surveyors was too winding and intricate for

me,—I had to stay. One day the chief sent me to find my way three or four miles, correct several posts and return to camp before dark. I did my work, and then, thinking that I was miles beyond the hearing of any human being, I gave vent to my pent-up homesick feelings by crying aloud. A slight noise aroused me. I looked up, and saw, only a few rods away, partly concealed under the overhanging limbs of a large bur-oak tree, three Sioux Indians on ponies, war-paint and feathers on, with tomahawks and spears all ready for the fray. At the time the Sioux were at war with the Chippewas. They realized that they were seen, gave a whoop and galloped off. I was so frightened, I ran back to the camp as quick as my legs could carry me. My homesickness was gone. I held out like a man.

After my return home, in the fall of 1853, I heard that a high school had recently been opened at West Union, only thirty miles away, and that two young men whom I knew were there as students. Here now was my opportunity. I had been longing for an education, but in that newly settled state the little district schools were generally second or third rate, and I was unwilling to go to any of them. Higher institutions were opened during those years, but none as yet in that part of Iowa. This high school, however, was within my reach. Cyrus again was on my side; my parents agreed with him. I took some of my newly earned money and walked the thirty miles to West Union.

I did hard work there that winter. Not willing to pay out my money for board, I worked for that. I went to the proprietor of the only good hotel in West Union, a retired Baptist preacher, and asked him whether he had any work for me to do. He said he had, so I agreed to stay. I was to saw wood for the stoves, light the fires, be hostler of stable and barn, and in return

for this was to be treated as a regular boarder, eating at the same table with the rest. It meant getting up early in the morning, being on hand at noon and again in the evening. Soon the proprietor expected me to act for him in his absence. This taught me to be mindful of the comfort of strangers. It was useful training, for later, in Ongole, I often had my compound full of hundreds of people to whom I was practically host.

In my studies during those four or five months I had a definite end in view. I had taken my bearings among the surveyors, and knew that if I had technical knowledge I might rise to something higher than hatchet-carrier among them. I went straight into the studies that would supply my need, and obtained what I wanted, though handicapped all the time by lack of adequate preliminary education. It was this circumstance, partly, that led to a remark from the principal of the high school that "in Clough a good farmer would be spoiled to make a poor lawyer." Somehow my ambition to become a lawyer was always known to those with whom I came in contact. This remark, when I heard it, had a discouraging effect upon me. The wife of my employer, too, heard of it, and was indignant. She told me not to mind it, that she was sure I was going to come out ahead in the end, and that I would some day be a lawyer. I never forgot how I felt when I had to fight the discouragement produced by that remark. Many a Telugu lad, in after years, was given a chance to learn, no matter how unpromising he might seem, if I saw that he had set his heart on rising in life. I could easily put myself in his place, for I had been there myself.

Religious influences still had no hold on me. Revival meetings were held that winter. Far from showing any interest in them, another lad and I decided to have some

fun. We went into the meeting house unobserved, took all the candles, tunneled small holes into them at intervals, and filled them with powder. In the evening, during the meeting, as the candles burned, there was a small, sizzling explosion occasionally; the light went out by the force of it. It worried the deacons. No one had any peace that night. Those in power wished they knew who played this trick and regarded us two lads with suspicion. But we took care to look innocent.

Spring came, and again I joined the surveying party on an expedition to Minnesota. Work this year was between Lake Pippin and Cannon River. My chief knew that I had been at school during the winter and lost no time in giving me a chance to apply my knowledge. He brought out a compass, put it into my hands, told me what to do, and ordered men to go with me as chainmen, carrying axe and spade. I accepted the compass with fear and trembling and started out to do as I had been told. On our return to camp in the evening I reported to the chief, and he was pleased. He saw that he could trust me. The camp was divided into two companies; the chief worked with one of them, while he placed me in charge of the other, with about six men under me, all much older than I. We camped together, but every morning we separated and did not meet again till evening. For several weeks I gave a minute account to the chief every evening of what I had done, and showed him my notebook. Then my daily reports became merely nominal and after a time ceased altogether. Thus we worked till winter came and we returned to Iowa.

My family, meanwhile, had made plans for mercantile business. They wanted to open a general merchandise store at Strawberry Point, and I was to be store-keeper. I was sent to Chicago with a team to buy a small stock

of goods. Business was fair and the prospects were good. But the supposition was that I would take kindly to work behind the counter. Here my family was mistaken. After roaming over the prairies, the confinement behind that counter was more than I could bear, and I longed to be free. When spring came nothing could hold me. The stock of goods was sold at cost, the partnership dissolved, and I thought I deserved credit because I had stayed behind that counter one winter.

Soon I was on my way again to Minnesota with my former companions and employer. Our field began about fifty miles north of Minneapolis—a village then. Mr. Anderson had decided to place more responsibility upon me. The work of surveying township and meridian lines he kept to himself; the work of dividing into sections he gave to me. This necessitated two camps. Often we did not meet more than once a month. I was only nineteen years old, not eligible to direct appointment under the government. I was sworn in as United States Deputy Surveyor, Mr. Anderson standing between me and the government. My official certificate served me, twenty years later, when I wanted a contract from the Indian Government for digging three miles of canal in the time of famine, to keep starving Christians alive. English officials then respected my United States certificate, and gave me what I wanted.

I was young for so much responsibility, but Mr. Anderson was always ready to help me. Once I found an error in the township lines and could not make my work close. I sent a messenger to him, who had to trace him and find him in that wilderness. He sent back word to stick stakes and wait till he came. Another time a settler, who had a valuable farm site, told me in a persuasive manner that if the lines were made to pass along a certain boundary on his claim, he had one hundred

dollars in gold to give me. This to a poor young man was quite a temptation. I knew I could bring the lines to suit him by just shortening and lengthening the chains a little. But though religious convictions had no part in my life at that time, my father's Puritan ideas of honor and integrity served me well. I refused the hundred dollars in gold and laid the lines with mathematical exactness. Winter overtook us in Minnesota. Snow fell as we turned homeward, late in November. There were times when we had to clear the ground before we could pitch our tent, and then, just outside the tent, we built a huge fire of logs and kept it up all night. We reached home in very cold weather.

My chief told me that the work of the following summer would be in Dakota. The government was receiving applications from prospective settlers for claims in that uninhabited portion of the country. Surveyors were being sent there to divide the land into townships and subdivide into sections. We were to go where settlers had not yet penetrated. As there were lakes and watercourses where our work would lie, the chief advised me to get the technical knowledge for this branch of surveying. There was a retired teacher of mathematics settled on a farm not far from my home, and I studied with him that winter.

I knew when I started for the wild west for the fourth time that this would be my last campaign; for I was not willing to look upon surveying as my calling in life—I wanted to become a lawyer. We pushed forward now, beyond the region where we had done our previous surveying, and came to the very confines of civilization. Near St. Cloud—a village then—a squatter had settled who made it his business to keep a depot of all kinds of supplies and articles needed by those going further into the wilderness. We replenished our stock

of provisions and were now ready to move on. Just then Mr. Anderson was called home to Dubuque on some business. He left the whole contract in my hands, with all that pertained to it, telling me to report to him by letter whenever we found it necessary to send a man from our camp in the wilderness to the squatter near St. Cloud for fresh supplies.

We now struck off for the tract which we were to survey between the Crow River and the Red River of the North. There were no settlers and no roads; we had to pick our way through forests and across water-courses. At times I had to strap my clothes and compass on my back and swim across some river too deep to ford. It took a week to reach the place where we could pitch our camp and begin work. We were then about one hundred and fifty miles away from the nearest settler. But Sioux Indians and rattlesnakes were all about us.

During that summer the Indians had murdered forty settlers near Spirit Lake, Iowa. From Fort Snelling our government had sent out an expedition to demand the murderers. The Indians had thus been followed and overtaken. Part of the tribe were willing the murderers should go; part were determined they should not go. Finally they were given up and the soldiers started back to the fort, but their steps were dogged by hundreds of Indians, bent on rescue. Our surveying party had heard of the murder and the expedition, but we did not know of the outcome. One day, out on the lines, we heard report of a cannon, repeated five minutes later; it continued thus all day. We knew that this meant trouble. After completing our day's work, we returned to camp and there discussed the situation. Several of the men were in favor of fleeing to the settlements. This

was soon voted down, and we determined, if necessary, to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

We prepared for the night. Our mules were picketed around our tent, as sentinels. With their acute sense of smell and hearing, and their fear of Indians, they were sure to indicate by snorting if there were any approaching, crawling in the long grass. We took turns in remaining awake to watch. Revolvers were loaded and under our pillows. Morning came and we went to our work. Toward noon a half-breed came riding that way. He said on the previous day several thousand Indians had war-paint on, enraged because a soldier had shot one of the prisoners who was trying to escape. They wanted to kill the little company of soldiers and rescue the prisoners. The next step would have been a massacre of all the surveyors and settlers. The United States commander withdrew his soldiers to a little knoll, planted the cannon on top, and gave notice that he would shoot if the Indians came near. They did come near, but only blank cartridges were fired at them. This was the shooting which we had heard the previous day. By night the Indians had grown tired and had scattered. The half-breed said if the commander had fired loaded cartridges just once, not one of us would have escaped death.

We worked hard that summer in Dakota. I enjoyed my independent position and appeared to be popular with the men. There were fifteen of them, all older than I. They used to say among themselves that no matter how hard Clough made them work during the week, on Sundays no one could make him move. Swearing was not allowed; we tried to live clean lives. No home missionary ever penetrated as far as our camp. The nearest church, held in a log cabin, was more than two hundred miles away. My sister, knowing this, offered me her little Testament, when I was leaving home for Dakota;

she said it would not take much room in my bag. But I replied, "You had better keep that for yourself; you at home may need it more than we out there."

Autumn came, and the work was finished. I sold out supplies, paid the men and started down the Mississippi to Dubuque. My chief, though one thousand miles away, had felt satisfied that our work was well done. I reported to him now, presented my account, and gave back the money left unexpended. He never looked at the account and took the money without counting it. During the six months in Dakota I had spent—for a boy—a mint of money. I now became a resident in the Anderson home, and my chief gave me the use of his large study to write up my field notes for the surveyor-general in Washington. This took several weeks. My four years as surveyor thus came to a close. I had been happy and successful in that calling. It was something which would be open to me in future. Other work drew me irresistibly.

III

WORKING THROUGH COLLEGE

THE man who had been my chief during my four years as surveyor now took an important part in guiding my next step. I had a talk with Mr. Anderson and he asked about my plans. I told him that I wanted to go to some good school for at least a year and then to read law. It was one of my sayings at that time that I intended to be "one of the wealthiest men and best lawyers in Iowa by the time I was forty."

I had money enough on hand to go East and enter one of the older institutions there. But I had a patriotic love for Iowa. It had ceased to be a territory and become a state only eleven years previously. I had grown with its growth. I owned a portion of a farm of rich Iowa land. I knew that if, later on, I reached out after a political career, Iowa would offer me all the opportunities I wanted. Moreover, I was a product of Iowa's rudimentary system of education. I had attended its little district schools; I had been in one of its high schools, soon abandoned because the state was not ready for such schools. I saw that I must now join the sons and daughters of other pioneer families in an institution which had a preparatory department as well as a collegiate course. There was as yet no thought of a state university. The religious life of the state had to provide for its higher education. Each denomination

represented in the population wanted its own school. Able professors, called from colleges in the East, were on the teaching staff of these new institutions. To one of them I wanted to go. But to which?

There was the point: I belonged to no church; I felt allegiance to no religious body. I cared nothing whether a college was Methodist or Baptist or anything else. Mr. Anderson said in later years: "Clough asked me, 'Where is the best school in Iowa?' and I answered, 'In Burlington.'" The men who had an intimate knowledge of my early life said to one another afterwards, "Clough at that juncture was passed from one Baptist hand to another."

My chief was a leading man in the Baptist church at Dubuque. He never talked with me about religious matters, but I felt his influence, and he was a good friend to me. He had a brother who was a prominent minister in the Baptist denomination in the eastern states. This brother had a classmate and friend in college, Dr. G. J. Johnson, who, filled with zeal, came to Iowa, settled in Burlington, and began a Baptist church there. When he came West he soon met the surveyor Anderson, who was henceforth included in the friendship of the two classmates. Dr. Johnson often came to Dubuque, a welcome guest at the Anderson home. He never wearied talking of the first Baptist college in Iowa, which he had recently helped to found in Burlington. Mr. Anderson had decided to send his son to attend it. I relied on his judgment in the matter. I thought what was good for his son would be good for me. I requested him to write on my behalf to Dr. Johnson, who was secretary of the school. The reply came to send me on. The tie of friendship between three men had thus brought about one of the most far-reaching decisions of my life.

I went to my home for a few days to tell my par-

ents of my plans, and brought my trunk. Mr. Anderson asked me to take charge of his son as an elder brother. He took us in his carriage to the Mississippi, bought our tickets and put us on board the "War Eagle." In bidding me good-bye, he pulled his fine hunter watch out of his pocket, and handed it to me, saying, "Take this as a memento of your faithfulness and my affection for you." Five minutes more and the plank was drawn. I was off for a new experience in life. This was in the autumn of 1857.

I knew in a general way that Burlington University, in which I was now to become a student, had a theological department. This did not disturb me, for I did not see how it could affect me. I did not realize till the spirit pervading the institution had caught me and carried me with it, that it tended in the direction of helping a man to become a preacher. In those pioneer days men felt the call to preach whose education had not gone beyond the little district schools. They could give a few years only to their training. Schools like the one at Burlington met their need. These men were full of fervor. They stood ready, even as students, to labor for the conversion of any one who was not an avowed, active Christian. It now happened that I became the roommate of one of these men.

Mr. Anderson, in his application for his son and myself, had requested that a room in the dormitory be given to us to occupy together. We called on Dr. Lorenzo B. Allen, the president of the institution, who received us very heartily. I was immediately impressed by the genial kindness of this man and his scholarly bearing, and became attached to him from the first. The school year had already begun. He told us with regret that he could not give us a room together, but that we each would have to share a room with someone else.

This did not suit me at all, but I had determined to stay and to like it, come what might. Dr. Allen took me to a room in the northeast corner, on the third floor of the red brick building which served as a dormitory and for class-room purposes. The room contained just two hard beds, two plain tables, two hard chairs, a washstand, a bookshelf, and a stove. He introduced me to my roommate, A. D. McMichael, who appeared to be a good, honest fellow. But while I admired his honesty, sobriety, and manliness I felt that I had no use for his piety.

McMichael had the ministry in view. He was later for many years a faithful home missionary on the Pacific Coast. The roommate who had just left him shared his aspirations, and the two men had formed the habit of reading a chapter in the Bible and praying together every night before retiring. It was a disappointment to McMichael when his roommate's funds ran low and he was compelled to leave and teach a country school out on the prairie that winter. No sooner was the vacancy made than I stepped in. McMichael took it for granted that I would now join him in reading the Bible and praying, but there he was mistaken. I told him frankly that I was a skeptic, but if such was his habit to go right on, and added, "I guess I can stand it if you can." I proposed that we draw a chalk line through the middle of the room, and that he could pray on his side, while I stayed on mine. We never drew any chalk mark; we were both too hard at work to stoop to such nonsense. But there is no doubt that in my mind there was a chalk line through the middle of the room, and I continued busy with my books, while with half an ear I heard my roommate read his chapter and mention my name in his prayer night after night. I felt quite free to say to him that I had no use for this sort of thing.

I had been in the red brick dormitory only three days

when a prophecy was passed along the building about me. There was a student in the institution, J. B. Knight, afterward a Baptist preacher on the Pacific Coast, who used to see visions. When I arrived on a Saturday he was not in the building; he had gone away over Sunday to preach in a town on the prairie. Monday, after he returned, he met me in the corridor and asked, "Are you a newcomer?" I replied that I was.

"And have you come here to school?"

"Yes."

He went upstairs and said to his roommate, W. A. Eggleston, later Baptist pastor in several towns in Iowa and Minnesota:

"Another Baptist preacher has come to this institution."

"Do you mean that new man, Clough?"

"Yes, that is the man."

"Why, that man is not even converted, and he will not hesitate to tell you that he does not pretend to be a Christian."

"It makes no difference," Knight replied, "that man is a Baptist preacher, and you will know it some day."

I soon found myself in happy social surroundings in Burlington. The religious life entered into everything. On Sunday I went regularly to Dr. Allen's Bible class, in the Baptist Sunday school. He invited me to this when I arrived. I felt it a courtesy, and could not have refused. He was a spiritually minded man, and I prized the contact with him as my teacher. I soon became acquainted with Deacon and Mrs. Hawley of the Baptist church. They opened their home to me. Mrs. Hawley mothered me. If they talked to me about letting my skepticism go I did not resent it. Their hospitality was so genuine.

I found a friend in Alonzo Abernethy, by natural en-

dowment the most scholarly student in the college. Later we were roommates for about a year. He stood for a type of sterling Christian character which I thoroughly respected. He, too, belonged to the Baptist church. Long years after, when I came home from India to get twenty-five men and a hundred thousand dollars for the Telugu Mission, I saw Abernethy standing before me, at the Iowa Baptist State Convention. Forgetting those who had gathered about us, I put my arms around his neck and we held each other thus, both profoundly moved. He had had the kind of career which I, long ago, thought possible for myself. He went to the war and rose to the rank of colonel; he was a member of the Iowa legislature; later he was superintendent of public instruction in Iowa, and was holding important posts.

I had another friend among the students, Addison C. Williams, a fine fellow, who later became a Methodist minister in several large towns. His sister was my classmate in Greek. I thought highly of them both, and often went to the Methodist church with them, where they were zealous workers. Their pastor made me welcome, a warm-hearted, enthusiastic man. Baptist influences were round about me, but the Methodists, too, had their hold on me. What turned the scales?

The Baptists had a pastor in Burlington whose influence counted for a good deal. Dr. G. J. Johnson was a leading man among the Baptist pastors in Iowa and was a strong personality. He had come West ten years before when there were not more than a thousand Baptists in Iowa and only one in Burlington. His church was now in a flourishing condition. Since he was the originator, and in one sense the ruling spirit of the college, it came about as a matter of course that faculty and students, almost in a body, came to the services in his church. I was thus naturally drawn into the circle of

his influence. I listened to his preaching Sunday after Sunday, and I heard nothing in the way of compromise. It was the pure gospel—Christ and him crucified. And Pastor Johnson held to the old-fashioned idea of conversion as a new birth. He was a staunch Baptist, too; Baptist teachings and Baptist democratic principles were dear to him. He expounded them often and fearlessly. I heard him, and I could not deny that if my skepticism must go, then here was what I wanted.

A number of weeks passed thus. Then came a change. I have never told the story of my conversion in detail; perhaps there is no detail to tell. My friend Abernethy said in later years that my conversion changed me greatly. I think he was right. During those first months in Burlington I was keenly alive to the influences surrounding me. My fellow-students had come out of that same pioneer life in which I had grown to manhood. Most of them were rugged in demeanor, some perhaps a little uncouth in appearance. There was a tendency among them to take undue interest in the affairs of each other. Notwithstanding all this, I saw that they had a motive in life, and thereby stood higher than most of the men whom I had known among the surveyors. Those religious convictions, which I had thus far evaded wherever I came across them, were a dominant factor in their lives. I realized that active Christian experience could give a nobility of character which I must share or fall behind.

It all wore on me. The boys noticed that I was not as light-hearted as when I came. McMichael was steadfastly continuing his habit of reading his Bible and praying at night before retiring. I knew that other men, teachers and students, whom I was learning to love and esteem more every day, were doing just as McMichael was doing. When trying to study while he was praying I began to feel as if I were showing disrespect to them

all. I had to yield to the pressure. There came an evening when I laid aside my books and joined McMichael. He and I had not been given to interchange of thought; he felt that he was not the one to approach me now. He went to Pastor Johnson and told him how my resistance in every direction had given way. Perhaps my conversion had become a solemn responsibility to McMichael. His earnestness evidently gave Pastor Johnson a feeling that there was something at stake. I had not come to the point where I wanted to ask spiritual advice. It was brought to me unasked.

Pastor Johnson was not an hour in delaying. He knocked at my door. He found me sitting at my table, the Bible open before me, looking sad and troubled. He said to me, "I am glad, Clough, to see you reading your Bible; I hope you are trying to find the way to be saved." I admitted that I was reading with anxious enquiry. He told me the promises—"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." He prayed with me and urged me to pray also. A strong faith in Jesus Christ as my Saviour came into my soul. It has never left me. When I saw Pastor Johnson again I asked him to baptize me. In the First Baptist Church at Burlington I was baptized, February 11, 1858.

During those first weeks after I had entered into Christian experience, two men came to my room and told me that they believed God had called me to the ministry. They went to Pastor Johnson and told him with strong feeling their conviction that I must preach the gospel. He was amazed, because he had only recently baptized me. They wanted him to join them in convincing me of my duty. I was holding back, and refused to commit myself.

I had become poor in spirit. I now became poor in pocket. The financial crisis of 1857 swept away the

hard-earned money which was to pay for my education. It was a hard blow to me. I still had land, but that could not help me. I was what was called "land-poor." Financial stability was upset during those years preceding the war. I was thinking of leaving school and going to work again as surveyor, or beginning in a lawyer's office. Pastor Johnson heard of the complete loss of all my savings. He came to me and said, "Brother Clough, do not leave school on account of means. Trust God and us. Our Education Society will help you." I told him that I was filled with doubt and indecision. My call to preach had been heard by others more than by me. Nevertheless, it so held me that I felt I must remain and patiently plod on even with empty pockets, to get the education needed for the ministry. He saw that I wanted to break away, find work anywhere, and try to climb up the ladder of success without a college education. He urged me to stay.

The Iowa Baptist Education Society never provided more than tuition and room rent for me. I might have boarded free of charge in the dining-room of the college. But I preferred to go half-fed rather than bind myself thus to a call of which I was not certain. For months I lived there in Burlington on graham bread, a little butter and apples. If my health had not been so sound my privations would have broken me down physically. There were two hundred miles of rough road between my mother and me, else she would have sent me abundant supplies. I said nothing, but some of the professors were under the impression that I had not enough to eat. Professor Marston said to me one day, "Clough, I have a little work to do about the house, such as sawing wood, and instead of pay maybe you would come and take your meals with us regularly." The work was a mere excuse invented by Mrs. Marston. For a whole

term she thus shielded my pride, in order to make me feel free to come and eat with them.

All my difficulties from first to last in obtaining an education in that newly settled state of Iowa no doubt had their effect in after years, when, amid great drawbacks and opposition, I tried to provide schools of every grade for our native Christians in India, and was obliged always to reckon with their poverty. If I had had easy sailing myself I might have lacked the patience to take up that burden in India.

With regard to my studies also the first year or two in Burlington drew heavily upon my faculty for perseverance. On arrival I had to enter the preparatory department and recite with pupils much younger than I. Then I worked in advanced classes and carried double studies. After about two years I entered the Sophomore year in college, and then had only regular college studies. I specialized in mathematics. Surveying still had attractions for me, and I wanted technical preparation with a view to the future. But my funds were low, though I worked for good pay on the farm during the summer vacations. Several times I borrowed money from my family. When I entered my Junior year I asked Dr. Allen for work. He gave me two classes to teach in the preparatory department. This brought me an income, but it took time and strength. Doing double work in some form year after year began to affect my health, but my keen interest in athletic sports no doubt helped me retain a good measure of physical buoyancy.

I engaged in the work of the church soon after I was baptized. I went into the part of Burlington where the factory population lived, and the streets were teeming with children. I went among them and invited them to come to Sunday school with me. They came, whole swarms of them, filling the building, but when the super-

intendent tried to divide them into classes they objected, and said in that case they would stay away. I was asked to preach in a mission in an outlying part of Burlington. I agreed to do this, and had little anxiety for the outcome, for I was considered a fluent speaker in college, and especially good at off-hand speeches. I struck out boldly in my first sermon, and said all I had prepared to say. But after I had preached only fifteen minutes, my mind became a blank; I knew of nothing more to say, and closed the service. I was vexed with myself, and with those who had asked me to preach. I declared that I could not and would not become a preacher, and I adhered to this determination for several years.

Nevertheless, it was taken for granted in Burlington that I would enter the ministry. By a sort of common consent I was counted among the "divinity students" of the college. Those two men who since the time of my baptism were convinced that I was called to preach had a firm hold upon me. I did not keep them in ignorance of the undercurrent of my doubts. It made no difference to them; they were always of the same mind about me. They knew that to all appearances my chance for success lay in the direction of my own choice of a calling in life. But they reasoned with me. I remember on one occasion they warned me to cease contending, lest God himself interfere, and my plans of becoming a lawyer, a surveyor, or a politician be upset, thus forcing me into obedience. I was not in the habit of being afraid—I had been facing Sioux Indians and rattlesnakes in the wilderness too long to be given to fear. But this danger of running away from the will of God Almighty concerning me was a danger which I was afraid to face. I yielded so far as I could.

There was a good deal of missionary spirit in the Bur-

lington church. Two large maps of the missionary world were hung one on each side of the pulpit. Pastor Johnson used to say, "Clough had those to look at." He gave a missionary talk once a month. Then he called Dr. S. M. Osgood to Burlington for a missionary address. For some years a missionary in Burma, he was now district secretary in Chicago for the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. On the morning after his address he visited several of the young men in their rooms at the college, including my own. I was in the same room where the chalk marks were proposed, where I was converted, and where I received the call to the ministry. Now Dr. Osgood came in, and bore himself with the saintly grace of a messenger, bringing a call to a life's service. I felt greatly drawn to him. In later years I loved him, and he showed me a father's affection. I was reticent; I did not say much. But when Dr. Osgood left my room I felt inwardly committed to become a foreign missionary.

Meanwhile our nation was hastening toward a crisis. The Civil War was on us. The news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon acted as an electric shock. Burlington was close to the Missouri border, slavery and anti-slavery sentiment ran in close opposition. From our Institute windows we had in full view the Mississippi River, now dotted with steamers hastening on errands of war. We could hear the strains of "Yankee Doodle" played on the calliope, and the cheering of volunteers on shore. It was impossible to study. Whenever there was a new call for volunteers from Abraham Lincoln we held meetings. The professors tried to hold us. They closed their recitations earlier and talked to us in a sober, matter-of-fact way. They told us that more men had already enlisted than there were arms with which to supply them. They reminded us that we intended to serve God as

preachers, teachers, or in some such capacity, and that by the time the war was over our country would have need of our services. We knew that this was true. Some of us heeded the advice. Others broke away. Before the end of the school years 1861-62 some classes were entirely broken up, others were so small they could not be continued; there was no graduating class. The school received a hard blow through the war.

I went home to my family in Strawberry Point. I was now going to enlist. Just then an order went forth that further volunteering in Iowa should be stopped. Part of the state was sending more than its quota of men, part was withholding men. A draft was insisted upon as the only fair way to deal with Iowa. I was not drawn into the draft net. The people were singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand more," and I wanted to go—but this evidently was not to be.

During the long summer vacations spent with my family in Strawberry Point I had become acquainted with Miss Harriet Sunderland, and we were engaged to be married. She was born in England, came to America with her parents when a small child and settled in Chautauqua County, New York. She had received a good primary education, and had attended the high school in Jamestown, New York. Her brothers lived in Strawberry Point. She came West and joined them. Only twenty-one years of age, she held the position of teacher in our little town, and gave evidence of much ability in teaching her pupils, about one hundred in number. One of her brothers, Jabez Sunderland, was my roommate in Burlington for a time. He later became a prominent minister in the Unitarian denomination. I also knew her brother James Sunderland, who turned to the Baptist ministry, and afterward for years served our Foreign Mission Society as district secretary on the Pacific

HARRIET SUNDERLAND CLOUGH (1884)

"She told me. . . . that she felt greatly drawn to the foreign field. I told her of the call to such work which I had received. But we said nothing to anyone else about this."

Coast. His sister, too, had the missionary spirit. She told me while we were engaged that she felt greatly drawn to the foreign field. I told her of the call to such work which I had received. But we said nothing to any one else about this. We were married August 15, 1861.

At this juncture my family took an interest in my affairs. Cyrus came to me and told me that they all were agreed in several points regarding me. One was that they wanted me to stay away from that war; for they knew my wholesale fashion of doing things, and were afraid of my reckless daring. Another was that they were ready to give me substantial backing if I would go for my senior year to the Upper Iowa University, which had recently been founded at Fayette, only twenty miles away. The aid was not to take the form of money, but he said if I would settle for the year in Fayette, letting our sister Vina be one of our party, they would supply us with everything we needed. They would send a wagon with furniture, and have a hand in the rent bill. Another wagon load was to supply us with wood for fuel, and abundant produce of the farm for our cupboard. It was a scheme which was kindly meant and was practicable. We three students accepted the offer, and our family kept their word.

We had a happy, profitable year. My sister entered the regular course and some years later graduated from this institution. Mrs. Clough eagerly used the opportunities offered her. I joined the senior class. Fayette was a quiet place, yet here, too, the war spirit was manifest. The students of this institution had as yet stayed together. The men were back for the fall term, but there was tension. They never knew whether they were coming to their classes the next day or not. In the spring of the year, after Fort Sumter had been fired upon, they had formed a company and were ready. Finally nothing

could hold them; they left for the seat of war. The senior class had numbered nineteen. Only two men were left, Mr. Jason L. Paine and myself. We called on the professors together to ascertain whether under the circumstances they would continue their instruction. It was the first graduating class of the institution and it was decided that the instruction should be given as if the whole class had remained.

The professors were able men; several of them were graduates of Yale University. President Brush took President Allen's place in being my friend as well as my teacher. Twice a week he let me come to his study and recite to him privately on two subjects which I needed to complete my course. They were of a philosophical nature, and the contact with the learned professor without the restraint of the classroom was an inspiration. There is scope for conjecture as to whether my career would have shaped itself differently if the Upper Iowa University had opened one year earlier, and if I had gone there in the first place. Baptist preachers went forth in unusual numbers from Burlington. United States senators and men of political career are among the alumni of Fayette. For one who intended to be a lawyer and a politician it would have seemed the more suitable choice, and it is very probable that I would have become a Methodist under the influences prevailing there.

The day of graduation came June 26, 1862. President Brush preached the baccalaureate sermon from Romans 14:7—"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Preachers, lawyers, doctors, and many who had an interest in the students had come from various parts of upper Iowa in wagons and buggies; for there was not yet a railroad. The program of the commencement exercises was a lengthy one. Mrs. Clough participated in the occasion by reading an essay. The

subject for my graduating oration was "Skepticism in its Relation to Philosophy."

My college diploma, giving me the degree of Bachelor of Arts, was in my hand. But I was now no longer free to go forth and use my college education for the career which I wanted. I felt bound over in mind and in spirit to a career which was not of my choosing. As I look back I think it all had to be that way. The Lord Jesus was shaping my course, and he makes no mistake.

IV

THE CALL OF THE FAR EAST

In an unsettled frame of mind I now faced the question as to what was to be the next step. The desire to go to the war was again uppermost. There was great demand for nurses at the front: the wounded were many, and those who were there to attend them were overburdened. Mrs. Clough wanted to go with me. Our application to the surgeon-general at Washington was favorably received. When he learned, however, that Mrs. Clough was only twenty-four years of age he replied that she was too young for duties of so harrowing a nature, and declined to entertain the proposition further. This was a disappointment to us.

Then there was the question of my going to a theological seminary. I remember that several men urged me to make definite preparation for the ministry. But I felt no pressure of duty at that time to preach. The only call which, to me, had been plain and emphatic was the call to the foreign field. It now occupied my mind and crowded out the old ambition to become a lawyer. I said nothing of this to any one, for I did not feel that the time had yet come for me to make a decisive move in that direction.: I was waiting for further indications.

Meanwhile we accepted an offer to teach the public school at Colesburg, Iowa, for one year. There were one hundred and fifty children. Mrs. Clough presided over

the primary department and I had all the rest. The people of this town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants became greatly attached to us. Our popularity made me uneasy; it became a warning voice to me. Whenever there was fresh indication of it the words rang in my ear, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." I was followed everywhere by these words, and they were powerful enough to make me feel that I was not in the right place. I never forgot how it felt. In later years, in Ongole, when I knew that there was plotting against my life, and when criticism against my work was cropping up right and left, I told myself that it was better to endure this than bear the warning of those words: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you."

Once more the temptation came to engage in politics, and perhaps take up surveying again. I entered eagerly into the contest of electing county and state officers that year. The fifteen delegates from Colesburg had made me their foreman when we went to the convention called by the Republicans of our county. There was intense excitement among the one hundred delegates who were present, but Colesburg came out ahead. Several Colesburg men were nominated to various county offices, and one to a seat in the House of Representatives. Later, when the county surveyor was to be nominated, some one proposed my name. Then the delegates from the other parts of the county rose almost in a body and protested. They claimed that through my exertions Colesburg had already put men into office in almost everything, and that they could not allow any more. I could not work for myself. Another man was elected county surveyor.

Ten years later I was given a key to the understanding of that incident in my life. I had been in India and had returned to Iowa during my first furlough. During the meeting of some association I met Dr. J. Y. Aitchison,

a man much respected among the Baptist ministers of the state. We were driving together some distance in a buggy. He asked me whether I remembered that political convention, and added, "That was a turning point in your career." He told me that he was present in that convention; he saw how I controlled it, compelling the men to do as I advocated. My career in Burlington was known to him; he recognized the temptation that lay in my capacity for a political career and feared that I would be lost to the ministry. Therefore, as he sat there unobserved he prayed with all his might for my defeat. He rejoiced when the tide turned against me, and went home and gave thanks to God.

However, this turn in affairs increased my previous restlessness. I felt I could not teach school longer. Our fourth term was coming to a close; I offered my resignation to the directors, to take effect immediately. They came in a body and asked me to reconsider, and to name the salary I wanted. I told them I must go. The leading man among them, who had recently obtained a seat in the House of Representatives, largely through my instrumentality, came to me again later and urged me to name my salary, but not to go away. He was a good man, a Methodist class leader. I felt he would understand my motives. I told him about my restlessness, about my feeling that I was not in the right place. Tears came into the man's eyes. He said, "Mr. Clough, this is of God. You will have to go."

I wrote to my friend, Pastor Johnson, and told him that I found myself unable to settle down to work, and that I felt no distinct call to anything. He advised me to accept an appointment as colporter, and to work at this till I found something I really wanted to do in life. He, too, had recently made a change. He had become district secretary of the American Baptist Publication

Society, a position which he held for many years. He often spoke of it afterward, that his first official act in this position was to get an appointment for me as colporter in northern Iowa, where I was well known. It seemed to him always that I made the right move at that time. The hand-to-hand labor among the people in northern Iowa prepared me for the village visiting in India. Books and calling made an excuse for entering any home and speaking to any person. I had become part of the aggressive Christian force which was at that time evangelizing the wide West. No one went with me to initiate me. I had printed instructions from the Publication Society to guide me in my work. The methods here formed were later carried to India. I made it a point to hold meetings in farmhouses, to which neighboring farmers came. After my first tour through the territory assigned to me the people looked forward to those meetings. They missed my coming when I resigned to go to India. Many said, "What is that for? We do not want you to go. Let some one whom we do not like go to those heathen."

I was happy in my calling as colporter, but I knew all the time that I was working my way through a transition period. The feeling that the time would come when the way would open to go to the foreign field never left me. Mrs. Clough had a similar feeling. During that year we received what was to us a tempting offer for change of service. The principalship of a collegiate institute was offered to me at twice the salary which I was receiving as colporter. We considered the offer. The work would have been far more congenial. We decided that we must decline, lest I oppose my sense of duty and get into the wrong place again.

Something now occurred which formed a stepping-stone. I heard that Dr. William Dean, the pioneer mis-

sionary among the Chinese in Bangkok, Siam, who was then in the United States, would address a convention in Davenport, Iowa. I went there. I listened to Dr. Dean's appeal for an assistant. I wanted to go with him. But I said nothing to any one, nor did I seek an introduction to Dr. Dean. A strange hesitancy held me. I had given up my ambition for a career as lawyer and politician and surveyor. Yet the steps which I was taking toward the call to which I had rendered obedience in secret were weak and halting as those of a child. I began now to seek counsel with men who had won my confidence. I sought to gain strength thereby and found it.

At some association meeting I met Deacon Giles Mabie, inventor of an American reaper. He was traveling over northern Iowa in behalf of the Iowa Baptist Education Society. We decided to go together. While driving along tedious roads over the prairies in our buggy we talked about many things. The deacon listened to my experience of the past five years, which had culminated in my desire to go to Siam with Dr. Dean. He said, "That is all plainly a call from God." He had recently been in London and had heard Charles H. Spurgeon in the first sudden springing forth of his power as a preacher. He was on the alert for something similar in my case. It filled him with enthusiasm and I caught it from him. He judged of me correctly: I needed more self-confidence. He saw that a little honest praise would do me good; he even said flattering things to me, and they did me no harm. When he went his way, and I went mine with my books, my outlook was plainer before me, and my courage had risen. The good deacon lived to be ninety years old. The tidings from the Telugu Mission always stirred him: he felt he had had a hand in it. His nephew, Henry C. Mabie, from the time the deacon and I rode over the prairies together, heard him

speak of me. It formed his first direct contact with foreign missions. Thirty years later the nephew and I stood side by side in a great work for foreign missions in our denomination.

In my itinerary I went to Dubuque and there met Rev. John Fulton, busy purchasing lumber for the church he was building in Independence, Iowa. I knew the lumber yard where he was picking out his wood, and went there. We sat down on a pile of lumber, with the good, strong odor of it surrounding us, and talked. He grew enthusiastic. "Why, of course," he said, "that is of God!" He was personally acquainted with Dr. Jonah G. Warren, secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and offered to write to him. He did so, and if he failed to pick out much lumber for his church that morning he helped to pick out a workman for India. I also met Elder Asa Chapin, who had been pastor in the East, and knew several members of the Executive Committee. The two encouraged me, and wrote to the Committee, calling their attention to me. The letters written by these men formed my introduction to Dr. Warren. He heard of me in my humble calling as colporter. It was the beginning of a strong allegiance that held us till death.

In order to be in time for the Baptist Anniversaries, held in May, 1864, in Philadelphia, I sent to Dr. S. M. Osgood, the man who came to my room in college and brought me the call to the foreign field, my application to be sent to the foreign field as assistant to Dr. Dean. I also wrote to Dr. Johnson, the man who baptized me, and asked him to give his commendation as my pastor. Through these two men my application was sent to Dr. Warren, and the matter was laid before the Executive Committee.

While everything was still pending I went to Chicago to attend a "Ministers' Institute." Many of the ministers

then in the West had received little theological training. They eagerly came, at least one hundred of them, to this Institute every summer to study portions of the Bible and attend lectures. The man who presided over it, Dr. Nathaniel Colver, was one of the leading men of the denomination. He, too, had not been a student in a theological seminary. He was called a giant of Calvinistic faith. I came under the spiritual influence of the man during those weeks. Of my studies in the Institute I remembered little afterwards. What remained with me and served me was the pattern of such a school. For six years, out in India, during the hot weather, I called the native preachers together into Ongole, and taught them after the pattern given me by Dr. Colver. Thus did I train the men who were to be my fellow-workers when thousands were baptized.

Meanwhile summer had come. It was harvest time, and there was great abundance that year. Many of the men had gone to the war; women and children helped in the fields, almost day and night. No one could take time to look at books or buy them. I took a month's leave from colportage and engaged to work in the harvest at three dollars per day and board—better wages than the missionary society offered. I was standing on a four-horse reaper, raking off the heavy grain, fifteen acres per day, when a man came bringing me a letter from Dr. Warren, with an invitation to come to Boston and meet the Executive Committee. I left the rich harvest on Iowa's farm and turned my face toward the harvest waiting in India. Only Mrs. Clough and one or two others knew why I was going East. I thought I might not be accepted. Moreover, if my brothers had known, they would have done their utmost to keep me from my purpose.

I met the Committee August 2, 1864, sunburned, my

hands hard and brown with harvesting. I had a slight surveyor's stoop. My black alpaca coat was country cut. Yet Dr. Warren received me with all kindness, and I felt at home with him at once. From the time of my first meeting with Dr. Warren I felt that I could do anything this man asked of me. Nothing ever changed this feeling.

Dr. Warren took me into his room, where he had his desk and his papers. There he talked with me for about an hour. When I came out of the room I was committed in mind to becoming a missionary to the Telugus. I had applied to be sent with Dr. Dean to Siam. Another man, meanwhile, had filled that place. He died after one year on the field. Yet, but for him, I might have been sent to Siam. This was evidently not to be. I do not know what gave Dr. Warren the idea that I might be a suitable man for the Telugu Mission. There were other vacancies. I had been reading the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for some years, but the Telugu Mission had not attracted my attention specially.

Dr. Warren now told me briefly what its history had been. He did this with a touch of personal reminiscence; for he had known every man prominently connected with it. Far back, when he was a student in Brown University, the Rev. Amos Sutton, a missionary of the English Baptist Society, occupied the pulpit one Sunday. He came from the Oriya country, just north of the Telugu country. His wife was an American, the widow of one of the missionaries of Judson's party. He urged American Baptists to found a mission in the Telugu country. This was in 1835. His plea was granted. The following year the Rev. Samuel S. Day was sent to the Telugus.

The story of the twenty-eight years which followed was a story of much holding on by faith. Only four missionaries and their wives had been in service: Day, Van

Husen, Jewett, Douglass. The society gave two men to this mission during the first ten years, one during the second decade, and one at the beginning of the third. The converts were gathered one by one. The mission still had only the one station at Nellore, and a church membership of about thirty.

Three times the question was brought forward at the annual meeting of the society, whether this mission should be continued or not. These three attempts at abandonment were all within the period of Dr. Warren's connection with the society—as secretary since 1855. No one can measure the spiritual strength with which he supported that feeble Telugu Mission, and clung to it tenaciously, when others sought to let it die. The Baptists had no other mission so forlorn, so nearly given up. To this they sent me.

The third attempt at abandonment had been made just recently. Two years before, at the Anniversaries, in 1862, there was a majority who believed that abundant time had been given the Telugu Mission to show results. Since these were not considered adequate there were urgent demands that the mission be discontinued. Dr. Warren sat on the platform. As he listened while men were dealing heavy blows in the work of overthrow he said to himself, "Surely the end of the Telugu Mission has come." He had tried to keep silence, but when the vote was about to be taken, and he knew it meant death to the mission, he could not endure it. He rose and exclaimed, "Wait, brethren, wait! You know not what you are doing. Wait, let us hear what Brother Jewett, who is now on his journey home, has to say on this subject." He said no one afterward could report the speech he then made, as it fell from his lips. Neither could he himself have told what he said. The mission was saved, and he was filled with faith in it.

Dr. Warren asked me what I thought about going to that mission. I was deeply interested. But I felt right there in Dr. Warren's room that it would not be possible for me to hold on year after year without visible result. I was not a man of faith—action was more in my line. I was willing to go out and try. If I found that I could not work a change I would make up my mind that I was in the wrong place, and must go elsewhere. Dr. Warren told me that my active disposition was in place. He spoke to me of Dr. Jewett, whom I had not yet seen. The foundation for the strong sense of fellowship in work, which held Dr. Jewett and me for many a year, was laid there in Dr. Warren's room.

I came before the Executive Committee that day, and told them of my conversion and my call to the foreign field. They asked me whether I felt drawn to any special country. I replied, "No, I am ready to go wherever I am needed most." I was requested to retire to Dr. Warren's room. A few minutes later Dr. Warren came in and said, "Brother Clough, the Executive Committee has appointed you a missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and designated you to the Telugus, to work in connection with Dr. Jewett. And now can you sleep?"

Less than two years previously Dr. Jewett, soon after his arrival in America, had sat in that room facing the Executive Committee. They proposed to him the relinquishment of the Telugu Mission. They found him immovable. His faith told him that "God has much people among the Telugus." He had labored among them for fourteen years, and declined to be transplanted to some other field. He meant to live, and if need be to die, among the Telugus. It is said that Dr. Warren smiled then and answered, "Well, brother, if you are resolved to return, we must send some one with you to bury you.

You certainly ought to have a Christian burial in that heathen land."

As I was the man elected to go with Dr. Jewett, they wanted to test my mettle. They said to me, "Suppose in view of the financial depression, we should have to decide not to send you to the Telugus, what would you do?" "I should have to find some other way of getting there," was my reply. I knew almost nothing about the Telugus. I was only dimly aware of the fact that I was being sent to a "forlorn hope." Yet I was unwilling to abandon the Telugus to whom I had only just been appointed.

V

AROUND THE CAPE TO INDIA

When I left Boston after receiving my appointment to the Telugu Mission, there was no prospect of an early departure to India. Funds were low in the mission treasury. On account of the war the usual gifts to foreign missions were not forthcoming. We were to wait a year. I went back to Iowa and stood again on the four-horse reaper, pitching off the golden grain, when a telegram was brought to me from Dr. Warren. The Committee had changed their plans. We were to settle our affairs and be ready soon to sail with Dr. Jewett.

Dr. Warren knew that I wanted to go to a theological institution while waiting. He wrote consoling me: "You have a collegiate education, and the theological knowledge which you require you will have time to pick up after you reach your station." I have often wondered whether to be glad or sorry because I was never a student in a theological seminary. It was not to be, evidently, in my case.

My silence was now at an end. My family and friends heard of my appointment. My brothers were highly incensed: "You have thrown yourself away! You must be insane." Even my sister Jane felt that her hopes concerning me were being frustrated. Sister Vina was in full sympathy with us. She told us she was coming some day to join us. She did come. My father had died

two years before. I felt deeply his absence from the old homestead. My mother was cheered by having us with her during the first years of her widowhood. Mrs. Clough, with Allen, our son, born in Colesburg, had stayed with her while I was going about as colporter. Now we were to leave her. She never objected. When the time came for me to go she said, "I am glad I have a son thought worthy to be a missionary, but I tell you, my boy, it is hard to give you up." She stood in the door of the old homestead, quite calm, looking after us as we drove away. I turned and looked back several times, and never forgot the image of her as she stood there. Sister Jane told me many years later that mother, after watching till we were out of sight, went out into the dooryard and cried so loud, wringing her hands, that her crying was heard across the fields over at Cyrus' house. He came and tried to bring her in and comfort her, but she refused to be comforted.

At that time, fifty years ago, missionaries were few. It was an event in the religious life of a state when some one was willing to leave home and go to the other side of the earth for Christ's sake. Little was known of Asiatic countries and the conditions there. Compared with the rapid, comfortable travel of the present day, it was a formidable undertaking to go on a voyage of four months.

When the leading Baptists of Iowa heard of our appointment and early departure they were stirred. Everybody wanted a hand in it. At the state convention, soon after, a committee volunteered to help in the outfit, since time was so limited. My ordination was to be held in the church in Burlington, where I was baptized nearly seven years before. A committee of arrangements was formed; Dr. Allen was its chairman. Three weeks before the appointed time an invitation was sent to all the Bap-

tist churches in Iowa and neighboring states. It was to be a foreign missionary mass meeting; those planning to come were to notify the committee of their intention, and free accommodation was to be offered to all who thus came. It lasted two days, November 19 and 20, 1864. On the first day was my examination, and in the evening a missionary sermon from Dr. Nathaniel Colver. On the next day, a Sunday, was the ordination service, followed in the evening by a missionary conference.

An able council came to the ordination. I was fully aware of my lack of theological training, but determined to tell the council what I knew. There was present Dr. Allen, the teacher and friend of my college days; Dr. Osgood, who had brought me the call to the foreign field; Dr. Aitchison, who sat in the political convention a little more than a year before. There was Dr. Nash of Des Moines, Iowa, and Dr. J. A. Smith of the *Standard* of Chicago; and there was Dr. Nathaniel Colver, the great Baptist preacher, who knew better than any one else there that they were sending me to a "forlorn hope," for twice —perhaps three times—he had been at the anniversary meetings when the fate of the Telugu Mission hung in the balance, and it was saved.

Dr. G. J. Johnson had come from St. Louis to be present at the ordination of his "son in the faith." He gave me the hand of fellowship. Long years after he told me that this was a great moment in his life. Fifteen years had passed since his own ordination. Even as a student he had felt the call to the foreign field. He always wanted to go, but circumstances prevented him. The doubt made him restless. Now, as he stood on the platform during my ordination, it came to him almost as a voice from heaven: "He has gone in your stead; you are released!" Never again did he have a disquieting thought; his duty seemed to be fulfilled through me.

Before the service was over a telegram came from Dr. Warren asking Dr. Allen to send us on at once. We decided that we must take the first eastbound train early the next morning. Our outfit, prepared by the Baptist churches in Iowa, was nearly ready to be packed. It had to be left behind. The Mississippi was running with floating ice. There was no bridge. If the ice were to close there would be no way of crossing. Early the next morning we took the ferry boat. It was cold, and there was some risk, but a number of friends and brethren were there to cross with us, and see us off at the railway station. The Baptists in Iowa sent us to India with warm hearts. They did not cease to stand by me during my missionary life.

We arrived in Chicago in the evening. Dr. Colver and Dr. Osgood had come with us. We had only an hour to wait for our train, and were then to go on alone. One of the most important events of my life now happened. The presence of those two men of God with us all day had seemed to bring us to a Mount of Transfiguration as we talked together. Our train was ready. Dr. Osgood had placed Mrs. Clough and Allen on board. Dr. Colver and I stood outside near the steps. The first gong had sounded; it was nearly time for the next. Then, as if moved by some powerful impulse, Dr. Colver took both my hands in his. In his impressive way he said, "Brother Clough, I believe that God from all eternity has chosen you to be a missionary to the Telugus. Go nothing doubting. Remember that you are invulnerable until your work is done." With this he handed me up the steps, the train started, and we were off. I had received a benediction that was far more than a benediction. The strong feeling which I was to cherish for many years, that I was an ambassador of Jesus Christ to the Telugus, was here born into conscious conviction. The assurance that

I was invulnerable until my work was done stayed by me, all through, like a sword of fire. It was a spiritual anointing given by one who had the power to give it. It was received in all humility. The effect remained.

We had only two days in which to reach Boston. A heavy snowstorm in western New York delayed us. Trains were not on time. When finally we arrived in Boston, Dr. Warren stood there waiting for us. I asked hurriedly, "Is the ship here yet?" Answer: "The crew ran away last night, and are not back yet, hence you are safe at least another day." Shipping was disorganized by the war. Men wanted to enlist. Our ship was a mile from shore. When the crew began to come back policemen watched every boat that went to it, to keep the crew from running away again. Portions of our outfit arrived by express. The rest reached us in India.

We now met Dr. Jewett. He had to leave wife and children behind and go out alone. The farewell meeting in Tremont Temple was held in a small audience room, and even that was not full. The war occupied the minds of people. Besides, we were going to a "forlorn hope," a mission that had nearly been given up. The time to sail was set several times. Finally, on November 30, 1864, the *James Guthrie* weighed anchor, not to touch shore again for nearly four months.

Few ships sailed to India at that time. We were in some danger. Ours was a northern ship, and our captain had reason to fear the *Alabama,* the famous southern privateer. Whenever a ship came in sight he hoisted the Union Jack instead of the American flag. I ventured to remonstrate against this sailing under false colors, to which he replied, "Would you rather have Captain Semmes come and run out a plank and ask you to walk out on it?" He was a Swede, and did not sympathize with me when I told him I was an American, who did not

fear Captain Semmes or the whole Confederacy but wanted to sail under true colors.

Our hardships on this voyage were many. It was a ship of eight hundred tons, loaded with ice, lumber, and apples. We were the only passengers. The supplies on board were wholly inadequate. We ate corn meal mush and molasses mostly, and were glad the potatoes held out. The captain was not sufficiently in sympathy with us to seek our comfort.

Time dragged heavily. I had a number of books of a theological nature with me, and was reading them. Dr. Jewett and I held preaching services for the sailors, and the men were interested in the tracts I gave them. Mrs. Clough, though often not well, sang hymns at our meetings, to which we all were glad to listen. My diary tells of a morning, early, when the captain called me on deck. One of the men had fallen from the main top yard, and lay there with bones broken. We had to set them and put him in his bunk. This increased the gloom. When nearing Ceylon we were overtaken by a severe cyclone. For several hours it seemed as if our ship was not of a kind or size to weather the storm. But we came through.

We gave an account of our hardships in our first letters to Boston. It grieved Dr. Warren. He wrote us a joint letter in which he said:

"Your dreadful protracted sufferings cannot be avoided, they cannot be alleviated; would that they could be. May we all be admonished to constant vigilance lest others suffer in like manner. I feel for you all; my deepest, tenderest sympathy is moved for Mrs. Clough and the little boy. My heart has ached for them, and now it would be a relief if I could bear part of the pang."

Many an hour Dr. Jewett and I sat on deck together, busy with our thoughts. Sometimes we fell to talking.

Our main topic was the Telugu Mission. Dr. Jewett never wearied of this. I was an eager listener. My appointment and early departure had been so sudden that I needed to adjust myself and to learn something of the mission to which I was going. I took the first lessons in my apprenticeship. Mr. Day had thus told Dr. Jewett what had been done during the first twelve years of the mission. He now passed this on to me, and with it all that lay within the sixteen years of his own experience. Later I formed a link with the past to many a new man; for I loved to talk of the old days.

I always had a good deal of respect for Rev. Samuel S. Day, the founder of our mission. He was at home in Canada at this time. I never met him. A man of perseverance, with a level head, faith in God, and faith in the work given him to do, he had the qualities that go to make the founder of an enterprise. His choice of Nellore as the first station of our mission could not have been better. It formed a good basis for operations. He decided on this in 1840 after working in several other places for four years. Scarcely had Mr. Day settled in Nellore when he began to look in the direction of Ongole, a town seventy-four miles directly north of Nellore, and as yet wholly unoccupied by missionary enterprise. He went there on tour in 1841, and when he returned he said to his wife, "Ongole will in time make the great center of our mission, if only we can occupy it." She remembered it, and afterward told her children about it. During those early years another mission, further north, was founded. Ongole was about midway between the two missions. One cool season the two founders of the two missions met while touring. They pitched their tents together and exchanged neighborly courtesies. In talking of many things connected with their work they also discussed the occupancy of Ongole. Both founders

wanted it. Mr. Day had been there first and had practically occupied it as an outstation of Nellore. He quietly insisted he must keep Ongole. The other man gave in; he said, "There are other places; if you Baptists want to begin a mission here I will go elsewhere." If Mr. Day had taken a different course, and had extended his work in another direction, the whole subsequent history of our mission would have been changed. Knowing how he had laid the foundations, no wonder that he could not give up the Telugu Mission.

After ten years of labor the time came for Mr. Day to go to America with his family. Only one man had been sent to join him in his labors, Rev. S. Van Husen, in 1840. After five years, broken in health, he and his wife returned to America. When now Mr. Day had to leave the field there was no one to take his place. He placed responsibility upon two Eurasians, to keep up the Sunday services, to care for the schools, and teach inquirers. They had done good service while he was there to direct them. They soon proved untrustworthy. All that had been built up was laid waste. Those two years, 1846-8, were the darkest years in all the history of the mission. And those were the years when the privations of the pioneer life of my parents pressed me sorely. The lack of opportunities made life dark to me. In looking back it seems the Telugu Mission and I kept pace together. Born in the same year, oppressed by poverty during the same years, prosperous together, making decisive moves at the same time—our lives were knit together from the beginning.

After two years in America, with health restored, Mr. Day asked to be sent back to India. Rev. Lyman Jewett was under appointment, and was to go with him. At the annual meeting of 1848 the question was raised why this feeble mission should be continued—why not send these

two men to some other more promising field? Mr. Day plead for the life of his mission. He knew his flock was scattered, and sorrow awaited him in leaving his wife and children behind in America. Nevertheless, he begged to be sent back. One of the great men of the denomination came forward and helped him. Dr. William R. Williams brought in a report for the committee to which this question had been referred. It had for its keynote: "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." He was one of the first to strike the prophetic note on behalf of the Telugu Mission which afterwards became characteristic.

Dr. Jewett told me he sat during that meeting and listened as if his own fate were in the balance. He and Mrs. Jewett went out with Mr. Day. With steady hearts they took hold. There had been real converts in Nellore, though few in number. They came when Mr. Day called them back. But it was a sad state of affairs, and often the Jewetts heard Mr. Day in the solitude of his own room praying aloud for the Telugu Mission, and sometimes words ceased and there were groans as if in travail of soul. Five years more he held out, and then, with health permanently impaired, he returned to America.

Now the Jewetts stood alone. Mr. Day had been gone only a few months, when letters came around the Cape, telling the Jewetts that an order had almost gone forth to them to sell the bungalow, say farewell to the little group of Christians in Nellore and move across to Burma to work there. A friend wrote, "If the society gives up the mission, what field shall you take up, Jewett?" He replied, "Then Lyman Jewett will stay and work by himself with the Telugus."

A deputation of two men had recently visited the Asiatic missions. They had come to Nellore and had received an impression unfavorable to the continuance of

the mission. Therefore they recommended to the society that the Telugu Mission be closed and the Burma missions be thereby enlarged. The Baptists at that time had few missions, but those few were cherished. None had made so deep an impression upon the minds of the people as the missions in Burma. The story of Adoniram Judson had touched all hearts. As the years passed, and the Telugu Mission continued to give no evidence of special divine favor, the question continually rose to the surface: Why not abandon this, and concentrate where success is certain?

A crucial time had now come. At the annual meeting in Albany, May, 1853, the report of the deputation was received. Preliminary work had been done by the Board. A committee to whom the subject was intrusted recommended that the Telugu Mission be continued and reenforced. It was the demand of the hour that the subject be laid before the society then in session. Part of one evening was given to discussion. Men wanted opportunity to speak for or against. It was taken up again the next morning and concluded in a way wholly beyond the ordinary. Dr. Jewett treasured everything he had heard or read about this meeting like so much sacred history. As he told me about it there on that ship, it stirred me greatly.

Dr. Edward Bright, in a powerful address, described how the little group of church members at Nellore would feel when they learned that American Baptists had abandoned them. He was the one who would have to write the letter to them: it was something he did not care to face. He walked up and down the platform reiterating the question, "And who shall write the letter?"

A large map of Baptist missions was hanging over the pulpit. On one side of the Bay of Bengal was a thick cluster of stars, representing mission stations in

Burma. On the other side was just one star, indicating the Nellore station in the Telugu country. Some one in the heat of argument pointed to it and called it a "Lone Star." There was one in that audience who was touched by the expression "Lone Star." He was the man who gave to the American people their national anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee": Dr. S. F. Smith. Next morning at his breakfast table Judge Ira Harris asked Dr. Smith's opinion about the question to be decided at the meeting of that morning. He took a slip of paper out of his pocket, on which he had written a poem overnight, and said, "You have it here."

Judge Harris kept the slip of paper. During the discussion of the morning, while the fate of the Telugu Mission was hanging in the balance, he read the six stanzas to the assemblage with thrilling effect. It was the famous "Lone Star" poem.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" Thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres;
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" Who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost pleiad" from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, "Lone Star!" The day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" till earth redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "crown the Saviour Lord of all."

Those who were present said there was that in the lines, and in the impressive way in which they were read, that shook the audience, already strung to a high pitch. Many wept. The Baptists could not have endured it if their Telugu Mission had been abandoned. It was saved. Long years after men marveled at this meeting. The large audience was swayed as by a prophetic impulse. They seemed to have forgotten that they were debating the fate of one little mission station. If they had seen before their eyes the multitude pressing into the Kingdom in that Telugu Mission in years to come they could not have been more deeply concerned. Dr. Jewett carried a clipping of the "Lone Star" poem around with him in his pocket wherever he went. It was an anchor to his faith. He showed it to me. He had cut it out of a New York paper, that came to him in India, bringing a report of that meeting. It was at that time a piece of forgotten history, but he cherished it.

In our talks Dr. Jewett often referred to Ongole. That place had been to him as the apple of his eye. He had a compound there, and a bungalow, all waiting, year after year, for one who should labor there. During his sojourns at Ongole he had often noticed a piece of land, located close to the town, yet a little to one side. It seemed to him just right for a mission compound. The ruins of a bungalow were there. It had been the club of a regi-

ment stationed at Ongole during the time of the East India Company. The years had passed, and then there came a time when the place was made habitable. A subjudge of Ongole, who could command the resources of the place, wanted to build at small expense. He procured the services of a gang of prisoners to clear away the cactus, grown man-high, which covered the eleven acres of land. He received permission to take the stone from the fort of the Ongole rajah, recently deposed, for building material. Some teak timber, floated over from Burma, had been found lying on the beach ten miles away. It furnished wood for doors and windows. He now built on the ruins of the old club house. It cost him little more than the labor. The subjudge lived there, but was likely to be transferred at any time. Dr. Jewett wondered how to get hold of this property.

He was on friendly terms with the English officials at Ongole, and often, when they came to Nellore, they called on the Jewetts, and took a cup of tea with them. During a visit of that kind Dr. Jewett told one of them that he wanted that property for his mission. The man soon took steps to help him. The subjudge was leaving and sold it for 1,500 rupees to the English magistrate. He now sold it to Dr. Jewett's caller, who lost no time in offering it to the mission at the original low rate.

Meanwhile Dr. Jewett had written to Dr. Warren and asked for an appropriation for the house. It could not be granted. But Dr. Warren added a postscript: "Keep your eye on that house, and remember that you have a friend in the Indian territory." The Jewetts hired money from the bazaar at interest and gave their note for the rest. The house was theirs, bought with borrowed money. Dr. Jewett now wrote to his school friend beyond the Mississippi. He replied, "My dear brother, I had some of the Lord's money in my hands. I had not

read more than three lines of your letter before I knew what to do with it. You asked for seven hundred and fifty dollars. I send you nine hundred and fifty."

That man, Reuben Wright, was a powerful factor in those early days of the Telugu Mission. Wholly in the background, he nevertheless furnished "the sinews of war." Years before, too poor to continue at school in Boston, he went to the Far West and made much money. On a visit to Boston he attended revival meetings. He began to feel that he must save his soul by giving his money. Some one took him to Dr. Warren. He said he wanted to support a missionary. Dr. Warren read him a list of names. He came to Lyman Jewett. The man stopped him, and repeated the name several times, and added, "I remember his prayers when we were at school together. Yes, I will take him." Year after year he paid Dr. Jewett's salary into the treasury. He paid for mission property. He was interested in Mrs. Jewett's schools. When at all times Dr. Jewett refused steadfastly to abandon the Telugu Mission his confidence was upheld by the friend God had given him. There was hard cash there, and with it the faith of the man who gave it, and of the man and the woman who were doing the holding on, tenaciously.

I listened to these stories with deep interest. I felt their power. Then one day Dr. Jewett told me of an experience which came to him in connection with Ongole. It afterwards became a story told hundreds of times in missionary meetings and in print. At that time Dr. Jewett kept it hidden in his own heart. As yet there was no fulfillment. Perhaps he began to wonder whether it did not concern me. It happened a few months after he heard of the Albany meeting. He was in a frame of mind for a spiritual uplifting. With wife and children he had gone to Ongole on a lengthy preaching tour. The

LYMAN JEWETT, D.D.

". . . They proposed to him the relinquishment of the Telugu Mission. They found him immovable. His faith told him that 'God has much people among the Telugus.'"

PRAYER MEETING HILL

". . . He left the hill strongly convinced that the man for Ongole was coming. . . . I had wanted to become a lawyer and a politician . . . . Did that hilltop meeting offer any solution to these peculiar reversals in my life? . . ."

end of the year had come. There were some low hills, close to Ongole. They decided to go up on one of these hilltops to pray, early the first morning of the new year, 1854. They were five in number, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, Nursu, one of the first regular preachers in the mission, Julia, the first fruit of Mrs. Jewett's school, and Ruth, another of the early helpers. They sang together; they prayed together, one after another. Dr. Jewett stood up and looked over the plain before him, dotted with villages, perhaps fifty of them in full sight, in the radiance of the dawn. He said, "As the sun is now about to rise and shine upon the earth, so may the Sun of Righteousness arise quickly and shine upon this dark land." He pointed to that piece of ground, all overgrown with cactus, and asked, "Would you not like that spot for our mission bungalow, and all this land to become Christian? Well, Nursu, Julia, that day will come." It was seven years after that time that the mission property came into his possession.

The burden on his heart, as he stood on that hilltop, was the man for Ongole. He told me that by the time he left the hill he felt strongly convinced within himself that the man was coming. I confess that this stirred me. I did not know whether I was that man. No one, as yet, had said so. I reckoned back. At the time of the meeting in Albany the surveyors came and took me out of my father's house at a few hours' notice. At the time of that hilltop meeting I was making my first attempt to get an education. It was still fresh in my memory how I had wanted to become a lawyer and a politician, and was always thwarted in this, and made to go in a direction which was not of my own choosing. Did that hilltop meeting offer any solution to these peculiar reversals in my life? The thought filled my mind. In my letters of the first years in India I often spoke of the "Lone Star"

Mission; I referred to "Prayer Meeting Hill," as I called it. Back there, on that old sailing vessel, with nothing else to think about, my energies all pent up, I began to wheel myself into line. I breathed an atmosphere of faith and expectancy. With all my heart I was ready to go to work and see some of those hopes realized.

Our ship, after rounding the Cape, came at last in sight of Ceylon. On a Sunday morning we sighted Madras. The captain had heard me say I hoped we would not land on a Sunday. When now we were becalmed as we neared the harbor, very difficult of approach at that time, he feared we would drift ashore, and grew excited. He attributed the calm to me, and used some very bad language about missionaries, and declared it was the last company he would ever have on a ship of his. His ire subsided when a breeze came and wafted us into harbor just as the sun was setting. Some fishermen came alongside the ship on catamarans with fish for sale. They were repulsive in appearance. These were the first human beings we had seen, except at a long distance, for one hundred and nine days. The contrast was between Boston and all that that meant to us and the Hindus, according to their representatives before us. I confess that I was heart-sick. My enthusiasm was greatly checked, and for a time I more than half wished myself back in America.

The next morning, March 26, 1865, a note was brought on board from a friend of Dr. Jewett, inviting us to come to his house. His carriage was waiting for us at the beach. The house was decorated with American flags, and a good breakfast was waiting for us. We were safely landed.

We tarried in Madras three weeks, and then made the journey of one hundred and eight miles to Nellore in

slow stages. We went in bullock carts, at the rate of thirty miles a night, staying during the heat of the day in the rest houses at intervals along the road. We arrived in Nellore April 22, 1865, in the midst of the hot season, and received a glad welcome from the native Christians.

VI

MY APPRENTICESHIP AT MISSIONS

NELLORE was at this time a town of about 26,000 inhabitants, a center of trade and travel, and the headquarters of the chief officials of the Nellore district. The mission compound with its shade trees and flowering shrubs was situated on a frequented road on the outskirts of the town. Many who passed that way looked into the thatch-covered chapel close to the road, and stayed a while to learn about the new religion.

There was a good, substantial mission bungalow, built by Mr. Day in 1841. It had been the home of the Jewetts since 1848. Rev. F. A. Douglass and his wife had joined them in 1855. They were now the occupants, and were waiting for our arrival, so that with their children they might sail for America after ten years of service. This bungalow became our home, shared with Dr. Jewett. Mrs. Clough and I eagerly entered into the life and work of this mission station. We soon felt an interest in the native Christians, who were thirty in number. There were inquirers, people who came and went. Children had been gathered into the school; the promising ones among them were watched over with much care, in the hope that they would become useful workers in the mission. We put our shoulder to the load, ready to carry our share.

At that time little was known of the Oriental races.

Christian people took it for granted that the older religions were wholly bad, and that their scriptures contained nothing but evil. There was no sympathetic approach, no feeling that perhaps God had not left himself unrevealed to the heathen world. It distressed many thoughtful men and women in Christian lands to think that the rest of the world was given over to sin, and that unless the heathen heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, and accepted it, they would be eternally lost. This was my opinion, too, when I went to India. It formed my missionary motive. I looked upon the Hindus as simply heathen; I wanted to see them converted. As the years passed I grew tolerant and often told the caste people, if they could not, or would not, receive Jesus Christ as their Saviour, to serve their own gods faithfully. During my visits to America I sometimes told American audiences that the Hindus were in some respects better than they. I told them to wake up, and be true Christians, or else the Hindus would come over to America and try to convert the Americans.

During our stay in Madras after our arrival I was deeply interested in the missionary situation there. A number of societies had planted a mission in this large city, with its teeming population, speaking several languages. Dr. Jewett knew the group of missionaries in Madras. We were received with much brotherly spirit. Men who were afterwards the seniors in their societies were here, still young, busy forming methods. Some were engaged in educational work. Once more I was tempted to turn away from preaching. A large institution with six hundred students was without a principal. I was asked whether I would consider an offer favorably; it would then be made officially. I told them No, I could not stay. It was partly loyalty to my society, partly my feeling that I must preach.

Though I wanted to become an evangelistic missionary, I saw no reason why I should not write books and make translations and do the work of a scholar in the intervals of preaching. I tried it. I sat over my books, and gave half an ear to inquirers who came. I made up my mind that I must give this up. I wanted to preach, and decided to do it with all my heart and all my strength.

In that formative period of my missionary career I was full of enthusiasm. Those who knew me then say I displayed the greatest faith in expecting the Hindus to leave their gods and come to Christ. In my prayers I asked that the whole Telugu country might be converted. I talked of schemes for converting the people in large numbers. If difficulties were pointed out to me I made light of them. I believed the Hindu religion must be attacked boldly, and thought the older missionaries had not done this. Existing missionary methods seemed too slow. I wanted to work a change—to strike out on independent lines. Perhaps that was the attitude which the Lord Jesus wanted me to have. All my schemes and plans were knocked over when he sent me the Pariahs in large numbers—after that my methods were made for me. All I did then was to follow and trust the Lord Jesus to help me and show me what to do.

I learned much from Dr. Jewett, and was willing to be guided by him as my teacher. In later years, when young men were coming and going in Ongole, learning the ways of missionary life, I sometimes told them that during my apprenticeship I did everything Dr. Jewett told me to do. They laughed at me for this, and said they had no doubt I tried hard enough, but perhaps with indifferent success. It is true, however, that Dr. Jewett taught me the missionary methods which were in general practice at that time. I never wholly set them aside. The movement among the Madigas only added new meth-

ods, which I was bound to follow, lest I hinder the development.

During the first months in Nellore I was much with Dr. Jewett. I watched his ways of dealing with the native people. They were beautiful, fatherly ways. The people loved him. He was eminently meek and gentle and kind. I was not meek by nature. That I had him before me as a pattern during that year and a half of my apprenticeship was one of the blessings of my missionary life. He sometimes said to me, "If we two could have been mixed together and then divided into halves it would have been better for us both." He with his meekness was at one extreme, I with my somewhat fiery disposition was at the other extreme. The Telugu Mission had need of us both.

His devotion to his Master, Jesus, was very great. It is one of the stories still told about him among the descendants of those who knew him, that one day, when he was preaching in the bazaar to a group of people, a young Mohammedan took a handful of sand, threw it at him, and ran away. He brushed the sand away, and beckoned to the young man, "Come back, I want to tell you about Jesus." I suppose this story is true, but it is equally true that if I had been there that young fellow would have run much faster and farther than he did. I loved Dr. Jewett; I could not have allowed any disrespect to him, not even for the sake of his message. One day in those early months in Nellore, we went to the riverside together. People came there toward evening, and he found an audience. A young man began to dance and laugh and clap his hands, trying to disturb Dr. Jewett. I soon could stand no more of that. I walked up near to that fellow, and next he found himself in the river, shallow in that place, but the cool water made him sober.

I worked hard all day, learning the Telugu language.

My teacher was a Christian young man who wanted to become a preacher. I therefore taught him an hour every day in Dr. Alvah Hovey's book of theology. When the sun began to go down we put our books aside and went for long walks. I had my eyes open then; for it is as necessary to learn the people as it is to learn their language. I began to talk with those we met, learning to form sentences, and the replies began to sound familiar. There were places to which we went frequently. People soon knew us and looked for us. One of these preaching-places was where four or five roads met. After a time I noticed that when people came within a certain distance of me they held their hands to their ears and ran. I said to my teacher, "Why are they doing thus?" He replied, "They believe you are a man sent from God. If they hear your message they will be held accountable. Therefore they close their ears and run that they may be as if they had not heard."

There was a hamlet near Nellore to which we went often. The place where we stood and talked with the people was close to the house of a Mala priest, Tupili Lutchmiah, who went with his idols to thirty villages, round about, and conducted worship. He was prosperous as a priest. Out of curiosity he came to hear what we had to say. Then he grew angry; he found himself believing and realized that the foundations of his life were tottering. He shut the door of his house and told his wife not to listen to us. Then, one day, he told me he wanted to be a Christian, and asked me what he must do to be saved. I talked with him till dark, and then at his request left a colporter with him to pray. Two hours later he sent me word to give thanks to God on his behalf, for he had found the Saviour. This man was the first fruit of my labor in India. He was baptized December 24, 1865.

Now trouble began. The people to whom he had gone with his idols to conduct worship feared that without his ceremonies and invocations calamities would come upon them; their cattle would die; their crops would wither. Since he himself was lost to them, they demanded the idols. He was afraid they would mob his house and take them by force. He brought them to me to keep where no one could worship them. Then we were in danger. The head of the police force heard of this. He offered to send a constable to guard us. I thought this unnecessary, but took his advice and stayed in the house after dark. The trouble passed.

The habits of my life as colporter in Iowa were strong upon me. I had to adjust myself to the fact that I was now working in a country where few could read, outside that privileged class, the Brahmans. I did not wait until I had a grammatical knowledge of the Telugu language. I learned by heart in Telugu the verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." With this verse I went out into the streets of Nellore, before I could say anything else, and wherever I could get a native to stand still and listen to me I told him this verse. I was continually distributing tracts. If a man told me, "I cannot read," I asked him to go to some one who could, and for a small copper coin get the tract read which I was holding out to him. Tracts became common in Nellore. The merchants used them for wrapping paper when small quantities of spices were required. Pieces of tracts thus found entrance into Nellore homes otherwise closed. Some of those tracts hit the mark: men were saved.

Soon I began to want a tract that would tell the people my message in my own words. With my Telugu teacher always at hand, ready to coöperate with me, I wrote one

entitled "Where are You Going?" It was direct in its language, and was a sermon in a nut-shell. Then I worked on a larger tract, really a booklet, "Messages for All." It was not completed till after I had settled in Ongole. This became practically the text-book in the movement among the Madigas. I had brought into it a collection of Bible verses on the different phases of Christian experience. I tried to put the whole gospel into it. If a man comprehended the verses, one after another, in that little book, he knew enough of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ to be saved. In the years that followed, many editions of these tracts were printed, thousands at a time. They did a great work in being tools in the hands of our preachers and teachers.

There was a large temple in Nellore. The time came for the annual temple festival. People from the villages outside of Nellore were coming to celebrate. Everyone was in a frame of mind to forget for a short time the daily pursuits and engage in religious observances. I had one thousand copies of my tract, "Where are You Going?" ready for the occasion. During the days of the festival I took my place on a pile of stones lying on a street where the people were passing in throngs. All were talking, full of excitement, moving along ready to be interested in all they saw. I made myself heard above the din of voices, as I shouted to them to take one of the tracts I was holding in my hands. One thousand of them were given away, one by one, into the hands of the people during the days of that festival. There were conversions afterwards. This was a method of reaching people much in use at that time. The missionaries in northern India, especially, employed it. The appeal made at a time when the people were in a responsive mood, ready to be swayed by religious impulses, was often effective. But it reached their hearts while away from home, de-

tached from their accustomed surroundings. The movement among the Madigas taught me to take the people in their villages, and to Christianize the village.

It was my custom to go out to one of the hamlets of Nellore every Sunday afternoon. I could talk with the people a little, but I could not yet preach. One of the regular preachers of the mission went with me. We selected a central place in the hamlet, where there was shade, and invited the people to come out of their huts and form a group of listeners. Often they held back. I used my own method of encouraging them to come. The vein of mirth and fun in my nature was bound to assert itself. I had learned in my work with Americans that if I wanted to come in touch with a group of listeners I must first laugh with them. The Telugus were not different in that respect; only I had to adjust myself to their sense of humor. If a man refused to come because he had no coat to wear I took mine off and put it on him, and thus marched him to the preaching-place. Every face by that time was happy with amusement. My sense of humor was part of my natural equipment, and I did not restrain it when I began my work in India.

During all my apprenticeship I sat at the feet of Dr. Warren. He brought me into contact with the deep spiritual meaning of the missionary's work. With a firm hand he had upheld the Telugu Mission thus far. He had marked me as the man for it. He now watched me in my development. It was not long before he saw that the independence in method which I had developed in my pioneer life on the Western prairies was going to be applied to my work in India. He wanted to see this independence brought under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and was ready then, in any given situation, to believe that I was doing as Jesus wanted me to do. Dr. Warren was strong in the idea of democracy in Baptist

churches. His position all through was: when a missionary is in the hands of the Holy Spirit we as a denomination must fall into line and uphold him, because we sent him out there. I sensed this attitude in him from the beginning. It affected me in the hidden depths of my missionary motive.

In my letters of those early years Dr. Warren saw that I was forming human contacts everywhere. There was attraction and there was repulsion. Twice during my apprenticeship a mob was ready to fall upon our mission house. He wrote me a long letter, in which he taught me how to get hold of people in order to bring them to Jesus. He did not want me to sit in the mission house studying my Bible, keeping up in due form the Sunday services, praying and singing and preaching. He wanted me to break forth on all sides. "Those people will believe in you first as the representative of Christ. Some of them will be won by mere human sympathies, at the outset, and led step by step into the spiritual house, the temple of God. . . . The first disciples learned religion from the *person* of Christ, not from abstract ideas. . . . Move among the people; get hold of them; draw them to you." This counsel was true to my natural temperament, and I willingly followed Dr. Warren in the spiritual application.

Six months after our arrival I wrote to him, November 6, 1865:

"Christianity and our mission begin to occupy the place and exert the influence which they ought. Yet we want more of the influence of the Holy Spirit among us and in us. I am no longer able to keep quiet, and daily go out with the catechists to the villages near the mission house, preaching. Yesterday was a happy day for the 'Lone Star' Mission. It was my privilege to baptize four, upon profes-

sion of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Our prayers are beginning to be heard. God is sending us his elect, a great multitude of whom we expect to see here among the Telugus ere many years, who shall come out from heathenism and join the throng which is passing into the kingdom of heaven from all parts of the world. We are earnestly asking God to give us at least one hundred, before the close of the year 1866, seals of our ministry.

"The 'Lone Star' Mission has stood here in the midst of darkness deeper than night for about twenty-five years; yet few, very few, have 'believed our report.' We feel that this cannot longer be endured—that God has an elect people here, and that they must come out from the reckless multitude and unite themselves with the children of light."

Dr. Warren replied to this letter January 27, 1866, as follows:

"I am this hour in receipt of your favor of November 6, 1865, a very long time on the way for letters from Nellore —three months. But the news compensated for the delay. It really does me good to follow your pen as it discloses your restive desire to be out, with the open mouth and the moving tongue, among the people, with the messages of salvation. I am glad the word is like fire shut up in your bones, for I see in it your calling of God to that very work, and a pledge at once of your fitness for it and your success in it. . . . And the Lord grant your largest petition, and enlarge your heart to ask still greater things. I notice you are asking for one hundred converts this year. That is well, very well, and if we had so many we might think that the Lord has indeed made windows in heaven. But, really, why not ask for a *thousand,* as well as for one *hundred?*

"And then, I must say I like your idea of seeking after the 'elect' of God in that dark land. That is the true idea. It is the only solid ground to stand on in missionary work. . . . The very fact that he has sent you there, with such a purpose as you cherish, is of itself evidence that he means

you to gather fruits for himself, 'Sons unto glory.' Go on and prosper then, and may you see scores and thousands turning unto God. My heart is with you, and so are the hearts of all the brethren here."

I was full of hope in those days. The prophetic tone had been a characteristic of the mission. Mr. Day had been upheld by his faith in great things. Dr. Jewett was always talking of "much people." Now I took it up. It was afterwards said in the mission that "Clough talked wild in those days." I had a friend there in Nellore who later held a high post in the educational department of the government in Madras. He says he was reasoning with me one day, asking me what I was going to do with that multitude which I expected to see coming over to Christianity. He wanted to know where I was going to get the money to supply them with Christian teaching. I told him that if I tried I could get one hundred thousand dollars from America for this purpose. It was a daring statement. The whole annual income of our society at that time did not rise much higher than that figure. It took twenty-five years to bring it to pass.

According to the actual facts of our every-day life in Nellore, our prayer for one hundred converts during 1866 was not granted. They did not come. We thought the failure must be due to the native preachers, who had contentions among themselves, and were divided. I wrote, "I think our faith was too weak to remove so large a weight." Dr. Warren, on the other hand, wrote according to the larger vision, "Why not ask for a thousand?" Less than two months after he had penned this question a man was baptized who, during the thirty years of his ministry, led more than one thousand people to believe in Jesus. Less than twelve months after Dr. Warren asked that question two lads were baptized, Baddepudy

Abraham and Bezwada Paul, who each stood, potentially, for thousands of converts. They became evangelists to their people. If Dr. Warren had asked, "Why not ask for five thousand?"—he would have been right.

Meanwhile I was having an experience there in Nellore with the Brahmans. Several Brahman young men had been coming to see me. I had fixed upon Sunday afternoon for visits of this kind, but they began to come at other times also. They could talk English somewhat, and in the beginning they were attracted, no doubt, by the opportunity to talk with a white man. They also appreciated my friendliness. I told them about my religion. They argued with me. It must be that Jesus met them and they felt his power. Two out of that group of Brahman young men were, I believe, converted. They asked for baptism and set the time for the first Sunday in April. Great excitement now spread over Nellore. Few understood what the ordinance of Christian baptism meant. All looked upon it as hopeless degradation for a man of high caste to unite himself religiously with a company of people composed of the lower caste. None of the Nellore Christians were higher than the Sudra caste.

The families of the Brahman young men now took matters in hand. All were forbidden to see me. One of the two who had requested baptism was sent to a distant part of the Telugu country. The other was subjected to petty persecution by his family. They held him by force. He was locked up in his room at night, and guarded by two men by day. He had begun to pray to Jesus Christ, and had omitted the Brahmanical ceremonies required of him every morning. They now dragged him to the river; they ordered him to say his *mantras* and to draw the mark on his forehead, indicating that he had done so. He refused.

There was a large community of Brahmans in Nel-

lore, many of them wealthy, learned and influential. They felt that something must be done. The *tahsildar,* the highest native official in Nellore, was one of them, and they appealed to him. He issued an edict that no Brahman should come to our mission house or receive our books. He had no right to do this. It was contrary to the proclamation of religious liberty issued by the English Crown in 1858. But if I had protested against his edict he would have claimed that it was intended only for the men of his own caste and religious order, and that in any case it was preferable to having a mob attack the mission house, with possible bloodshed. His order was obeyed. All became quiet, as if nothing had happened. Only once in a while, though closely watched, one of those two converts came to see me. I had had my first contact with the Brahmans, and had felt their power.

Right into the midst of this came a letter from Ongole bearing the call—not loud, but distinct—from Yerraguntla Periah, the forerunner of a mass movement toward Christianity among the outcaste. He belonged to a primitive tribe, the Madigas, leather workers by trade, in servitude to all, poor, ignorant, despised. There were no Madigas in the Nellore church. Dr. Jewett and I were somewhat perplexed; we feared complications. We agreed, however, that it was not open to us to debate this. We were bound to receive everyone who believed in Jesus Christ.

Thus was I wheeled around from dealing with the Brahmans, who stood at the top of the social ladder in India, way over to the other extreme—the outcaste, whom no one wanted. I did not know then that after opening the door to this one man among the Madigas a whole multitude of them would come pressing in. Nor did I realize that by opening the door to the Madigas we were closing it against all others. When it dawned

on me what we had gained by the coming of the Madigas and what we had lost—it was too late to change.

At this time, while I was walking straight into the bitterest disappointment of my whole missionary career, not knowing what I was doing, since it all came in the ordinary events of daily life, I received a letter from Dr. Warren. He wrote:

"I pray your joys may abound. I am not unwilling your trials should be many. Baptisms in suffering must be. Do not be alarmed if you see them approaching, for they open the way to great consolations, Godlike deliverances. With unspeakable pleasure I leave you in the hands of God. In such keeping how safe you are, and how certain of attaining to everlasting blessedness."

I had been in India nearly a year and had not yet seen Ongole, we had been so hard at work in Nellore. Dr. Jewett and I decided that we should now take that journey. It was already March, 1866; the hot season would soon be upon us. He had much to show me in Ongole: the bungalow and compound, and "Prayer Meeting Hill," not far away. But as we went on that journey no one said to us that I was now to be taken to the place where forty years of hard work were waiting for me. No one as yet had said that I was "the man for Ongole." I was taking root in Nellore; Dr. Jewett was thinking strongly of letting me remain there. He was willing to settle in Ongole, with Mrs. Jewett, who was back with him at her post, their children left in America.

We took our way along the seacoast and halted at the rich town of Allur. A good deal of preaching had been done here. We wanted to make it a mission station. We went thirty miles farther and halted at Ramapatnam. Dr. Jewett felt strongly that we must begin work here.

I agreed with him. A missionary society south of us had recently asked us whether we intended to cover the territory between Nellore and Ongole with our operations. They were expecting large reënforcement and were mapping out their field. We asked them to leave the stretch of eighty miles between Nellore and Ongole to us. The distrust, both in America and in India, concerning the capacity of our Telugu Mission was something which I could not have endured much longer.

We reached Ongole. It counted at that time about 6,000 inhabitants; later it rose to 10,000. There was no other town of that size within a radius of fifty miles. It was therefore important as a center of trade. My first impression of Ongole did not make me enthusiastic. I saw that anyone who settled there would have plenty of elbow room. I saw, too, that the property secured by Dr. Jewett's vigilance gave us a good foothold for work. It had a forlorn look at that time. The compound of eleven acres had been made a grain field to help pay the taxes. The bungalow had been rented to an English official, who lived in it. There were four rooms of about equal size. The roof, covered with tiles, was too low for safety during the hot season. The verandas were thatch-covered. Was I to bring my family here, and make this our home?

There was one peculiar fact about Ongole which did not come into consideration with me at that time, because I did not know what the future had in store for me. I was always talking about a "multitude of the elect." If it was so ordained that I was to bring in the converts from the territory of about 7,000 square miles which was for years called "the Ongole field," then I had to locate at Ongole. Three trunk roads began in Ongole and led into the region where the movement spread. From no other town could I have reached so easily the

districts where afterwards our Christians lived. They could come to me in almost a straight line. Those roads were military roads. Long ago they had been merely country tracks; they were improved when English regiments began to pass back and forth. The great road leading from Madras to Calcutta also went through Ongole.

The government had regarded Ongole as a strategic point. After the conquest of that part of India, when English magistrates were appointed to important centers, one was located at Ongole. This was about the year 1790. A regiment of English soldiers was stationed there for some time. We missionaries fell into line with statesmanship. What was strategic to the state was strategic to religion also. The roads improved for the purpose of military and commercial traffic were the roads our people traveled when they wanted salvation for their souls. No doubt a firm Hand was guiding us. We builded better than we knew.

The inquirer, Yerraguntla Periah, lived at Tallakondapaud, forty miles southwest of Ongole. We sent for him. I went back to Nellore to my work. Dr. Jewett stayed and waited. It was right that after all his faith, and his holding on, he should have had this disciple all to himself, to leave the imprint of his benediction upon him. He came back to Nellore and with joy in his heart told me all. He wrote to Dr. Warren:

"This man, unable to read a word, belonging to a class too low to be despised, impressed on my mind the image of patriarchal life. The simplicity of his story, the sincerity of his faith, and the ardor of his love, shining forth through the tears which flowed down his cheeks—all bore witness to the saving work of God in his soul. His wife in the same spirit of simplicity, faith, and love told the

artless story of her conversion. These were some of the happiest moments of my life. I was ready in a moment to baptize them."

He had given several days wholly to teaching this man and his wife. They were hungry and thirsty for all they could learn about the Lord Jesus and this Christian religion. When Dr. Jewett was not talking with them they asked questions of the preacher who had come with him. They eagerly accepted the tracts and books given them, ready to carry them back the forty miles. With a few copper coins they were going to hire some one to read to them. They had left behind in their village a group of people who looked anxiously for their return; they, too, wanted to place their feet upon this path.

We were amazed. Dr. Jewett and I were of one mind: the time had come to act. One of us must go. I was on fire. With a revival already begun in that distant part of the field, I wanted to be in the midst of it. Dr. Jewett now treated me as a father treats a son. He had seen twenty years of missionary life. I stood on the threshold of mine. He gave me the right of way. He let me state my case to Dr. Warren and told me to send the letter. He did not add a word himself. Dr. Warren understood his silence.

The rough draft of my letter to Dr. Warren, dated March 24, 1866, is still among my papers, a long document, written in pencil. Usually I struck out with boldness and decision when I wanted anything. Not so here; I evidently needed to convince myself, and I gave Dr. Warren the benefit of my argument. I told him about Allur and Ramapatnam, and added that I was willing to go to either place. I argued that our best man should stay in Nellore, and that government officials, too, send

their juniors to the outstations. I wanted to be treated as a junior. I wrote:

"Lastly, I must confess that I have a little ambition to see if the Lord will not bless my labors in India. If I work here I may build on other men's foundation. This Paul was not anxious to do. If you send me to Ongole, a great wilderness will be before me. If I succeed, to God will be the glory. If I fail, it will show that I am not in the right place."

It took that letter two months to go to Boston, and before another three months had passed I had my answer. It was dated June 13, 1866:

"I have long been looking with a covetous eye upon Ongole, and hoping the time would come when we should be able to occupy it as a mission station, and locate a missionary there. That time, I am happy to believe, draws nigh. The Executive Committee are with me fully in that opinion, and so placed themselves on record yesterday. It only remains that you, in accordance with this vote, go forward and execute it.

"You will need something to defray expenses of removal, and I shall endeavor to put in an item for that purpose. I should really love to go with you, help you on your way, and settle down with you in your new home. Those souls are worth saving, every one of them. Yes, one of them is worth going a long way to save. 'While we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.' If we could so look, how would our estimates of all things be changed. How should we labor for souls!"

Thus I received my marching orders. Dr. Warren had given me his benediction on the way. I was by this

time very eager to go to Ongole. We had sent three preachers out in the direction of Tallakondapaud where Periah lived. They found him burning with zeal for the souls of his fellow-men and far ahead of themselves in his desire to preach. He made them get up long before daybreak and go to villages at a distance. It was during the hot season and he carried a big pot of buttermilk on his head for them to drink when thirsty. When the three preachers returned to Nellore they reported that probably two hundred people in the region of Tallakondapaud were believing in Christ. This report was exaggerated, but it stirred us all.

The question was, who of the staff of six helpers was to go with us, and who was to stay behind? They were full of enthusiasm and ready to go. We divided even. Dr. Jewett kept three and sent three with us: Tupili Rungiah, who had been trained by the Jewetts since boyhood, Ezra, who had joined the mission later, and Lutchmiah, whom I had dug out of heathenism, and their families.

It was a great event in the history of our Telugu Mission when missionaries and helpers started forth to found the Ongole Mission, which had thus far been seen only in visions and prayers. Toward evening, September 12, 1866, when it was time for going, the compound filled with people. The native Christians and friends, many of whom we had learned to love, were there. Their hearts were full; many wept; they spoke words of benediction to us. With feelings too deep for utterance I took the parting hand of dear Brother Jewett. It was now thirteen years since he came down from that mountaintop, convinced that "the man for Ongole" was coming. We did not know that in another thirteen years the Ongole church would number thirteen thousand members. We only knew that we were stirred to the depths.

Monday morning, September 17, 1866, at daybreak, we came in sight of "Prayer Meeting Hill." Soon we halted in front of the bungalow, Mrs. Clough, with Allen, in a palanquin, and I on a pony, glad to be at home in Ongole.

VII

THE DESTINED LEADERS OF A MOVEMENT

Ours was an energetic group as we now began work in Ongole. There was nothing half-hearted about us. No doubts assailed us. We felt called to this work and to this place. We intended, with the blessing of God, to succeed.

Mrs. Clough brought with her a good equipment as teacher. During our stay in Nellore she had obtained a knowledge of the Telugu language and had studied the situation from her point of view. It was understood from the first that the school work at Ongole was to be in her charge. The wives of the three preachers who came with us were her assistants in beginning the work for women. We all fell into line. Tupili Rungiah began to second my efforts, so that for years I called him my right hand man.

Then there was Yerraguntla Periah. In several important decisions which were now before us, he acted as spokesman for his people. He and I were influencing each other a good deal in those first months in Ongole. He regarded me as his teacher, and I, in turn, always wanted to know what he had to say, when I came upon questions in connection with the work, which were so distinctly Indian that I could not easily find my bearings. Periah was a personality: a man with a spiritual history. He had taken more distinct steps in his religious

THE FORERUNNER OF A MASS MOVEMENT TOWARD CHRISTIANITY

"Yerraguntla Periah was a personality; a man with a spiritual history. He had taken more distinct steps in his religious experience than falls to the lot of most white men to take. . . . His request to me was practically that I should let this Christian movement go in the channels formed by Indian movements of spiritual significance. . . . I loved that man. He never in all the years failed me. . . ."

experience than falls to the lot of most white men to take. He could not read; there was no one in those days who could be induced to teach a poor Madiga. It was not a matter of study and thought with him: it was a matter of living in one phase of Indian religious life after another. Born into any other community, he would have risen to the top. As a Madiga among Madigas he stood in bold outline.

Periah grew up in the modes of worship which belong to the Madiga hamlet. This worship is of a low order; for it is largely actuated by fear of unseen forces. The Madigas bow before images and idols that stand mostly for non-Aryan cults: serpent worship, mother worship in some form, and especially demon worship, all ancient as the race. Even though Periah, early in life, came in touch with Aryan forms of worship, he did not discard the primitive beliefs of his village. The break with these came when he heard of Jesus Christ.

In the time of his grandfather, a Guru of the Ramanuja sect had been invited by the family to come with the idols of Vishnu and perform sacred rites before them. This was Aryan worship. It dated back to the great teacher Ramanuja who lived in the twelfth century, the first of a line of Vaishnavite reformers. There is resemblance between his teaching and that of Jesus, the Christ. Periah considered his contact with this sect an advance, both religiously and socially, upon the cults and customs of the ordinary Madiga.

After he had come to maturity a change came. He had heard that through the practice of Yoga the soul could unite with God. Eagerly he now entered this path. His teacher was an elderly woman, Bandikatla Veerama by name, who came to a neighboring village to visit her children. She was an initiated disciple of the Yogi Pothuluri Veerabrahmham, one of those religious per-

sonalities who are deeply revered by the Hindus. He lived about a century ago and was known in all that region as a Saivite reformer of pure life. A band of disciples had gathered around him to whom he gave the inner teaching of his order. The common people were taught by him that God is Spirit. He filled thousands with the expectation of an incarnation of divine life. As in all modern Indian reform movements, whether Vaishnavite or Saivite, caste was denounced. This explains why Periah could be received as a disciple by the woman Guru, Veerama. She was a caste woman and people of all castes came to her; nevertheless, she allowed Periah and one other Madiga, who afterwards became a Christian preacher, to come to her for instruction. The owner of the house which she occupied objected. Rather than ask her followers of low degree to stay away, she looked for another house. Before her death she initiated Periah. This became a leading fact in his life, and gave him a standing in the Madiga community which nothing else could have given him.

It was known that for years after his initiation he kept up the practice of sitting alone, in meditation, an hour every day, his eyes closed, his fingers pressed over ears and nostrils, so that objects of sense might be completely shut out, and the soul might seek union with the all-pervading Divine Being. As time passed, he was asked to come here and there to teach. He had a Guru-staff in his hand, which he never discarded, not even after he became a Christian preacher. Where he stayed in a village and taught the people, they gave him to eat. It seems there was little in his teaching which he afterwards had to contradict as evil, when he went among the same people to tell them about Jesus.

Others of the men who afterwards became leading Ongole preachers were sitting at the feet of Raja Yoga

teachers during those years. None of those Gurus stood as high as the woman Guru, Veerama. They had collected only snatches here and there of Yoga teaching, and gave them out to their followers amid extortion of gifts. They had fallen from the high moral standard required of the true Yogi. Periah knew wherein the difference lay. He held aloof from the shiftless Gurus who came and went. Of Veerama he never spoke with anything but deep respect. Even in his old age he said, "What the teachers of Yoga told me was good. But nothing satisfied my soul till I heard of Jesus Christ." The years passed. Periah must have been nearly fifty years old when the greatest change in his life came to him. It now happened that he found occasion for travel. In the Godavari district many cattle were dying, stung by a poisonous fly, and hides therefore were cheap. Others of the more intelligent and prosperous Madigas were going north to buy several cartloads of hides and bring them back to sell at large profit. It was an undertaking; sometimes the traders were gone a year or two. As they took their way north, they passed through the town of Ellore, about one hundred miles northeast of Ongole. A mission station had been located here by the Church of England. Rev. F. N. Alexander was the missionary at that time and continued in that place for many years, a man full of zeal, with methods thoroughly evangelistic.

Some years before, a Madiga trader had heard him preach, when out on tour. The message sank into his heart; he sought instruction and was received into the Ellore church. He had built a hut and settled in the north with his family. This man, Vongole Abraham, was distantly related to Periah and a number of others who afterwards constituted the staff of Ongole preachers. Family relationship, however distant, is cherished by the

Madigas. The traders looked upon Abraham as a friend in that northern country. He gave them hints in a business way that helped them in trade. They stayed with him sometimes for a day or two. The new religion then became a topic of conversation.

That group of men, after being banded together to find out something of truth from the teachers of Yoga, now became banded together in learning something of the Christian religion. It was not made easy for them. They gathered up a little here and there, and as they met in trade, they told each other of it. The one on whom they chiefly relied was Vongole Abraham. If he had not settled in that northern district, and become a man of active Christian character, something might have gone wrong with the movement toward Christianity. He formed an important link in the chain of happenings.

It is a remarkable fact that the leaders of the movement were going through this singular course of preparation during the years while I was forced into giving up my own ambitions for a career, and the American Baptists found it impossible to abandon their Telugu Mission. These separate strands of human experience came to a meeting point when Periah's longing for Christian fellowship overpowered him, and he called to me to come.

Periah, up there in that northern district, felt that he must get some first-hand information about Jesus Christ. He went to Ellore. The mission bungalow was easily found. Mr. Alexander was always accessible. He gave Periah abundant time in an interview, and asked him to remain to a meal in his compound. It was not necessary to teach Periah that there is one God and he is Spirit. He had learned this and much else when on the path of Yoga. He wanted to know about the divine incarnation of Jesus Christ. Mr. Alexander told him

the story with all the power of his own personal belief in it. Periah said, "This religion is true. My soul is satisfied." He wanted to unite with the Christians. When Mr. Alexander learned that his home was far south, and that he intended soon to return there, he advised him to unite with the Christian mission nearest to his home. This was wise, far-seeing policy on the part of Mr. Alexander. Had his advice to Periah been otherwise, something again might have gone wrong with that movement.

Mr. Alexander was a friend of Dr. Jewett and knew that I had come with him, and that one of us would settle in Ongole. He said to Periah, "You are going back to your home. Inquire from time to time, for soon a white teacher is coming to Ongole. Go to him; he will tell you more about this religion."

Periah was a changed man when he returned to his village. He knelt and prayed to a God of whom no one had ever heard; he refused to bow to the old village gods. It was not easy to persecute and abuse him. His relatives and neighbors withdrew from him, hoping thus to bring him to his senses. This had no effect on him. He told them, "I shall go to the people of the Christian sect, and I shall eat with them." As time passed, his wife Nagama became of one mind with him. Then others began to ask him what he knew of Jesus Christ. He was preaching, and giving out to others what he had learned in a fragmentary way. People believed his message.

But it was a weary time for him. Often he inquired of those who came that way: "Has no white teacher come to Ongole?" He could bear the waiting no longer; he walked the forty miles to Ongole, and was shown the compound that belonged to the Nellore missionary. In one corner of it was a hut, which Obulu, the first of the

Ongole converts, had built for himself. About eight years previously, Dr. Jewett was preaching in the Ongole bazaar, when this man came and listened a while, and said, "I am sunk in a sea of sin. These are just the words I want."

The coming of the Ongole missionary was the burden on Obulu's soul. When the Jewetts embarked for America, he walked all the way to Madras and begged them to bring back with them the man for Ongole. Obulu was there, in that hut, in the corner of that compound, when Periah came and asked, "Where is the white teacher who was coming to Ongole?" Had Obulu not been there, it is possible that the movement might have miscarried even then. Periah might have failed to make connection with us: I might have become permanently settled in Nellore, and his call, had it come later, might have fallen on deaf ears.

But Obulu was there. He gave Periah an abounding sympathy. He directed him to the house of an overseer of public works, where Dr. Jewett sometimes held meetings. Periah went there and made a deep *salaam,* and said, "Where is the white teacher? I believe in Jesus Christ. I want Christian fellowship." Then the letter was written that reached us in Nellore at a decisive hour. It was the last link in a long chain of happenings. Afterwards, in his old age, Periah sometimes said to the younger men, "I called our Clough Dhora, and he came." It is true that he called me. Soon after his baptism he came to Nellore to see me. His joy was great: I was the man for whom he had long waited. With all the devotion of his nature he henceforth held to me. He gave me a spiritual allegiance of a high order. Afterwards, when my staff of preachers counted fifty men, strong men among them, on whom I leaned, Periah never lost his place close to me, though often I saw him

only once in three months. Everybody knew that Periah had a distinctive position with me, which no one need covet, or desire for himself; for it would remain vacant when Periah died.

With the deepest interest Periah looked on, as we settled down at Ongole and made the place habitable. The bungalow had to be repaired, and houses erected on the compound for the preachers who came with us. On one of those early visits to Ongole, he brought with him his young kinsman, Bezwada Paul. I saw that he was a lad of some promise, and asked Periah to leave him with us. I found work for him to do in connection with our household, so that he could become one of us. Mrs. Clough took him into the little school on our veranda. My main object was to let him stay as an anchorage to the Madiga community. The movement among the Madigas was already on us.

Periah told me that there were believers out in his village, Tallakondapaud, perhaps twenty or thirty in number. He urged me to come and baptize them. I now talked this over with him. In those early days of the mission we observed the Lord's Supper on every first Sunday of the month. Periah always came walking the forty miles each way; often Nagama came with him. I asked him to bring those believers to Ongole in groups, that we might receive them into the Ongole church. This was not according to his mind. He had a definite plan. He wanted me to come out there, to stay several days, giving spiritual instruction, and then to baptize those who gave evidence that they were sincere believers in Jesus. It was to be done in such a way that the tidings would be carried over all that region. Everyone would know that there had been a definite act of forming a religious center, from which spiritual influences could now be expected to radiate. It was

an oriental way of urging the planting of a Christian church.

With his capacity for organizing people into groups, Periah may have gathered points here and there about the Christian church, and applied them to his own case with a kind of unerring religious instinct. He had asked searching questions from Mr. Alexander and his catechists; he had sat for days at Dr. Jewett's feet, and had talked for hours with our Nellore preachers. Possibly some one had read the Acts of the Apostles to him. These sources of knowledge of our Western way of organizing may have been tapped by him. But it is far more likely that he worked this out on the pattern of the Indian Guru. He had ceased to be a Raja Yoga Guru and had become a Christian preacher by a simple sequence of events. These believers who were waiting out there were his disciples. He wanted me now to come as one of long experience in the Christian life and give sanction to all that had been done. Among the Gurus there is a hierarchy. He of deeper experience and higher initiation leads those of less. These oriental conceptions were all a part of Periah's mental equipment. His request now to me was practically that I should let this Christian movement go in the channels formed by Indian movements of spiritual significance.

It must be that the Lord Jesus gave to Periah a clear conception of the design which we were to work out, and that he gave to me sufficient spiritual vision to grasp its bearings. The plan, as I thought it over, seemed right to me and in accordance with New Testament methods. In the days of the apostles the church at Jerusalem received tidings of a Christian movement in the city of Antioch. They sent out Barnabas, a man in whom they had full confidence, as one who would deal wisely with the situation. Though all were Gentiles, he remained

with the believers at Antioch until they were established as a group related to the church at Jerusalem. With Antioch as the beginning, the apostles formed Christian centers among the Gentiles. In like manner with us, at Ongole, the beginning which we made at Tallakondapaud formed the pattern. Before ten years had passed we had thirty such centers scattered over seven thousand square miles, all affiliated to the church at Ongole. We could not have held ourselves more closely to the way indicated in apostolic times.

My decision to go out to Tallakondapaud was an act of faith on my part. I knew nothing of the background of religious experience which filled this group of converts with so much zeal. Books on the Indian religions were few in those days. I was new in the country. Moreover, to me the Hindus were all heathen. If anyone had tried to explain to me that I was now to draw into a Christian movement the fervor which had been generated in an Indian movement, I would probably have refused to believe him. I felt the risk keenly. I would willingly have baptized those people, a few at a time, as they came to Ongole, for it would not have caused much comment, even if nothing more was heard from them. But to go out there, and in that dramatic form baptize a group of people, establish a Christian center, and recognize its leader as the pastor was a different matter. Those people were all outcastes, only one could read a little. Suppose the whole thing died down after a time! Then it could justly be said that a new recruit in the service, as I then was, had no right to assume so much responsibility. However, I felt that I must take the risk and go ahead.

First, we had to organize a Baptist church at Ongole, so that these converts could be baptized into its fellowship. We had eight members who had letters of dis-

missal from the Nellore church. Our church at Ongole was organized January 1, 1867. We observed the week of prayer. Then, full of strength, ready for anything that might come, I undertook the first of my many long mission tours. Mrs. Clough remained behind, in charge of the compound. I borrowed a tent from an English officer. As I had no pony, I went in an ordinary bullock-cart. I halted at villages on the way and preached. Finally I reached Tallakondapaud, and was gladly welcomed by Periah and his wife. My tent was pitched in a fine tamarind grove near by, and here now I took my first lesson in the simple village life that was so new to me. Word was passed from village to village that I had come. The next day thirty or forty men and women appeared before the tent, each with provisions for several days, tied up in a cloth. They said they had come to learn more about Jesus, but that they already believed and wanted to be baptized.

"Then commenced a series of meetings in that tamarind grove that continued for five days, which I can never forget. There were thirty-five in constant attendance, and many others at times. The meetings were for preaching, prayer, and reading the Scriptures and inquiry. At the end of the fifth day, Sunday, January 20th, twenty-eight were baptized in the river, a quarter-mile distant, upon profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. These meetings and these baptisms almost made me think that another day of Pentecost was being given to us. I have seen many revivals at home, and witnessed many precious outpourings of the Holy Spirit, but I never saw such a blessed time as this was—never saw such faith and such love for Jesus the Saviour.

"The simple reading of the last two chapters of Matthew, or the corresponding chapters in the other gospels, or the remark that Christ died upon the cross for us and for the sins of the whole world, would affect them all to

tears, and many of them would sob aloud, as though they had just lost their dearest friend. Their faith is simple, but, oh, how strong. Such faith as these little ones possess would be a treasure to anyone, even to the best Christian, and must result in the conversion of a great multitude. Those baptized live in six villages, and are of all ages, from fifteen to seventy years; but the majority are young men and women between twenty and thirty years of age."

The long letter to Dr. Warren, of which the above was a part, had far-reaching results. A man came to Boston from Canada, as a candidate for foreign service under our Board. He wanted to go to the Karen Mission. Dr. Warren put this letter from me into his hands and said, "Read and pray and tell me what you think of it." It took him one night. The next day it was settled. He was to come to the Telugus. This man was Rev. A. V. Timpany. He joined us in 1868, three years after our arrival. Timpany's coming to us influenced McLaurin to follow two years later. Together they became founders later on of the Canadian Baptist Mission in the Telugu country north of our mission. That Tallakondapaud baptism was a great occasion.

I gave myself wholly to the people during those days. They were hungry and thirsty for every word of divine truth I could tell them. They sat for hours and could not get enough. I, in turn, felt my faith refreshed beyond measure. I wrote to Dr. Warren: "The experiences of those days were worth more to me than I can tell. I can toil on now patiently. . . . I look for great things from the Lord." Perhaps it was necessary that I should receive this spiritual uplift; for a heavy load was slowly adjusting itself to my shoulders. These people were Madigas. Perhaps men of all other castes would therefore refuse my message. I had need of strength.

It was a remarkable group of people. Afterwards it came to be regarded as a distinction to have been one of those twenty-eight. There was Bezwada Paul, whom I brought from Ongole with me to receive baptism among his people. He was a born evangelist. There was another like him in that group, a lad whom I saw standing with the rest after the baptism. Something in him appealed to me. I wanted him. I took him by the hand and said, "You must come with me, my boy, I will take you into school and teach you." He replied with joy, "I will come." I said, "But your parents will say No." He shook his head. He was ready to forsake all and follow: "Nevertheless, I will come." It was hard for his parents to let him go. I had to help them sometimes to make up to them for the loss of their son. This was Baddepudy Abraham, one of the most active evangelists of the movement. Often in later years he told of those days with tears in his eyes. He said: "We could sit together for hours and talk of Jesus. If one of us spoke of the nails driven into his hands, or the thorns on his brow, we could hardly bear to hear it. We sobbed like children. We said to each other: 'He endured this for us.' Never again was our *bhakti*—our devotion—as it was in those days."

The report of this baptism spread over the country. Periah had calculated the effects rightly. First it was in the form of a rumor, then the Madigas took hold of definite facts—there was something in it that stirred them. Up in the northern districts there were two men, bent on trade, who were soon to become Christian preachers. One of them, Pidatala Periah, had spent years in trying to find salvation through Raja Yoga Gurus. To six of them, one after another, he had given money, in the hope that they would tell him something to save his soul. The worthless character of these men had

obliterated anything of truth which might have lain hidden in their teaching. Weary at heart, heavily in debt through these Gurus, he now heard the rumors of a new religion. One day a neighbor from the old home passed that way on business. He told these two men what had happened, and went his way. Each had a son, as well as friends, among the twenty-eight. They sat down together very sad; they could hardly keep back the tears. Pidatala Periah said: "The brothers born after me and my own son are on the way to heaven before me. I cannot stay here longer." The next day they procured carts, to load one hundred hides on each, and to start for home. They came to me, full of gladness. I was amazed at it all and could not understand it. Had they tried to explain it to me, I could not have understood their search for truth; it was all too complicated.

Before I left Tallakondapaud I talked at length with Periah. Out there, in the setting of his own village, the man's patriarchal bearing appeared in noble outline. A born leader, he was now a Christian preacher by the grace of God. I told him that I wanted him to give up all leather work and devote his time wholly to preaching. He was willing to do this: he was going to preach in any case. My request, however, called for a readjustment of his personal affairs. If he was to stop all leather work, then how could he provide for his family? Where he was known as Guru, he was given to eat, and something besides. But I wanted him to go where he was not known, where no one would trust him as a spiritual teacher until he had come again and again. In such places who would give him to eat? How would those depending on him at home fare meanwhile? It came to this: In so far as Periah could stay in the groove of the Hindu Guru, he wanted no support. But where I

wanted him to go into Christian evangelistic work outside that groove, there I must give him support. I grasped the situation.

Had Periah asked for a monthly salary, it is probable that I would have given him all he asked; for I felt the services of the man were beyond valuation by money. This would have changed the whole policy of the Ongole Mission, as it lay in the future. The fact is, that Periah and I at that time worked out and established a system of self-support which has endured to the present day. Periah knew that if he were to receive monthly salary from me, it would upset the relations, deeply cherished by him, with those to whom he was a spiritual teacher. The staff of Ongole preachers, as it increased rapidly in number, counted in those early days several men with an experience back of them similar to that of Periah. It was congenial to their minds to be given to eat, in a humble way, by those whom they had just taught. If that increasing staff of men had all asked monthly salaries, I would soon have been bankrupt.

There was another important direction in which Periah and I settled, then and there, the policy of the Ongole Mission. As he talked with me, he thought it all over, that he was to go from village to village, fifty, even eighty, miles from home, to be gone from home for weeks, even months at a time. He said, "How can I go about alone all the time?" I replied, "Take Nagama, your wife, with you, and you will be two." He assented gladly. An unusual relation existed between Periah and his wife. The native people often spoke of it with deep respect; they knew of none other like it. Among those who practice Yoga there is a teaching that sometimes there are two who may marry, whose souls are as one soul. It was said that Periah and his wife were thus. They had no children. As they now began

to make long tours together, they went in perfect union. Periah said in his old age: "What I preached, she preached; what I ate, she ate. Nagama was always with me." The women loved Nagama, and gathered round her when they came to a village. The men looked up to Periah, as one who knew more than they.

The other preachers did likewise. When the wife had little children, she stayed and taught the school. All saw how Mrs. Clough stood by my side, trusted with responsibility. The women of the mission took their place from the first in the movement. I subsidized them as I did the men. They became a powerful factor in Christianizing the Madigas.

I left Tallakondapaud the night after the baptism. They were all there: those who had been baptized and about forty others, from surrounding villages. They wanted to return home that night and be ready for work early the next morning. My cart stood ready for me. Still they held me: still I could not bear to part from them. It was midnight. We prayed together, and felt that many would come and unite with us. It must be that Jesus was in our midst. He was touching our hearts; that Indian village became holy ground. In the events of those few days lay the germs of the great harvest that followed in the name of Jesus.

Two weeks later Periah and Nagama came to Ongole for the Lord's Supper. Their hearts were heavy. Persecution had broken out. The caste people, who expect the Madigas to worship and appease the demons who afflict men and cattle, had taken note of all that had happened. They feared the consequences, and took measures of restriction which they thought might satisfy those invisible fiends which they dreaded. The Christians were ostracized. They were forbidden to come to the bazaar to buy, to draw water from the public wells,

to walk on the streets of the villages where they lived. All were in trouble. Two families had not so much as one meal a day. I felt this condition of affairs keenly. If anyone had told me that I was now to enter upon a course of steady repetition of such persecutions year after year during all the period of my missionary life, I would have staggered under the load. I put money into Periah's hands for those starving families and sent him back to tell them all to stand firm in the faith for Jesus' sake. I wrote to the submagistrate out there and called upon him to put an end to those persecutions. It was well that I did this. Soon disease appeared among the cattle. There were deaths. The Christians were taken before that magistrate and accused of having caused these deaths. He dismissed the prisoners, for he could find no fault in them, and strictly charged the accusers to cease from troubling them. There was peace then for a time.

Thus it had come to pass that in one short month we had organized the Ongole church; we had begun the Ongole method of village evangelization; we had settled on the Ongole policy of self-support; we had given the women a status side by side with the men; we had entered upon suffering for Jesus' sake. The movement had begun.

VIII

EDUCATION FOR AN ILLITERATE PEOPLE

THERE was much coming and going at the mission house. The rumor was going over the country that there was a white man in Ongole who was preaching a new religion, and that it was a good religion. Many came, prompted by curiosity. Some were truly anxious to know whether there was something in this religion that was meant for them.

Those who came were of various castes. The fact that we were baptizing groups of Madigas frequently, and none others, had not become accentuated in the minds of people. The crisis had not yet come; and ours was not yet called a Madiga mission. I was happy in working with the people, as they came, one or two at a time, and I gave much attention to everyone. I could say at that time, "Our hearts are filled with gratitude to God. He is doing good to us. To him be all the glory. Our work and prospects as a mission never looked so promising as now."

Every afternoon, with umbrella in hand, I went out to preach. Sometimes I went to a Pariah hamlet of four hundred inhabitants, close to our compound. It had a bad name. Formerly it had known few quiet nights. The police constables were powerless to control these Malas. Now an increasing number were coming to our Sunday services. The character of the hamlet

was changing rapidly. In those days I did much house-to-house visiting. I respected prejudices, especially those of the caste people, and did not approach their homes until they invited me. Often I said to them, "Do not be afraid of me, for I am like your brother, and want to talk to you about the true God." This was the way to win their confidence.

I preached in the Ongole bazaar too. Here I met with active hostility. Ongole was a very conservative place. The caste people were determined to make it impossible for me to preach my religion in their hearing. I always took one or two of our preachers with me. They stoned us. Even though only pebbles were used, they hurt and left a mark. I did not take this quietly. I turned around and asked who threw that stone. Once they made a definite attack with these pebbles; throwing them thick and fast, with so much dexterity that no one could be detected in the act. The police inspector who watched over my safety while I was in Nellore had been transferred to Ongole. He knew the temper of the people, and insisted that I must let him know when I was going to the Ongole bazaar to preach. He wanted a few of his constables to be on the border of the crowd that gathered around me. The *tahsildar* of Ongole also feared some kind of an outbreak. He could not make me give up my preaching, and therefore addressed himself to the people. He told them if they did not want to hear me, to pass by quietly, but not to throw stones at me, for I was only talking about my God and had come to Ongole to do them good. No harm came to me in the Ongole bazaar, but probably I was in danger more often than I realized.

I was still new in the country and had much to learn. I used every means available to inform myself. Scarcely a day passed but I came upon something that was new

to me, which I could not pass by, because it threw light on the attitude of the people toward the new religion. I asked questions. Often the people from the villages wondered that a white man should be so ignorant of all that constituted their real world. I tried to be patient and sympathetic. I learned from them all, whether outcaste or the highest caste. Neither schools nor books had anything to do with the teaching I received. It came by the human contact of daily life. I began to think with the people and to live with the people their lives.

I had to give up the practice of looking at everything with my American eyes. Even my American love for freedom had to be suppressed, lest I lose ground by my indignation over the fetters with which I here saw everybody bound. Our American rule of equal rights, and of freedom to act according to our own conscience, was so self-evident to me, that the system of caste at first seemed an absurdity. I thought it must vanish as a matter of course, before the first ray of enlightenment. That is where I was mistaken. We pioneer missionaries would not have believed it possible, in those days, that Hinduism would hold out against Christianity as it has done. The increase in the Christian population of India has come largely through several mass movements from the outcaste population. *

As the months passed, I grasped more and more the importance of the social institutions of the people. They

* The statistics of 1911 for Protestant missions in India are as follows:

Missionary societies	117
Missionaries, men and women	5,200
Indian workers, men and women	38,458
Organized churches	6,308
Communicants in these churches	568,080
Members of the Protestant community	1,636,731
Members of the Roman Catholic community	1,904,006
The total population of India	315,132,537

had grouped themselves according to race distinctions. Their communal life had endured unchanged for many centuries. British influence was then beginning to work a change. Even at that time social groups, held together thus far with tenacity, were breaking up into units. But I wondered more and more how the rigor of this social system would affect my purpose of preaching Jesus Christ to the Hindus. Where was the road leading me?

The movement among the young Brahmans in Nellore had come to an abrupt close. I expected a repetition of this, perhaps, among some of the other castes. None came. The leading Mohammedan priest of Ongole, a wealthy old man, came to see me a number of times. He said he believed in Jesus, and wanted to unite with us. For a time it seemed that through him we might find entrance in the Mohammedan community of that region. He ceased to come. I began to have a feeling that everyone was drawing back, holding aloof. There was a wall of silence, as if I had already hopelessly identified myself with the outcaste. I was bound to find out what it all meant.

Often I noticed how the Pariahs kept a distance of at least ten feet between themselves and the Brahmans. On the public road they walked far over on one side. They were evidently in constant fear. When out on tour, I sent one of my men to buy food from a caste man. I saw how he laid the money on the ground and walked away, and the caste man came and picked it up. In some of the villages men were afraid of me and ran away. I thought, perhaps, they had never before seen a white man, and called to them to come. They began to cough and to act as if in much pain. When they saw that I only intended to talk kindly with them, they straightened out; the cough and pain were gone. They

evidently had been afraid I was going to coerce them into some unpaid service. I saw the outcaste people were hunted down by oppression.

While I was in this condition of wondering why the caste people were staying away, wishing always that there might be some break in their aloofness, the common people came with ever-increasing gladness. It was New Testament times over again. I knew all the time that I was walking in this respect in the footsteps of my Master, Jesus, but I cannot say that I was then doing it willingly. Many years later it was said, "Clough has converted all the cattle-thieves of this region." The Brahmans meant this as a reproach. To a servant of the Lord Jesus it was bound to be a commendation.

Soon after the baptism of the twenty-eight at Tallakondapaud, I sent out Preacher Tupili Rungiah to strengthen the brethren in their faith, and give them Christian teaching. Six weeks later he came back to Ongole with a group of twenty-four people, each one carrying provisions for several days. Seven requested baptism, two were already waiting in Ongole for the ordinance. We baptized these nine. The rest had walked all the forty miles, impelled by the desire for Christian fellowship. "That Sunday evening thirty-one native brethren were at the Communion table to commemorate the dying love of Jesus."

I had given instructions to Rungiah to take counsel with Periah, and then jointly to lay it upon this growing Christian community as a duty that they must set apart some among their number to become teachers and preachers. There were Christians now in several villages. It was to become a rule that every village furnish its man. The people counted this a rare privilege, but it meant hardship. I did not ask for the medium ones;

I asked for the best. I wanted the men on whom their families had learned to lean, because they were resourceful and capable. The mothers of some of the later Ongole preachers cried when their sons came to our school; not as my mother cried, because she had to let me go to the ends of the earth, but because it meant less to eat, less clothing, less of the humble comforts of a Madiga's life. In some cases, where I took from aged parents the son on whom they relied most for support, I could not allow such privation; I helped them. How the poverty of those Madigas descended upon me at that time, as a weight which I never ceased to feel!

There was no other way open to me but to offer to furnish the food for those who came to school. Otherwise there would not have been a single man who could have stayed longer than a month. In the communal life of the Indian village it was not intended that the Madiga should lead anything but a hand-to-mouth existence. Another consideration was that the kind of men whom I wanted were sure to be already married. I let their wives come with them to school. They furnished us an opportunity to obtain women workers. Some were dull, but even these, after a year's training, were so far above the women of the villages that they were looked upon as teachers. Others were as capable in learning to read as their husbands. They afterwards taught school in those Christian centers which were springing into life. It cost at that time less than two dollars a month to keep a man and his wife in our school. I felt that this was a small outlay, in view of the great need for workers.

Seven men, in the group which came with Rungiah, were ready to enter our school. They formed the nucleus in my effort to raise up native agency. I added to them constantly, and made it a phase of our work to which

I gave much thought. I did not dare continue baptizing groups of Madigas, unless I had teachers and preachers for them in sight, in our school. The staff of men who later worked with me as one man through the events which followed, gathered around me during those first years at Ongole. One after another they came to our school, as if attracted by some spiritual law of gravitation. I was in the hands of God in those days: my methods were made for me, my future co-workers were sent to me, and meanwhile I was passing through one critical juncture after another.

Into the midst of these increasing activities came a letter from Dr. Warren with the usual notification concerning the funds which would be at my disposal during the coming year, 1867-68. I was dismayed when I saw it. There was nothing for schools, and little for anything else. A year before I had received a similar notification. I then begged for more money, and it was sent. I now realized that this had ceased to be a question of a mere passing emergency. It had become a case of life and death. How was I to preach Jesus and Christianize the people without money for native agency and for a school in which to prepare this agency?

I had heard Dr. Jewett tell of Mr. Day's disappointment, when an order went forth from our society in 1850 that all schools in all the missions be closed. He had somehow, by soliciting private subscriptions, managed to continue a small school. Mrs. Jewett had labored in the same way. It was hard work for them. Now I was to face the same difficulty, accentuated by the fact that I already had a movement to deal with. I was not willing to submit. I wrote a letter and protested. This was my first encounter with the Executive Committee and I must say I enjoyed telling about it afterwards. For a young recruit like myself to be attacking what

had been their policy for many years was little less than impudence. Yet that is what I did.

Dr. Warren replied without delay. He told me that my letter had occasioned some discussion when the treasurer laid it before the Executive Committee. They agreed with me that "It is not good economy to place a man on missionary ground and withhold suitable means and agencies for prosecuting his work. It is not only impolitic, it is unmerciful and unjust." In principle they granted this. When it came to practice—the calls were many and the resources limited. Dr. Warren gave me a gentle reproof for the forceful tone of my letter. Several of my expressions had "grated on the ears of some of our best brethren." He had made it right with the brethren, and had told them that I no doubt meant well. Perhaps if I had been less emphatic they would have taken little notice of my protest. The tide turned in my direction. I never afterward lacked money for schools.

I had come upon fortunate times in this respect. During the preceding decade there had been a general tendency in the missionary enterprise to oppose the policy of educating orientals into the Christian faith. Our own society had shared in this trend of opinion. The cry was for evangelization. Then a reversal began to make itself felt. An impression gained ground everywhere that education must be employed as a legitimate aid to evangelization. Liberal views were expressed here and there. Cases like mine were viewed with open minds, and requests like mine were granted where possible. I thus had the current of opinion in the home constituency on my side. What I could have done without this I do not know.

While waiting six months for my reply from Boston, I had time to think over what to do in case my request was not granted. I would certainly have done some-

thing about it. The churches in Iowa and Illinois, where I was known, were sending money for me into the treasury, enough and more than enough to support me. I knew that there was more money available, only it would be a task to get it. I began even while in Nellore to interest friends at home in our preachers and pupils. Specific gifts were coming in. If now I was to increase correspondence of this kind, doing the work of collecting funds at home, as well as the work on the foreign field, it would result in unequal distribution of labor. I felt then as I have always felt, that the lack of supply from the home base was the breaking of an unwritten pledge. There was money enough in America to pay for the Christianizing of an Asiatic people. I felt it a wrong to withhold it. This critical juncture pertained to my relation to my constituency.

I was under great pressure otherwise also at that time. If the Madigas had delayed for a few years, while I was getting a nucleus of converts from the caste people, it would not have become an understood fact that ours was to be a "Madiga mission." It would have given us a chance. But they were coming. The only way open to me was to find a bridge between them and the caste people; for I had not yet given up the hope that they also would receive our message. Education would have to form this bridge between our little Christian community and the rest. The social status of our converts must be raised. Their faith in Jesus Christ was changing them fast; it was making their lives clean. The fact that they desired an education was in itself making a new people of them. At that time not one Pariah in ten thousand knew his alphabet. If now I could demonstrate to the caste people that the Madigas would cease to be a wholly illiterate community, it surely was bound to affect

public opinion. I was ready to stake a good deal on the attempt.

There were three bright boys in our school, sons of our preachers, who were ready for advanced classes. More boys would soon follow. We saw that we must have a school of higher grade, but had not the money to engage teachers. All the money we had or could obtain would have to be applied to the training of the men and women needed for the immediate future. The government had a school in Ongole which prepared boys for high school, including English. If I could get admission into it for those three boys the problem would be solved. A growing number of Christian boys and lads would be given an education in line with the examinations conducted by the educational department of the government at Madras. Success in this direction was bound to affect the social status of the Christian community, and tend to obliterate the fact that its members were drawn from the lowest classes. I pondered this question a good deal. I talked with the English magistrate, Judge F. H. Sharp, about it. We decided to make a move in that direction. There was much risk in it, but as there seemed to be a bare chance of winning, I thought I ought to go ahead, feeling my way carefully.

Like a typical American I had democratic ideas of education. An aristocracy of learning, as represented by the Brahmans, was foreign to my way of thinking. I had the British Government on my side. These three boys were British subjects and as Christians were of the religion of the ruling race. My first step was to lay the matter before the native officials of Ongole, in order to influence public opinion of the town through them. I told them that we, in America, would not think of excluding anyone from our free schools. I urged upon them that I was not asking admission for these Chris-

tian boys to any school that belonged distinctly to the Hindu community. I wanted the right of entrance for them to a school located there by the enlightened Christian rulers of the land. They listened respectfully, and told me they would place nothing in my way. They gave me the right to try my scheme.

The headmaster of the school, a Brahman, invited me to visit the school. I went at a time specified, and found the *tahsildar* and *munsiff* of Ongole had also come. The police inspector who had the task of protecting me was there too. While I was talking in a friendly way with headmaster and pupils, I saw those officials in consultation. I joined their group. They told me as their decided opinion that if I brought the Christian boys into the school, all the present pupils would leave. Probably their own sons and nephews were among these pupils. I gathered from what they said that the subject had become the talk of the town. Definite opposition was the result. The parents and relatives of the boys had threatened to make my attempt impossible. I was not prepared to give up. I told them we would await the return of Judge Sharp to Ongole, and went home with a heavy heart. My diary says: "What the result may be I do not know, but I believe that God, who does all things well, will bring good out of this, and that in the end his name will be glorified the more. I do not know how, neither is it any of my business."

In relying upon the advice and coöperation of Judge Sharp, I gave this important matter into the hands of a man of extreme measures. Some years later he was extreme in his own case and clashed with the policy of the government which allowed no interference on the part of its officials with the religion of the Hindus. He took steps in being instrumental in the conversion of a Hindu convict, sentenced by him to death for murder,

which brought censure upon him. The result was a subordinate position and the loss of half his pay. He had to go to England and appeal to the secretary of state in person before he could be reinstated. But I, at this juncture in our history, trusted his judgment.

Some days after my visit to the school Judge Sharp returned to Ongole. He took dinner with us one evening, and we talked over the situation. He was prepared to use his power as the highest English official at Ongole to the full extent. If it were possible to override the prejudices of the Brahmans by the fact that this school was for all, he was going to see it done. He told me to send the three boys to school the next morning. I did so. He sent one of his attendants to see what had been done. The man came back and reported the boys were not there, thinking he had thereby postponed, and perhaps averted, a serious affair. Judge Sharp sent me a note and asked me why I had not sent the boys. I replied I had sent them. He saw that the crisis had come, and went to the school. He found the three boys on the steps outside. They had been refused admittance even to the veranda.

Taking hold of the hands of the boys, to show that he was not afraid of pollution, he walked into the school with them. Before all, with the intention that it should be reported over the town, he talked indignantly to the headmaster, and told him that the government required of its teachers that they should be enlightened men. He did then what he must have known from his long experience in the country was too extreme a measure: he made the Christian boys look over into the same books as the Hindu boys, reading with them, and touching them. He wanted the Hindus to see how harmless the touch was; for these Christian boys were as clean and bright as they. I heard of it all and realized that Judge

Sharp had played at high stakes. There could be no halfway result; it was either win or lose. My diary says: "The good Lord can work marvelous changes if he please. The end will be right no doubt." The next day, September 25, 1867, has the following entry: "The Brahman boys have all left the school, so I hear, and now only thirteen in all remain. Yesterday morning there were over sixty in daily attendance." I say nothing more. There my diary ends. No diary was kept during all the year that was now before me.

Thus I found myself defeated. Still I was not going to submit. I opened an Anglo-vernacular school. I engaged a teacher and was going to make it a permanent institution. But before two years had passed, the converts were coming by the hundred, all as ignorant as possible. We felt under great pressure to provide a staff of workers by a short process of training. It split up our energies to conduct a school aiming solely at preparation for a high school course. At that juncture we had to make evangelization our aim, and education had to have for its object a speedy preparation of native agency. Quantity was wanted just then; we could not wait for quality. I closed that Anglo-vernacular school. We put all our strength into Mrs. Clough's normal school, and we obtained what we sought: a large staff of workers.

Yet, take it altogether, I think that defeat was a serious loss to us. We ought to have had well-educated men right through the years. It crippled us at just that point in our development. We lost twelve years or more in our advance in educational development, and I do not know whether we ever caught up. If that government school had educated a nucleus of boys for us who would have been ready for our high school when we did open one, everything would have fallen into line. As it was,

we had scarcely a boy ready for high school classes when we began such a school in 1880. A controversy then broke out in the mission. Over no question from beginning to end have I had such serious trouble as over the question of the higher education of our Christians, and it began in that defeat in September, 1867.

As for those Brahmans, there came another day, nearly twenty years later, when I opened a high school in Ongole for our Christian boys, and allowed the caste boys to come to it, on payment of tuition fees. All went well till a Christian boy was ready to enter the highest class. Then the Brahman boys in it protested and left the school and took most of the other caste boys with them. It was a stampede once more. I sent out word that if the Brahman boys did not wish to recite with the Christian boys, they could stay away, the school would continue just the same. They came back. By the time another ten years had passed, a still greater change had come over Ongole public opinion. A deputation of the leading Brahmans of Ongole addressed a petition to our missionary board in Boston, asking them to found a college in Ongole where they knew our Christian lads would sit side by side on the same benches with their own sons.

It was a long road which I traveled between Judge Sharp's well-meant attempt in 1867 and the founding of the Ongole College in 1893. It meant twenty-six years of hard work.

IX

A CRISIS AND MY ORDERS

THAT episode of our attempt to raise the status of the Madigas by claiming for them the educational advantages granted to all, theoretically, by the government, became known over all that region. If thus far it had been merely a matter of comment that only Madigas were joining our mission, it now became a settled fact. I had done something which practically locked the door behind me. I could not retreat. Public opinion had spoken a decisive word. I did not at the time see it in all its bearings. But the die was cast. Ours was henceforth a Madiga mission. I became the "Madiga Dhora."

I was sustained at that time by the zeal with which the outcaste came flocking to us. It did me good to see how thirsty they were for the message of salvation, and how gladly they believed in Jesus. They crowded to our Sunday services. Our sitting room was soon too small. The veranda too was filled to overflowing. It was well that I had determined, even before we left Nellore, that we must have a chapel. We wanted it in the compound, facing the road. During the week it was to serve as schoolhouse. I could not wait to get the money from America. A spirit of giving and self-denial was abroad among us. Generous subscriptions came from the English officials of the district. A wealthy deacon in the Madras Baptist church gave a liberal sum. The rest was

made up in small gifts. I gave much attention to the building of it, and kept the expense down to about $1,000. It was large enough to seat several hundred people. Ten years later I enlarged it, and thus it still stands. Before the doors and windows were in, or the floor was laid, we held our services in it. I preached the dedication sermon on October 13, 1868, from the text "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos 4:12.

I had lost interest in writing a diary. I thought the future held nothing in store that would be worth writing about. Now and then I noted down incidents that struck me as important, dealing with bare facts, like mile-stones in my own experience. It was all in the way of adjusting myself to the social institutions of the people.

Everywhere I was confronted by the powerful grip in which caste was holding everyone. One day, as I passed through the bazaar of Ongole, I saw an elderly woman lying in a ditch by the road, uncared for, in convulsions. I procured a mat, placed her on it, and did what I could for her. I inquired whether there was no one belonging to this woman. She had a brother living in Ongole and a daughter ten miles away. I sent her a message that her mother was dying. Neither she nor the brother dared come near her. She had been out of her mind for some days, had wandered here and there and broken caste. To let her die in their home would have meant expense for purifying ceremonies afterwards; for the people of their caste would avoid them. I was indignant. I saw that even family relationship and the sacredness of death were as nothing in comparison to caste.

Another day, as I was passing the Brahman rest-house of Ongole, a man lying on the veranda called to me in distress. I went to him. He was a Brahman pilgrim, on his way to the temple at Tripati for merit.

Sick when he arrived, the Brahmans living near the rest-house took for granted that he had already broken caste, and did not come near him. Some friendly Sudras had offered him food but he was bound to refuse it. He was now dying. His caste rules allowed him to take medicine from me. The next day he refused that also; he shut his teeth tight, as I held it to his lips. Over night he died in great misery. The man had starved to death rather than break his caste.

Then I learned how the English officials were obliged to reckon with the prejudices of the native people. They learned by bitter experience and passed the knowledge on to each other. One of them took me into his confidence. He owned a horse, a fine animal. It was stricken with disease, and could not eat nor stand. As he was leaving Ongole he wanted me to take charge of it, and placed a liberal sum in my hands to pay for the horse's keeper, and for the best medical treatment to be had. I was to buy everything needful for the horse until it died. By way of explanation, he intimated to me that if he shot the animal the hostility of the native community would follow him to the next place, though far away. Letters would be written to his superiors, charging him with deeds he had not done. The officials under him in the next place would become informed, and turn against him. To see an Englishman thus avoid future trouble was a revelation to me. I promised him that I would take care of his horse. Then I listened to the comments of the people. They talked of the horse as an intelligent animal, with the courage of a man; they suggested that, perhaps, the nature of some one of noble achievement, who died prematurely, might now be dwelling in the horse, and it was well that time was given it to die in its own way. I wondered about it all.

Then something more was forced upon my attention. Several Madigas of low type came to bargain with me for the horse. They wanted it for purposes of food, and offered to pay as much as one of them could earn in a month, if I agreed to sell. I asked questions till I knew how they viewed the subject. Then I refused. They were angry and felt I had deprived them unreasonably of something they wanted. I had heard that the Madigas were carrion-eaters. It is one thing to hear; it is another thing to come upon the actual fact. I had gone to a Madiga hamlet of Ongole often, in the hope of working a change. It was one of the worst of the kind. Sometimes I could not remain. One afternoon I saw them gathered together over something that interested them. They scattered when they saw me coming. Some were angry; some were ashamed. I went home and no one knows how disgusted I felt, and how sick at heart.

I saw that in all fairness I could not blame the caste people when they gave me to understand that if I received the Madigas all the rest would hold aloof. If I, with all my Christian feeling of the brotherhood of man, felt the tension, how could I ask them to overlook the social disability of the Madigas? Was there no way out of this? How had it come about that these outcaste people were in such abject condition? They had been held in it for many centuries. No one thought anything else possible for them.

These prejudices were due to a historical sequence of events. The Brahmans sometimes say that we Americans exterminate the aboriginal tribes whom we find in possession of the soil, and that then we come over to India and blame them for the way they treat their Pariah tribes. They claim they did better than we; they at least allowed them to live, and left them a place

in their community, even though it was a humble place. Perhaps this charge is not wholly unjust. There is a chapter in our history of which we Americans say as little as possible when we face Asiatics. Men hunt each other down like wolves when the course of events offers them the opportunity.

In the India of prehistoric times, the Pariah tribes of to-day probably dwelt at a low stage of human development. It is a matter of conjecture whether they belonged to early migrations of the Dravidians, or whether they were pre-Dravidian. They were there when the Dravidians came into South India, perhaps from the lost continent Lemuria. There may have been inter-tribal wars; there may have been amicable settlement. The Sudras of to-day, who are the prosperous farmers of the country, stand for the bulk of the Dravidian stock. The relation between the Sudras and the Pariahs is down to the present time on a paternal, protective basis. It points to a time when all had their place in the community, coöperating in mutual service, and none was despised. Madiga families for generations served the same Sudra family. Marriage in the Madiga family was delayed till the Sudra masters celebrated one. The Madigas dwelt in a hamlet by themselves, as the Sudras found them when they came into the land. But they were allowed to come into the courtyard of the Sudra home, to transact business.

The element of harshness came into the Madiga's life when the Brahmans came into South India, several thousand years ago. They were of Indo-Aryan stock and had come from Central Asia. They looked upon the Dravidians as inferior, though these Dravidians were a powerful people, governed by kings, supplied with ample wealth and resources. In different parts of the Dravidian country four cognate languages were spoken,

of which the Telugu was one. Gradually the Brahmans became the teachers of the people; they became advisers to the Dravidian kings. The caste system, which they brought with them, spread over South India. The Dravidians found a place in it. Castes and subcastes were evolved. Often a caste stood for a trade. Rigid lines of demarcation were drawn between these castes. They could not intermarry, nor eat together. On one point all castes were united: a gulf was fixed between themselves and the outcastes. The Pariah tribes were left outside. The English Government has created the term Panchama, meaning fifth caste, in order to give the Pariah population a social standing. Since there was no place for them in the four great castes of India, they enter in as a caste by themselves.

This is only one sign of many, indicating the change which has come since I began my work in India. The Madigas, as I found them, were in a condition almost of serfdom. In the communal life of the village, they not only did the leather work, which to the caste people meant pollution, they did everything else that others did not want to do. They were the scavengers of the village. They had to bear burdens from place to place. They were oppressed and downtrodden and there was no one to help them.

I saw that it had come to this: If I continued to receive the Madigas I would have to identify myself with them. Their sorrows would be laid upon me. The hardships of their position would be mine to bear. Despised on their account, rejected by the other castes, I would have to begin at the bottom round of the ladder in India, and see about climbing up, carrying the Madigas with me. It all meant that a bitter cup was held to my lips, and that I would have to drink it to the dregs. If I had seen a way to do it honorably, I might have withdrawn

from Ongole. I think the sight of "Prayer Meeting Hill" had a good deal to do with making me stay on. If I was that man for Ongole, then I was elected to stay, come what might. The words of Dr. Colver rang in my ears, "Brother Clough, I believe that God from all eternity has chosen you to be a missionary to the Telugus."

I wrote little to America during that year of the crisis, yet I must have had much that was good to report, for we baptized seventy-six during 1868. A draft in pencil of the following letter to Dr. Warren, dated June 1, 1868, is among my papers. Perhaps I did not send it to him, or perhaps he thought best to withhold it from print, because of its despondent tone.

"I have allowed some of the native brethren, who formerly belonged to the Madigas, to come into the house, to take the baby, and play with our little Allen, and do errands. I married two couples according to Christian custom. Therefore many are angry. They tell me I am tearing down all the customs of their fathers. To show their anger, they have taken their children out of our little school, fifteen going in one day. They have tried to induce our gardener and the woman who helps Mrs. Clough to leave, threatening to beat or kill them if they did not leave us at once.

"The story is also widely circulated that I am trying to get as many to believe as I can in order to send them all off to Europe, as soldiers, sailors, or slaves. This report works harm. A young man came in from his village some weeks ago and said he would be a Christian, and come back in a few days to be baptized. He came after a month and had a sad tale to tell. His own family had abused him because he believed in the new religion. His wife's family had taken her from him, and would not let him have her again, lest she also be sent to Europe.

"And so it is from day to day, and every day something new. We are in constant excitement. Our faith, ingenuity,

and wisdom are frequently sadly tried. Here we are in the jungle, the great wilderness of heathenism all around us. To look back is of no use. We can only look up and go ahead, trusting in God to give us grace for every occasion. Thus far he has not disappointed us. We believe he will not."

Six weeks after the above was written, fifty or sixty people were in the compound asking about Jesus the Christ. After much teaching, inquiry and prayer, fourteen were received and baptized. In the village of Copole, three miles from Ongole, there was a small lake which had been enlarged by digging. The village people washed their clothes in it and drove their cattle into it in hot weather to bathe and drink. We went there for the baptism, because there was no suitable place nearer to Ongole. Several hundred people had come out from the village, and stood on the high bank of the lake. They saw me give a sacred ordinance of my religion to people whom they scarcely allowed to come within ten feet of them. They pointed at me with derision. Abusive words fell from their lips. They said among themselves that they would sue me for defiling the water of their lake by immersing these low people into it. They afterwards sent me a message that they would beat me and those who came with me, if we dared to repeat this.

Thus reviled and threatened with violence, I had at the same time to fight, almost, to keep some deluded ones from worshiping me. Afterwards I took it all with equanimity. Between attempts made to kill me and attempts to worship me, God helped me to keep my head level. But now, during the year of the crisis, I took it hard. I wanted to go away and see no more of it. In a letter to Boston, September 29, 1868, I related the

case of a woman who told the preachers that she had heard about the Lord Jesus some time ago from Periah, who had passed through her village. She made a vow that if her daughter, who was sick at the time recovered, she would believe in him and worship him. Her daughter was well, and was now in Ongole with her, and she therefore believed. The preachers felt some mistrust. They asked, "Where is Jesus Christ?" To my astonishment and horror, the old woman turning around, pointed her finger at me and said, "He is Jesus Christ, and for six months I have believed in him and prayed to him."

"I might enumerate similar instances, plenty of them, but to write out this one, according to facts, makes me shudder. . . . Like the great missionary to the Gentiles and his companion, who rent their clothes (Acts 14:14), such scenes make me feel very sad and sick at heart; and, while I exclaim, 'Sirs, why do ye these things? We are also men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that you should turn from these vanities and serve the living God'—the feeling creeps over me that I should like to flee from such scenes to a country where I should never see them repeated. But, of course, these feelings give way to better ones, sent by the Comforter."

I came close to having good cause for going home during that year of the crisis. While out on tour in Podili, I had a severe attack of jungle fever. With difficulty I made the journey of thirty miles back to Ongole. For a time I thought a decisive word had been spoken, and that my work in India had thus come to an end. But I recovered.

The year dragged on. It was a continual question in my mind: Did I do right in admitting those Madigas? Could I have entered into some kind of compromise? But I was too democratic for a compromise. It would

have been against my religious convictions. I received these Christians from the Madigas with open arms, as fellow Christians and brethren in the Lord.

I was evidently not sure of my ground even toward the end of 1868. Our third man, Rev. A. V. Timpany, with his wife, was in Nellore, learning the Telugu language. I wrote to him that I wished we had some great Baptist authority within reach, who could weigh the situation and tell us whether it is right to baptize one class of people, when that forms a barrier to all the rest. An old letter from him is among my papers, dated November 5, 1868, in which he refers to this.

"I rejoice with you in your joys and sympathize with you in your trials. Go on baptizing, brother, those 'elect of God.' A converted Madiga is as good as, and, if more pious, better, in the eye of God than a converted Brahman. God knows best how to work. He is working from the bottom upward. According to our faith be it unto us. Hard times you have, Brother Clough. Glad of it. Anything but stagnation. We have no one here to decide on 'Principles and Practices' except ourselves, but we, too, are 'titled' men, and can serve till greater ones come."

Mrs. Clough had carried her share of the disappointment which had oppressed us all that year. Not only as it affected me, but in her own activities she realized how much was at stake. If her school was to have none but Madiga pupils, and the staff of mission helpers was to be wholly composed of Madigas, her expectation of the kind of work she wanted to build up was bound to be lowered considerably. We kept our house open and were accessible to the people, and let them "come near," and get glimpses of our home life. If that stream of visitors was to dwindle down to Madigas, mostly, it would make a difference with her, too. We had been carrying this

load together, and were now jointly given an assurance that what we had done was right. We received what was to us a direct command from God to continue in our course.

One Sunday evening I was sitting in my study with a weight on my soul that seemed insupportably heavy. I had been out in Copole again, baptizing a group of Madigas. Several hundred caste people had stood on the bank as before, with threatening looks expressing their contempt. It had come to be a situation from which I could not retreat, nor was I willing to go ahead.

In a corner of my study there was a pile of about three hundred new Bibles, recently sent by my order from the Bible Society in Madras. English soldiers at that time frequently passed through Ongole, on their way between Madras and Hyderabad. They invariably came to our mission house, and I had the custom of giving each one an English Bible to take away with him. Simply by way of diverting my thoughts, I went to this pile of Bibles, picked up one of them, and aimlessly let it fall open of its own accord. I was startled to find before my eyes the wonderful words of the Apostle Paul, I Corinthians 1 : 26-29 :

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called :

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise ; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty ;

"And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are ; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

The impression made upon me, as I read these words, was profound. It seemed like a voice from heaven. An

experience had come to me like unto that of the Apostle Peter, when, on the house-top, in a vision, a sheet full of unclean, creeping things came down before him, and he was told to arise and eat. The centurion, Cornelius, was even then knocking at his door, and with him the whole pagan world. The Apostle Peter wanted the Jews to believe in the Jesus whom they had crucified. In his Jewish exclusiveness he looked with aversion upon the coming of the Gentiles. He had been wrestling with the question; for he knew that if the lower classes of the Gentiles pressed into the kingdom, the higher classes of the Jews would hold aloof. He now obeyed. The church at Jerusalem called him to account, and when he explained to them how God spoke to him in a vision, "they held their peace, and glorified God." Thus did I have to reconcile American Baptists to that which was done in their Telugu Mission. The result in both cases was that the common people came gladly.

While sitting deep in thought, trying to adjust myself to the new point of view, Mrs. Clough came into the room. She had put our two children to sleep. Before she sat down, she went to that pile of Bibles, picked up one, and let it open where it would. She stopped in her reading, and remarked, "It seems to be God's plan to save these outcastes first." I was amazed. I sat near enough to her to see that her Bible had opened to the same place as mine. It was not the same book; for mine was still open before me. I asked her what led her to this conclusion. She said it weighed on her mind that more Madigas had been baptized that day; she knew what the effect would be. In order somehow to get comfort and courage, she had gone to that pile of Bibles and had picked up the nearest one, and had opened it at random. Here were the verses.

I told her what my experience had been. It made no

difference to us that these Bibles were all recently bound, and that, perhaps, all would open to the same place. The great luminous fact to us both was, that we, independently of each other, in the same manner, and almost at the same time, had received the same word of command. God had spoken to us. From that moment our doubts were gone. We believed that these poor, degraded Madigas were sent to us. We had our orders to go to the most despised class in India and bring them to the Lord Jesus. We went ahead, thereafter, nothing doubting.

X

COMING BY HUNDREDS

THE year 1869 was a great year in our history. The converts had been coming in tens; they now began to come in hundreds. Nine years later was the day of thousands.

I had shaken myself free from the fetters of doubt and disappointment which had weighed me down, and was ready now for anything. Believers, in small companies, were constantly being brought by the preachers into Ongole. I let them feel that their desire to follow my Master Jesus was precious to me. The call came from one village after another for my presence. I followed eagerly every call. Wherever there was a village where they were asking about Jesus, that was the village where I wanted to go. No matter about the hardship, I went—roads or no roads.

A movement was in progress among the Madigas. We were all hard at work. The helpers, who had come from Nellore with us, were full of zeal. Obulu, who had prayed in his hut in the corner of our compound for many years, was going far and near as colporter. He was a Mala and could reach the Malas. Some came, but they remained few in number. It was a tribal movement. Word went over the land that a great salvation had come to the Madigas. Periah and Paul were tirelessly going from one taluk to another. Given a band

of workers like ours, something was bound to be achieved. But our output of effort could not at all adequately account for the results achieved. It was as if the fuel had been lying ready, and we needed only to strike the light; the flame spread of itself. In my report for 1868 I stated:

"It is evident to me that the Madigas are given to Christ, and that the time is near when thousands of them will believe to the saving of the soul. To see how they drink in the words about Jesus would do you good. While preaching to those poor people many times have the words of the Master come to my mind: 'Say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.' These Madigas have not many prejudices to overcome, and not much property to lose if they become Christians, but it requires just as much of a miracle to regenerate one man as another, and *in any case it is nothing short of a miracle.*"

In a cool, clear survey of the field, and speaking only of the immediate future, I could point to the ingathering that was already in sight. We were laying the foundations at that time. If the work of those first years had been less solid, if it had been the work of any one man, or any group of men, and the Lord Jesus had not been in it, the whole subsequent structure would have fallen into ruins.

We began the year 1869 with a week of prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Timpany were visiting us, deeply interested in seeing the people athirst for the tidings of Jesus. Mr. Timpany wrote to Dr. Warren at that time: "Send us men and means and by the help of our Master we will gather this people by the thousands." On the first Sunday of his stay twenty-three came to our morning serv-

ice, asking baptism. He joined us in spending three hours that afternoon with those inquirers. We listened to their own experience; we heard them tell how they believed in Jesus as their Saviour and desired to give up their old life for the new. In every case there was some one who knew them, who had taught them all they had learned of the new religion, and who now stood ready to bear testimony. Evidence of newness of life was easily detected in the simple lives they led. Often there was a look in the eyes that told the whole story. Out of those twenty-three, twelve were received; for the rest arrangements were made that they might receive further instruction.

There was an urgent call out to the Kanigiri taluk. It was now a year since the baptism of the twenty-eight at Tallakondapaud. Periah had been bringing converts from this taluk with him to Ongole for baptism all through the year. By this time there was probably not a Madiga in all that taluk who had not heard about Jesus Christ. Mr. Timpany went with me on this tour. He was the first eye-witness to the work now in progress. Many a man in the course of the years did I take touring with me, none more heart and soul with me than he. The Telugu language was still new to him, but there was much for his eyes to see. The people were expecting us everywhere. When we passed through villages, they came out to the road to see us and hear us. Where we pitched our tent we had no lack of listeners. Everybody was in a receptive mood. We told the people the story of Jesus. They listened, and assented. They said they believed in him, but wanted to learn more.

Mr. Timpany, as he looked on, counted more than one hundred during our tour with whom assent had grown into conviction. In this he was largely guided by the

bearing of the people; for he could only partly follow the drift of conversation. He had helped in revivals in America. The look on a white man's face, when in his soul is performed that act which we call conversion, is like the look in the face of even the humblest Asiatic when he says he believes in Jesus, the Saviour, and will follow him. We stayed several days in the grove near Tallakondapaud. More than fifty people had come from surrounding villages, bringing provisions with them, determined to stay as long as we stayed. Everything that was said and done was of importance to them. Life had taken on a new meaning. There were twenty-six asking baptism, of whom sixteen were received.

The movement had had its beginning in the Kanigiri taluk. It soon spread to the Podili taluk adjoining it. There were in this taluk several Madiga families interrelated, which stood above the average. They were thrifty. Their huts were of ample size and kept in good repair. They had a few crude pieces of furniture with the needed cooking utensils. Each member of the family had a suit of clothes to wear, and something for extra occasions. There were a few head of cattle, and a few acres of land. They were attached to some Sudra families and helped to cultivate their fields, for which they received their portion of grain at harvest time. They also did leather work. It was possible for them now and then to make an outlay of money for religious purposes.

Along the line of religious devotion they had found advancement in their social status also. They still kept up the village worship, bowing before the idols set up under the trees here and there and bringing gifts. All castes thought it well to do this. In addition they had for a number of years received teaching from wandering

Gurus, who were followers of the Yogi Nasriah. They had learned from them to sing hymns and recite verses that had mystical meaning. It was contact for them with an Indian reform movement which had a tendency to uplift them both religiously and socially.

The Yogi Nasriah had wielded a strong influence for good over all that region. He was a Mohammedan; his name *Nasr* was given the Telugu ending, and the people called him Nasriah. In his early years he had received from a Yogi an initiation of an unusual order. Stories were told of his supernormal powers, and the people greatly revered him. Some wealthy caste people, who had confidence in him as a Yogi, built him a temple at Tiprantakamu in the Markapur taluk. They hoped thus to obtain salvation for their souls. In this temple Nasriah lived as an ascetic. People from far and near came to him, and he taught them. In a simple way which all could understand, he told them that there is one God, and he is Spirit. He gave them an ethical code similar to the Christian code. He forbade idol-worship.

Nasriah frowned on caste. He received all who came, regardless of caste or sex or creed. As is customary with a Yogi, he had a group of disciples to whom he gave the inner teaching which is guarded by initiations. There were many also who were coming and going, who gathered something of the teaching and then went over the country giving it out to the people in return for gifts. Men of this kind were available to the Madigas as Gurus, and they were glad to learn from them. It was better than anything they had previously known. After Nasriah's death, which probably occurred about the year 1825, his followers became corrupt. He was no longer there to rebuke them. They grew lax in ethical precepts; they used intoxicants; they resorted to hemp in order to produce trance conditions. Idol-worship was

permitted. Notwithstanding the decline in the original strength of Nasriah's movement, it endured, and still stands for something that is higher than the polytheism of the Indian village.

It is said that Nasriah received a Madiga as disciple, initiated him, and then sent him out to teach his people. No one knows of this with certainty. But it is a fact that there was a large contingent of Madigas in Nasriah's movement; some said a thousand, some said less. They were to be found in all the region where the Christian movement afterwards spread with great rapidity. Nasriah had done preliminary work with the Madigas. He gave them a place when they came to the annual feast at Tiprantakamu. In groups, families together, they came, walking many miles. Their gifts of rice, fowls and spices were accepted. They were seated a little to one side in the temple court, when the time for the feast came, but they were given to eat of the same food, boiled in the same pot from which the rest received. It was a great advance for them in the social scale.

The Madiga followers of Nasriah only needed to hear of Christianity and they wanted to know more. The seeds of social revolution had been sown among them by Nasriah. It remained to Christianity to make the application. They had revered the personality of Nasriah. They now turned to Jesus with a devotion that made them fearless of suffering. At Tiprantakamu it was noticed that the Madigas had ceased to come to the annual feast. It was now many years since Nasriah had died, yet no one had dared dispute with the Madigas the place he had given them. Perhaps those in authority at the temple were glad when they ceased to come. They said: "What can we do to hold them? They are following a new religion. Let them go." We had three thousand members when the ingathering came. Of these a

large proportion had called themselves Nasriah people. The Christian movement absorbed the spiritual strength which had been generated by that Indian reform movement. It was taken over from one to the other, unsought, by a natural process of spiritual growth.

Those interrelated Madiga families in the Podili taluk were all Nasriah people. Their attention was aroused by rumors which were passed along about a new religion. They were glad when Bezwada Paul came to them. He was a kinsman, and though not a Nasriah man, he had been on the path of Yoga, and spoke the language. When they listened to him, far into the night, as he told about Jesus Christ, his life and death, and when they knelt with him when he prayed to his Father in heaven, they felt they had never known anything like this before. The younger men said among themselves: "Why should we go on as heretofore? We have spent much on Gurus. What salvation have they given us? Let us go to Ongole." They were ready for action. It seemed to them that a great day had dawned.

The aged father of the Thaluri family, a patriarch among them all, asked them to take time to consider. He reminded them that they had not been without religious zeal in the past. Moreover, he had a daughter, who became a widow when a child. She had taken comfort in the teaching of Nasriah, singing the hymns. A woman now, of mature years, she went about, teaching and singing, serving God. She was dear to the old man, and he insisted that she must be consulted, for had she not more piety than they all? One of the sons, Thaluri Daniel, afterwards a valuable man as Christian preacher, was restless; the sister was at a distant village. He walked two days to reach her. She said: "I have heard of this religion. It is well that you have the desire to go to Ongole. Do not wait for me. Soon I shall re-

turn home, and then I, too, shall make known my faith in Jesus Christ." The whole family came to us.

In the Darsi taluk, adjoining Podili, there was a man, Sreeram Solomon, who had for years been a Nasriah man, but while north, trading in hides, he had heard of the Christian religion. He had made a compromise: he still sang Nasriah hymns, but he prayed as he had seen Vongole Abraham, the Christian trader, pray, and with the words he had used. Filled with curiosity to see the white Dhora in Ongole, he came. He arranged with Obulu to help him sell tracts as he went on trade. Obulu brought him to me. He said: "This man is not yet a Christian, yet he offers to sell tracts. He has learned to read a little." I liked the man. He was straightforward and sincere in manner, and evidently resourceful beyond the average. Ere long he was baptized. I asked him to come to our school. He said he would come, but his prosperity as trader was attractive to him; he held back.

One day he came to my veranda while I was talking with the people, and said *salaam* to me. I asked him how he had been faring, and he proudly showed me thirty rupees, rolled in a red cloth, just received for a bandy-load of goatskins. I took the money and said: "This is the fine for your wavering words. Four times you have promised you would come to our school, and you have not come. *Salaam.*" I continued speaking to the people. He stood there. It was a crisis in his life. He asked for his money. I took him by the shoulder and gave him a kindly shake. After that he had a feeling of nearness to me that helped him much in his decision. I said, "Here is your money. Will you come to school?" "I will come." This man was afterward the leading preacher in the Darsi taluk. The people gathered round him. The time came when there were several thousand Christians in that taluk.

The spread of Christianity in those early years was very rapid. The wave now, during 1869, was going north to three taluks which I had not thus far regarded as my field. I had confined myself in my tours to the Kanigiri, Podili and Darsi taluks southwest of Ongole. A government engineer had been stationed at Ongole for a short time and had been baptized by me. He was now in those three northern taluks, building bridges and repairing roads. Thousands of coolies were employed under him, and he called for two men to preach to them, promising their support. I sent one man without delay. Then I saw how Baddepudy Abraham, though still in school, showed distinct ability as an evangelist; for I took him out on tour with me and found him valuable. I asked him whether he felt a call to those northern taluks—they were a hundred miles away from his home. He said he wanted to go. It was the beginning of a great work. During the ingathering more than three thousand from that region were baptized. In 1883, when those three taluks, Vinukonda, Nursarvupet and Bapatala, were made separate mission fields, the new missionaries all wanted Abraham. He had to divide his time and serve as before. The man had become part of the religious life in three taluks—the people could not give him up.

Early in 1869 a beginning was made in the two taluks west of Ongole, Cumbum and Markapur, under circumstances of so unusual a nature that the result was far-reaching. The first clash between the old order and the new took place in those taluks. Persecution broke out. The people suffered for Jesus' sake, and far from being intimidated thereby they rose out of it stronger than before, and "many were added unto them," as in New Testament times.

Periah and Paul were distantly related to some Madiga

families in those taluks. This gave them opportunity to enter everywhere. In the web of family life they were passed along from village to village. They were here close to the center of Nasriah's influence. The Nasriah people among the Madigas received them with open arms. Coming out of Raja Yoga teaching themselves, they framed their message to the people in a way that greatly appealed to them.

Periah and Nagama made long tours together. The people loved them. The women were glad when Nagama taught them. Periah, the man of fifty, with long beard and patriarchal presence, the Guru-staff in his hand, made the men feel that there must be something substantial in this religion, or he would not be preaching it. Often he began his discourses with some of the metaphysical statements which he had used when he was a teacher of Yoga. It was an Eastern method and congenial to the minds of the people. They gave marked attention then to the story of Jesus which followed, told with great earnestness and power.

Paul differed from Periah. He was still a young man. There was a bland, unworldly look in his face that made his family say when he was a child that he was going to be a *sanyasi*—a holy man or hermit. I tried to keep him in school, but he was restless. If I did not give him permission to go he went without it. He was possessed with the desire to go to every Madiga hamlet in all that region, omitting none. He wanted to stay long enough everywhere to tell the people that a great salvation had been brought to India, and that no one now need go unsaved. Jesus Christ had died for men, even for Madigas. All that was needed was to believe in him, and to do as he had taught men to do.

Somehow Paul kindled a fire wherever he went. When, after some weeks of absence, he suddenly ap-

peared again in Ongole and told us where he had been and how the people had received his message, I could not reprove him for absenting himself suddenly from school. I found it necessary to follow in his track; for the people whom he had met soon made themselves heard in their desire to know more of this salvation. If this was for them, they wanted it. My coming to Ongole was proclaimed to the Madigas of all that region in a way wholly oriental by the two men, Periah and Paul.

When they reached those two distant taluks they had an experience which was equaled nowhere else. Only faint rumors had preceded them of a white Dhora, staying at Ongole, who was sending two men everywhere telling of a new salvation. They judged of this in an oriental manner. It happens sometimes in India that a religious personality, generally an ascetic with a band of disciples, passes through some region on his way from one great temple to another. Sometimes he stays, teaching those who come, sometimes he moves on. The people are willing to walk long distances if they can come into contact, even once in a lifetime, with the bearer of a religious message or with his disciples. All this they applied to the tidings about me. Not until an increasing number of them had come to Ongole and had seen for themselves that I was there at home did they cease from their anxiety that they might miss their chance. They said, "He has wife and children with him; he has come to stay." They saw that Periah and Paul were only making a beginning, and that I had men in school who would soon settle among them. After that they said, "We will wait till they come, and we can ask them more."

In the meantime Periah and Paul had a strenuous time satisfying the people. During the night, when it was cool and there was no work to do, groups of listeners were formed. By the time the story of the life and death

of Jesus Christ had been told in the hamlet where they were staying, fresh groups were arriving from neighboring hamlets. They, too, wanted to hear all from the beginning; for it seemed to them that by just hearing and believing they could be saved. If, worn out, as morning dawned, the preacher slept, they kept a man on guard near by to prevent him from rising up and going away silently and suddenly as is the custom of Hindu Gurus. It took several days to satisfy the people in a group of hamlets that they had now heard all that was needed in order to be saved. By that time messengers sent by the village elders of other hamlets were waiting, with orders to bring the preacher, staying near by lest he go elsewhere. There was travail of soul in all that region.

Everywhere the men were willing to let Periah or Paul cut off the *juttu*—the lock of hair on the top of the head which has religious significance. Sometimes a majority of the men in a Madiga hamlet were ready for this, the elders among them. It was a decisive step that meant a break with the old forms of worship. The women were often bitterly opposed to it, yet they, too, had outward signs of an inward change. If they ceased to mark their foreheads to show that they had bowed before the idols, it could bring them great trouble. The caste people took note. When the *juttus* were gone, and the marks on the foreheads were missing, it was often the signal for petty persecution.

In his wanderings in the Markapur taluk, Paul heard of a man who was praying to a new God, and was therefore at variance with his family. He went there. He found the man, Vidulala Jonah, who told him that he had been north on trade and had met Vongole Abraham. From him he had learned about Jesus Christ. After his return home he had knelt and prayed as he had seen the Christians do. His mother had seen him, and had laughed

at him, and asked, "What new thing is this?" She was a Matangi. When Jonah, her eldest son, was three years old, she showed signs of possession. Out in the field, at work, she looked this way and that, and talked to herself, and refused to eat. As her grandmother had been a Matangi, it was thought that the power must have reappeared in her.

The simple story of the Christ had here brought "not peace, but a sword" into a family where possession was hereditary. The whole taluk was bound to hear of it; because this woman was their only Matangi; she had no rival. It touched the Madiga community near its heart; for the Matangi cult distinctly belongs to the Madigas. However much other castes may take an interest in it, and share in it as something that may concern them, the leading figure in the cult must always be a Madiga woman. The supposition is that the Matangi is overshadowed by Ellama, one of the ten great Saktis of India, a form of Parvati, the consort of the god Siva. Ellama is to find expression through the Matangi. Great care is taken when a Madiga woman shows signs of possession, to ascertain whether it is genuine or spurious. One who is already a Matangi is sent for, sometimes from a distance, to make tests, and then to initiate the new Matangi into the rites of her office.

All this had been done in the case of Jonah's mother many years before. Since then she had gone about the taluk, her husband going with her, performing the sacrificial rites of the Matangi. Not Madigas only surrounded her when she poured buttermilk upon a bunch of Margosa leaves and sprinkled the bystanders with it; caste people also stood there. All believed in mother-worship in some form. If by the signs of her possession this Matangi gave even slight evidence that the power of Ellama was in her, they were anxious to come in contact with it.

It might save them from the evil within them and without; for motherhood is a potent force.

Hard days came to Jonah when he now declared his intention to enter that new religion. Paul had remained in the neighborhood, and many had listened to him and had admitted that it would be better for them if they could walk in this new path. The time came for Paul to return to Ongole. Jonah went with him. He wanted baptism and was ready to face the outcome. It meant a break with his family. Looking ahead, if his family should ultimately come with him it meant that they would lose a lucrative pursuit that gave them some standing in the taluk. After the baptism Jonah returned home and was treated by his parents as one hated. They refused to let him sit with the rest at meal time. He bore this for a time; then there came a day when he could bear no more. He said, "I cannot be among you. I am going away to stay with the Christians." Now the strong tie of family relationship asserted itself. His mother missed him. He had been her chief support as Matangi. She tried to go about as usual, but it was all half-hearted. With an unwilling ear she had listened when they talked about the Lord Jesus. But she now found that she, too, was believing in him. With a younger son she went to the village where Jonah was staying. She asked him to come home. She told him she had grown tired of the Ellama worship and would join him in his new faith.

It now became a question with Jonah what to do to satisfy the supporters of his mother. She stood in a kind of contract with them. They had assisted in the heavy expense of her initiation as Matangi many years before. If she now withdrew, their hold upon the power of Ellama ceased. If then disease came upon the people, and crops failed, and cattle died, the blame would be laid upon Jonah's family. A compromise was urged.

At this juncture Paul came to help them. He was young for such responsible work. But he knew that he had us all with him. Moreover, among the followers of Yoga he had learned to look upon the Matangi cult as a low form of possession. Now, as a Christian, his courage was unbounded. He said to them, "Are you going wholly to become Christians, or are you going half and half? If you are true, give me the Matangi outfit to destroy." This was a serious matter to them. Jonah decided, with Paul there to help him, to call together the leading Matangi worshipers and lay the matter before them. He said before them all: "What we did in the Matangi worship was evil. We put much expense into it, but it is better that we should give up this than that we should lose the salvation of our souls. Let us turn from it all. Why should we keep the Matangi outfit? With your leave I will give it over to Paul." These straightforward words touched his hearers. They assented. They said, "You are the chief in this matter; for you are your father's eldest son. We will listen to your word."

The insignia of the Matangi office were now handed over to Paul. He stood there before them all. First he broke into small pieces the long stick, emblem of serpent worship, which the Matangi holds in her hands. Next came the basket which, filled with Margosa leaves, she uses in her expiatory rites, remnant of ancient tree worship. Paul tore this into shreds. Next he reached out for the pot containing the emblematical sea shells, sacred to Ellama worship. Now the people rose against him. They refused to let him touch the pot. Their anger had grown within them, and they were unwilling to witness further disrespect to their belief. The shells had been brought from the sea, which stands for the woman. If Ellama could commune with them through the shells they

were bound to hold them in high esteem. Often the Madigas built a hut in their hamlet, and there was nothing in it but a few pots containing sea shells.

It was a square contest. Paul and Jonah stood on one side. The Matangi worshipers of the taluk stood on the other. Their anger was fierce for a day. Paul and Jonah were conciliatory, and talked to the people about the life and death of Jesus Christ. Soon they listened with an interest that made their old beliefs grow dim in their minds. They forgot their anger, and said among themselves, "This is better than anything we have known." It all made a stir in the taluk. No one had thought it possible that such things could happen. The caste people heard of it, and wondered how it was going to affect them. Perhaps this was the reason why the Sudras and Brahmans of the taluk decided to hold a feast for the god Chinekaselu, a local deity, on the day of the full moon.

The temple of this god was in the town Markapur, the place where the taluk officials resided. In the Madiga hamlet of the town there were now twelve Christians, four of whom were village elders. In the division of labor in the communal life of the town it fell to the Madigas to perform a part in the festivities. There was a large drum, iron on the sides and bottom, leather on top. No one could beat this drum but the Madigas, because the contact with the leather meant pollution. As the top was broken, the temple authorities sent a messenger to the Madigas to cover it with a new hide of the best kind. They were also to furnish men for the days of the festival to beat the smaller drums and to dance before the idol when it was taken in procession through the streets of the town. It was a test case perhaps purposely arranged to see how far the Christians were prepared to go.

They were now in a hard place. In the Matangi cult

they had settled the question in their own way, because it was their own tribal cult; but this new demand was a different matter. They would have to disengage themselves suddenly from their old-time duties. There would be the caste people to face. It would mean much loss to them, not only by incurring the displeasure of their superiors, but because a temple festival was a lucrative time that always brought gain to the Madiga hamlet. However, they said to the messenger, "We are now Christians and cannot have anything to do with idol-worship."

The *karnam* of Markapur, a Brahman, sent for those village elders. They held their ground. They told the *karnam* that they had learned that God had forbidden idol-worship, and as they had become Christians they must obey God's law. The *karnam* and the caste people looked upon it all as sheer insubordination, and decided upon coercive measures. One of the elders was known to have a hide in his hut, suitable for the drum. Constables were sent to get it, and to use force if necessary. The owner of the hide remonstrated and was severely beaten. Men who tried to help him were also beaten. The hide was carried off.

There was an English magistrate in the adjoining taluk, and the Christians felt they must appeal to him. They laid the injured man on a light cot and had carried him just beyond Markapur, when the *karnam* sent constables to arrest them all, and put them in jail. Witnesses from the hamlet also were brought and locked into jail. There were sixteen men in all. It was a long, dark night. When morning dawned the women came and stood under the prison windows and cried. Jonah and another man, Onguri Abel, both afterwards ordained Christian preachers, were inside and were keeping up their own courage, and helping the rest. The man who

had been beaten lay on the hard prison floor in great pain. One of the keepers was disposed to be kind. He allowed the wife of the man to hand steaming cloths through the window, so that Jonah and Abel could lay them on the bruises till the pain grew less.

In the course of the day the men were taken before the submagistrate, a Brahman. Accusations were made against them falsely. Witnesses were brought forward for proof. The Christians had no means of defense and were sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment with hard labor. To add insult to their hardship they were set to work in the Vishnu temple grounds. Exposed thus to the jeers of bystanders, they were frequently asked: "How do you like being Christians? Will you learn to read now? We shall keep you here till your *juttus* grow again." It was in the hottest part of the year. The prison was only eighteen by forty feet in size, covered with a low, flat roof, the door was kept locked, and there were but three small windows. The ground was overrun with insects. Only twice a day the keeper gave the prisoners water to drink. It was misery enough to test the faith of the strongest.

When they were thrown into jail Jonah and Abel told some reliable Madigas who had gathered with the crowd of onlookers, "Go at once and tell our Clough Dhora what has happened." The man walked the seventy miles in quick time. If I had seen how to take legal action I would have done it at once. I sent out two men with instructions, but their courage failed them when they reached Markapur. My message, however, reached the men inside, "Sing and pray; for such things happened even to the Apostle Paul." The first consternation of the prisoners was by this time over. They decided on a definite course which practically meant triumph to them.

Jonah was the leader. He was young in the Christian

life, and had not learned much of New Testament history, but he knew that the apostles were great men in the Christian religion. It comforted him and the others to know that this tribulation which had so suddenly come upon them was no disgrace, but somehow was part of Christian experience. Jonah now began to talk constantly of the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus. He spoke of the nails driven through hands and feet, the crown of thorns, the stripes that were laid upon him, all borne for the sins of the world. He made light of the hardships of that prison and said they deserved them because of their own past sinful lives. That he was repeating the same statements over and over again, day after day, did not trouble him. There was a hymn which he now sang. As yet it was the only Christian hymn he knew. He sang it all day long. The keepers told him to stop—they were weary of it. Jonah said, "I cannot stop. This hymn is what I must sing, and I have to sing it all the time." The others joined him. The days passed. The officials at Markapur learned that I was in constant communication with the prisoners, and thought best to release them earlier.

The deed was done. A keynote of the movement had been struck. It was the first clash between the Madigas and the whole system of oppression which had held them for centuries. These men had suffered, but they also had been glorified. That whole region marveled greatly. The sudden and wrongful imprisonment of sixteen men had caused comment. But when the tidings went over the country that these men were singing and praying to their God inside the prison, and that the keepers could not stop them, the people walked long distances to see and hear for themselves. Outside the prison there had been a constantly changing group of people, chiefly Madigas, but also caste people. When not at work on the temple

grounds, the prisoners had been continually singing and praying. No one had ever heard of anything like it. Spiritual power was generated that made itself felt for years to come.

The heat had been unusually severe during that hot season. Lakes and rivers were nearly dry. It happened several times that the preachers brought converts with them to Ongole on the first Sunday of the month, and there was no place where we could find sufficient depth of water to baptize them. The threats of the people at Copole to beat us if we came again did not drive me away, the scarcity of water did it. I decided to build a baptistery under a large tamarind tree in our garden. It was a beautiful shady place. An idol-shrine had stood there since time immemorial. The people of an adjacent hamlet had worshiped here, with bloody sacrifice and the dance of possession, performing low rites of Sakti worship. With a good deal of difficulty I had had the boundary lines settled. The place where the shrine stood belonged to us.

When those villagers heard that I intended to demolish their shrine they threatened to beat anyone who touched it. I made short work of that matter. I took a crowbar, ran it into the shrine and threw the stones and mortar right and left. The preachers and the men in our school were all there and did the rest. If the villagers had fallen upon me there would have been an even, square fight with my men. They looked on, expecting me to fall dead before their eyes, stricken by the demon which they said had its abode in that shrine. Nothing happened to me. The place was cleared, and we built our baptistery, in which since then many thousands have been baptized.

We now had an experience which was early Christianity over again. A large group of men from Markapur, including those who had been in prison, came to our

monthly meeting on August 1, 1869. Converts, too, came from that direction. They had seen persecution and were not afraid. Men from other parts of the field were there, the women with them. The sense of Christian fellowship was strong within them. What had happened concerned everyone, for it dealt with conditions which all were facing. In the name of Jesus they were going to shake themselves free, not only from idol-worship, but from their abject servitude. Religious fervor with a touch of martyrdom was fostering a spirit of social revolution. It caught them all. I looked on and was amazed. They knew they had me on their side. My heart went out to them. I was ready to fight for them and with them.

We dedicated our new baptistery that Sunday by immersing forty-two in it. In the evening we met together in the chapel to commemorate the dying love of our Saviour. It was nine o'clock. We sang a hymn, but no one was willing to go. They wanted me to stay with them and tell them what they must do in the coming days. If they refused to render service to the Sudras and Brahmans as formerly, persecution would be the consequence. Where should they yield and where should they stand firmly against their oppressors? I had to put myself in their place and learn intimately the conditions in which they lived. We all felt the close tie which was binding them to each other and to me. They begged for my presence out in the direction of Markapur. I promised to come soon. Thus we talked far into the night, as the Christians in the early centuries talked together of suffering to come. It gave us a sense of strength and power that could come in no other way.

A month later I went to those distant taluks. The people gathered, hundreds at a time, to hear me. Many with tears in their eyes told me they believed in Jesus,

". . . An idol shrine had stood there since time immemorial . . . under a large tamarind tree in our garden. . . . The place was cleared, and we built our baptistery, in which since then many thousands have been baptized. . . ."

THE BAPTISTERY AT ONGOLE

". . . . We dedicated it by immersing forty-two in it, August 1, 1869. *. . . . They had seen persecution and were not afraid. . . . We talked far into the night, as the Christians of the early centuries talked together of suffering to come. Religious fervor with a touch of martyrdom was fostering a spirit of social revolution. . . . In the name of Jesus they were going to shake themselves free."*

but if their oppressors were already harsh to them, what would happen if they openly declared that they had begun a new life? I told them to love the Lord Jesus more and fear men less, and all would be right. But my heart was heavy as I looked on, and found myself powerless to help as I wanted to help. I sought an interview with the *karnam* of Markapur. He said he knew nothing of that imprisonment, and did not even know that there were Christians in that region. I saw through his lies. I intimated to him that I would do everything in my power to protect the Christians from insult and persecution, and reminded him that we were under English government. Such interviews I often had. Lies were told to me; trickery was used on me. I stood it all, for I knew how much was at stake for the Christians. The Lord Jesus had to help me. The situation required much wisdom and patience.

On this tour I baptized fifty-one. I stayed in many villages, and preached in many places. I saw that hundreds were ready so far as believing in Jesus the Saviour was concerned. They needed Christian teaching. I sent our workers, men and women, all along the road I had gone, to teach the people the leading facts in the life of Christ, the Ten Commandments, and something of Christian doctrine. All were anxious to learn. A few months of this teaching made a great difference. They became established in their faith.

Meanwhile there was a steady increase at Ongole. Early in November, 1869, the preachers came to the Communion service and brought seventy-four converts with them. My diary says, "A glorious time, indeed." This was the largest number we had yet reached at one time. Two months later they brought fifty-six. There was an ever-increasing movement now spread over five taluks. It was strongest at the outposts, seventy miles

from Ongole. The force of men whom I had left out there urged me to come—they were overpowered by numbers. I went. I met with hardships on the way. The Gundlacumma River was in flood, yet I managed to get across and pressed on. There were places where four or five hundred people came to my camp, prepared to stay all day, drinking in every word they heard. When I stopped talking the preachers took up the story.

In central places, by the banks of rivers, there were baptismal scenes like those of the early centuries of the Christian era. These men and women had gone through definite Christian experience. I felt no hesitation in receiving them into the church, even though they came in large numbers. There was that about them which gave evidence of their steadfastness in the faith. Three hundred and twenty-four were added to the church during that tour. Hundreds begged to be numbered with us; they said they believed in our Lord Jesus, and I knew by the look in their faces that they were telling me the truth. I left a force of men and women out there to teach them, and told them that in due time they would be welcomed as members.

I went back to Ongole and felt that God was with us.

XI

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION

With the tidings about our Lord Jesus three precepts were proclaimed to the Madigas of all that region. They contained a demand for a rearrangement of everything that constituted their world. Many listened and then put off hearing more; they were afraid of the consequences. Others eagerly took hold. They grasped the fact that this was the way for them to rise out of their abject position. It found them ready.

Those three precepts were: Do not work on Sunday; do not eat carrion; do not worship idols. They all went straight against the coöperative system of the Indian village.

In social ideals nothing could have been farther apart than I, with my American respect for individual rights, and these Madigas, bound up in a system where the community was everything and the individual counted as nothing. I adapted myself to the people, and my American ways of thinking became to a considerable extent merged into their oriental way of dealing with each other. I let Christianity find a place for itself in the common village life, and expand along the lines of the old-time manner of thought and life. But my conciliatory attitude came to an abrupt stop where the question of individual rights came in. There I was ready to fight for the Madigas—and fight I did.

I did not realize when I began work in Ongole that some of the simple Christian precepts which I was giving out to the Madiga inquirers were of a kind to strike a blow at the ancient system of the Dravidian village community. The bulk of Christian teaching caused no ripple of dissent. Where so many kinds of worship dwell side by side, as in India, a new form would not have called forth special religious intolerance. If the Madigas had simply accepted Jesus Christ as their Master, and had prayed to him and found their souls' salvation in him, no one would have opposed them or persecuted them. Most of the ethical teaching of Christianity, too, was accepted without question. If I told them they must not steal, they must give up their practice of marrying their children in infancy, they must speak the truth—they assented. Indian reformers, like the Yogi Nasriah, had thus taught. They could rearrange their lives in accordance with this teaching and no one would be disturbed or set at variance. It was different with those three precepts: they were like a battle-cry.

India, at that time, was in a state of transition. The coming of the white man was recent, but the result was already apparent. The old hard lines of the communal life were being effaced. Men disengaged themselves little by little. The Pariahs, standing outside the lines of the caste system, were accessible to a disintegrating force. They had nothing to lose and much to gain. To them the Christian appeal contained the seeds to a social uprising. If they obeyed those three precepts a labor war on a small scale was in sight.

Periah and the men who soon grouped themselves with him as leaders of their people were not in favor of compromise. They knew what those three precepts meant to the Madigas. I was in my formative period and was always ready to listen when they told me their side of

any question that arose. If they had advised me to leave those three rules in the background and not bring pressure to bear upon the converts to heed them, I would probably have yielded so far as I could. It would have made the situation far easier for them and for me. But that was the course which they did not take. Those three rules were heralded over the country. Many of the old men afterwards said they heard of these first, and the tidings about Jesus Christ came to them afterward. Men inquired of each other whether they intended to live by those three precepts. They were gaining strength by numbers.

The first of the three rules, Do not work on Sunday, affected their relations to their employers, especially their Sudra masters. It was considered fortunate for Madiga families when they could serve the same Sudra families for generations. Often the attitude of the masters toward their serfs was protective and kind. But under the prevailing system the reverse was possible. Especially when the Madiga went into debt, the Sudra could practically own him; he could oppress him so that he could hardly call his life his own.

When now the Madigas asked for one day in seven, on which they could rest and meet together to serve their God, it called for a readjustment of their relations to their Sudra employers. The Hindus had days set aside for religious observances. Many of these were feast days, in which the Madigas, in a humble way, were allowed to share. Indian forms of worship came into prominence during those feast days. The Christian Madigas were bound to withdraw from them. This might have been permitted without opposition. But they now made a demand for one day in seven. There was friction in consequence. The Sudras found themselves compelled to arrange their field work in a way to meet this

demand of their old-time serfs. Perhaps they were sometimes irritated unnecessarily by the Christians when they insisted they must obey this law of their God. I might have been more conciliatory in my attitude toward the question if my father's Puritan ideas of keeping the Sabbath holy had not become so deeply rooted in my religious conscience. I tried to enforce a strict observance of the Sabbath, and it caused trouble everywhere.

The Christians often appealed to me. Sometimes readjustment came as a matter of course; sometimes friction ended in peaceful settlement; sometimes the people felt that the Lord Jesus himself must have helped them.

The Madiga families in the Podili taluk, which were among the first to come to us, formed an entering wedge that helped all the rest. The case was typical; for these Madiga families stood above the average, and the Sudra families to whom they had been attached for generations included the *munsiff,* the head man of the whole village according to ancient Dravidian order. The Madigas told them in a respectful way that they had become Christians, and that this meant a change to them in various ways. They asked to be excused from work on Adivaramu—the first day of the week. This refusal to come to work at all times as heretofore vexed the Sudras. They decided to teach the Christians their place in the community, and let them learn the result of the stand they had taken. It was then harvest time. During all the previous months the Madigas had helped plow and till the soil. It was now their right, according to ancient custom, to help in the harvest, and receive their share of grain. The Sudras, to enforce the lesson, thrashed their grain on Sundays, and the Christians thus lost their portion. This was done on several consecutive Sundays. The Christians felt it keenly: it was an injustice, and it meant, to them, a heavy loss.

Then there came a Sunday when the Sudras were again out on the fields thrashing their grain. The aged mother of the *munsiff* had stayed at home. She made a fire to boil a little milk. While she was away for a few minutes the fire touched a basket of bran standing near, which soon burned lustily. Before the men could be called from the field ten of their houses were destroyed by fire. All the grain that had been gathered on those Sundays to spite the Christians was burned. The old mother ran away to hide herself for half a day, and when she again appeared, half distracted, she wailed, "God sent it as a punishment." She had been harsh in her attitude to the Christians, and had been in favor of depriving them of their rightful portion of the harvest. That she should have been the cause of so much loss seemed to all a judgment from God. It ended the strife in that taluk. Everywhere the Sudras thought it best to run no risks. They attended to small tasks on Sunday, and did their important work during the six days when the Christians could join them. This incident was soon reported in all the taluks where the movement spread, and it had an undoubted effect. The Christians thought that our Master Jesus had helped them in their difficult position. I told them they were right about this.

The second rule, Do not eat carrion, also had a direct effect upon the relation of the Madigas to their employers. It concerned the leather work which they had to do for the whole village. There were sandals to sew, trappings to make for the bullocks, and large leather buckets to make and keep in repair for bringing the water up from deep wells to irrigate the fields. The arrangement was on a coöperative basis. The people who represented various trades in the village served one another with the labor of their hands, giving of their produce in exchange. None had so small a margin of profit allotted to them as

the Madigas. Nor was theirs a clean poverty; the conditions of their occupation had lent themselves to degrading practices that made them abhorrent to other men.

The Hindus never allowed the slaughter of cattle for purposes of food. When cattle died of disease, or old age, or starvation, the Madigas were called. They took the animal to their hamlet. In return for the hide they agreed to furnish leather articles, according to its size. The carcass was theirs as part of the bargain. In that hot climate this meant pollution. The Madiga hamlet was full of filth. Going hungry many a day in the year produced a willingness to eat what no one else would have touched. The consequence was that the men and women had poisoned blood in their veins. The children were full of sores. The Madiga hamlet was a place which no one wanted to enter. It was always separate and a little to one side of the rest of the village. Anyone who wanted anything from the Madigas, whether the collector of taxes or the man who called them to work—stood a long way off and transacted his business quickly.

This was the curse of their lives. They knew it. Their tribal legends were full of this idea. In some of them an Aryan sage, long ago, pronounced a curse over them; in others the tribal ancestor was responsible for their degradation. There were stories of a terrible famine which came upon the land at a remote time, when the Madigas held a respected place in the community. In the pangs of starvation they gathered about a bullock that had died, and ate in order to live, and never after were they able to raise their heads.

With the help of Christianity they now fought that curse and rose above it. I helped them. For my own sake I wanted to see them make a break with their past. This cause of their degradation was intolerable to me. Sometimes I felt I must do something to preserve my

own status. White men at that time were few in that part of India. The caste people could not understand my motives; they did not see why I should identify myself with the lowest portion of their social life. Groups of Sudras used to come to my tent when I was out on tour—fine looking people. I spread mats for them and asked them to stay. I wanted them to feel that I was as one of them. I said that in my own country my father was a wealthy landowner like themselves, that he had a farm of a thousand acres, more fertile than any they had ever seen, that he had ten horses in the stable and cattle in the pasture, and that I as his son had been given a portion of all this. They wondered about it. It did them good. It helped the Madigas. The fact was repeated wherever the movement spread that "the Ongole Dhora" was not a man without caste in his own country. Lack of food and clothes did not bring him to India. Moreover, he was a man who acted as if he could earn anywhere enough for himself and his wife and children. Then why had he come to India, bringing this religion to the Madigas?

That rule against eating carrion was probably never before framed and brought into force in all the propaganda of Christianity. We made it a stringent rule in the beginning. During all the first ten or twenty years candidates for baptism were asked whether they agreed to abstain from this practice. Afterward the younger generation would have felt insulted had we asked them. In the old days it meant a good deal. A lapse in this respect indicated that there was a reversion to the old manner of life. When the preachers reported that a village of Christians was reverting to heathenism they always added: "They are eating carrion again." It was not because they loved their degradation. They had been without work and had gone hungry. Everything was dragging them down.

I sometimes stood before the men and women of a village where they were weak Christians, and felt a sense of personal shame. They admitted their fault; they still wanted to serve the Lord Jesus; they lacked the will to rise to a purposeful life. My last appeal to them sometimes was on my own behalf. I said to them: "Oh, men! I am not ashamed to be the Guru of poor people, for Christ said he had come that the sick might be healed and the poor have the gospel preached to them. But when I see weak Christians before me then I have a pain in my mind, and I wonder why God has chosen me to be the Guru of such *dirty* people." This appeal often went home to their hearts. A look of shame passed over their faces. The women involuntarily stroked down their unkempt hair; the men looked at each other.

There was unrest everywhere. The Sudras had to learn to make with the Madigas bargains that concerned only the hide. The traders in hides had to settle on new rates when the carcass could not be thrown in as part of the sale. But the sharpest clash was in the family circle. When one sat apart at meal-time because carrion was boiling in the pot, it was a change that affected the solidarity of the family. The women especially resented this. "Do you see him? He will not eat. He, too, is going to that Ongole religion!" Where the Christians were in the majority in a family, they sat on one side and ate clean food. They refused to allow the others to touch their cooking utensils or earthen plates. They said, "We turn sick when you touch our food. You are unclean." Instead of being ostracized, they were the ones who ostracized the others. Thus they fought the curse. Public opinion was formed. The women took it up. Everybody began to feel forced into line. Clean family life and clean hamlets were the result.

It would seem that the third precept, Do not worship

idols, was wholly directed to the religious conscience of the individual, and had nothing to do with the communal life. This was not the case. For some cause, which lies in a remote past, the Madigas performed important functions whenever a festival was arranged for idol-worship. It was the duty of the Madiga headmen to furnish men from their hamlet for this, as many as were required. In return they received payment in kind, in accordance with the coöperative system of the village. The beating of the drums was the business of the Madigas; no one else could touch them. There was a reason for the importance given to the drums. It was thought that invisible spirits, which hover close to the earth, would perceive the peculiar vibrating din of the drums and could thereby bring themselves in touch with the worshipers. They would be appeased, and would refrain from sending evil upon the community.

Then there was the dance of possession—the *sivam*—which only the Madigas could perform. When, during the festival, the time came to take the idol in procession through the main street of the village it was a leading feature to have Madigas dance before it. In the various forms of nature-worship, as practiced in the Indian village, the *sivam* had a place. The men elected for it were given drugs that partly stupefied, but gave abnormal endurance in keeping up a swaying motion by the hour. Sometimes they uttered words and groans, and showed symptoms of possession, and then it was thought the invisible being represented by the idol was finding expression through them. This was considered satisfactory.

The intention back of it all was that the Madigas should identify themselves with the fiends and demons of the land, and keep them in check. Then there would be no smallpox, no cholera, no cattle disease, and no famine. This had been considered their task for many

centuries. When the Dravidian invaders came upon them, in the remote past, they probably found them performing these rites. They allowed them to continue, for they themselves were demon-worshipers. Nor was there any change when the Indo-Aryans came into the land. They had their high conceptions of religion and their sacred books. But as they wanted to be the teachers and priests of the Dravidians, they found it necessary to adapt themselves more or less to their religious ideas. The result was a mixture between Aryan and non-Aryan cults. The lowest of all the cults were those which the Madigas performed with the shedding of blood and hideous rites. The Brahmans and the Sudras had combined in holding the Madigas to their task. As the belief in demons was general, no one was willing to release the Madigas from their intermediatory position.

It now happened in the spread of Christianity that whole villages of Christians refused in a body to perform their old-time duties at some festival. They said: "We cannot beat those drums. We cannot have anything to do with idol-worship. We are Christians." There was often risk that this announcement would call forth violence. It took courage to make it. The refusal was not viewed as a religious change: it was considered a labor strike; a species of rebellion against the village community. The clash was not only with the Sudras; it was also with the Brahmans. The element of harshness came in. The Madigas were in the grip of their oppressors, and there was often more suffering than I could face on behalf of the people without taking every step possible to defend them.

Fortunately we were under British rule. The proclamation of religious liberty had been issued to all British subjects in India when the government was transferred to the Crown in 1858. This was good; we could ask for

nothing more. But how to get the application made to the Pariah class—that was another question. Intolerant native officials of every grade had to wheel into line and adapt themselves to the white man's views of liberty and toleration. It took them many years. We missionaries there did a service. Close to the people, we taught many a village official that he must obey not only the letter of the law given by the Christian rulers of the land; the spirit of it must be obeyed. A great change has come in the course of the years. Enlightened Hindus are lending a hand to uplift this submerged tenth of their population. There was nothing of this kind in the days when I began work.

The Lord Jesus must have given me my task, for to him the common people came gladly. It was a situation like that of New Testament times. The religious hierarchy of that region had refused me. I found my place in the English system of authority and order, but I went a step farther. A typical American of the most democratic type, I had as a constituency a democratic religious body to support me. Dr. Warren was strong in holding me to the democratic principles of our denomination. No wonder that the outlaws—the Pariahs—came. They were the only group of people who were available for an experiment in reducing democratic religious principles to practice. When now they tried to effect their release from the social system, which was hardened by the stability of many centuries, there was opposition. The Lord Jesus helped us through it all. We stood our ground, and were not defeated.

In all the oppression under which our Christians suffered there were seldom definite acts that were a direct violation of law. Where there were such acts I engaged legal advice and helped the Christians fight out the case. I always ran the risk of failure. False witnesses against

them could be bought with a few coins. The native officials who generally tried such a case were full of resources to shield those of their own caste. Nevertheless, the caste people knew that I was always on the alert, ready to bring the force of the law upon them if I could. That in itself acted as a deterrent.

One case of persecution in the Kanigiri taluk was taken into court by the Christians. It had had the usual preliminaries: cattle disease was prevalent, the wells were running dry, there was fear of cholera. The caste people thought this must all be due to the fact that the Madigas had refused to do their share in appeasing invisible forces. There was a temple in the taluk to Ankalama, like Ellama, one of the ten great Saktis in India, all a form of Parvati, the consort of Siva—the Destroyer. Parvati is thought to go forth at times for carnage. The terrible in nature is ascribed to Siva and to her. She delights in destroying as well as in recreating. All fear the power of the Sakti, no matter what the caste, or what otherwise the mode of worship may be. The priests of this temple of Ankalama, backed by the demand of the people, made preparations for a feast of unusual pomp. A leading feature of it was to be the return into their old-time service of the Madigas who had become Christians. They were to beat the drums.

Crowds of worshipers began to gather. The festival was in course of preparation. The village *karnam* sent a messenger to bring the Christians. They replied that their religion forbade them to have anything to do with idol-worship. Five village constables were then sent to fetch five of the leading Christians. They were brought by force. Water was poured over their heads until it was thought the antagonism of their Christian religion had been washed away. Their heads were shaved—a top-knot was left. Their foreheads were marked with the

sign of Siva-worship. The drums were forced into their hands. For three days they had to endure the shame of their position. Crowds of people passed who knew that they were Christians.

The five men had gathered up the hair as it fell under the razor, and tied it into their cloth. They hastened to Ongole and told me their story, showing the hair in their cloth, taking off their turbans to show the mutilation. I saw that there was a point here that lent itself to legal procedure. I helped the men file a case in court. The English magistrate of Ongole tried it. He asked the five Christians whether they considered themselves to have been insulted. They said, "It was as if our throats had been cut, our shame was so great." It was a clear case of insult to the religious conviction of British subjects. The maximum punishment was five years. The *karnam* was a Brahman. He had to pay a fine of thirty rupees and was imprisoned for three months. This meant pollution of the worst kind for him and would formerly have been thought impossible. The case helped the cause of the Madigas greatly. It proved beyond a doubt that the outcastes had the same rights before British law as the Brahmans.

There were many ways of evading the law. There was scope for petty persecutions which nothing could stop. All through the years, here and there over the field, trouble arose. The cause was always that the Madigas were rising out of their abject position. When they had a school in their hamlet and began to be self-respecting and self-reliant, the caste people thought it time to teach their former serfs their place in the community. The co-operative system of the village was turned against them. The village washermen were told not to wash for them; the potter was told not to sell pots to them; their cattle were driven from the common grazing ground; the Su-

dras combined in a refusal to give them the usual work of sewing sandals and harness; at harvest time they were not allowed to help and lost their portion of grain. They were boycotted on every hand. The *karnam* called Madigas from elsewhere to do the scavenger work of the village, and the Christians had no alternative but to go to distant villages to find a little work and earn a scant pittance. They often came close to the margin of starvation.

This program was followed in many a village. The people appealed to their preachers; the preachers appealed to me. Those oppressors always knew that they might in some way have to reckon with me. It is probably true, as a group of the old Ongole preachers said when they were talking of those days: "If the fear of our Clough Dhora had not been in the minds of all the *munsiffs* and *karnams* of that region we could not have stood." Preacher Kola Peddiah had an experience of this kind. He was a man who more than once suffered tribulation with his flock. Even in his old age he hastened to a temple festival to reason with those who were forcing the drums into the hands of his people. They fell upon him and beat him, and the old man's coat, stained with his blood, was produced in court as evidence. His eyes radiant with gratitude, Peddiah used to tell how in the early days, before a crowd of oppressors I had called him my *tamurdu*—my younger brother.

There had been much suffering, for a village of Christians in the Kanigiri taluk had been brought to the limit of endurance. I went there on tour. It was known that my tent had come and that I would arrive in the morning. Crowds of people had gathered from all the neighboring villages to see what I would do about this persecution. If I failed to bring about a change there were other *karnams* everywhere who would try similar meas-

ures with the Christians. I went through the main street of the village. On one side among the crowd, his arms deferentially folded over his chest, stood the *karnam,* a Brahman. Peddiah, with the Christians, walking close by, pointed him out to me: "That is the man." The *karnam* made many and deep *salaams.* I did not notice him. Already anxious, he now became full of fear. He had boycotted the Christians; I now boycotted him. He began to make excuses; I did not look his way. Insisting on being heard, he said, "I did not do that work. There are no witnesses."

Then I turned my horse on to him, and he had to get out of the road for my horse, as the Christians had many a time run away before him. I said: "You say there are no witnesses. The Christians have told me what you did. The preacher, who is like my *tamurdu,* has told me. Would my younger brother lie to me? You are the liar, not the preacher." I called him some hard names. I was weighed down by the persecutions the Christians were suffering, and this man got the force of my pent-up indignation. He began to make promises that he would be kind to the Christians. I made him repeat those promises before all that crowd as he stood there with his arms still folded over his chest. I declared that I was "afraid of his lying words." I told him and all who pressed close in order to hear every word: "Beware how you persecute these Christians. Their God is not like your idols who hear not and see not. When these poor men pray, God is not far off."

It ended that persecution. All that was said and done during those few minutes of public encounter was repeated hundreds of times over the field. It was a clear case of intimidation on my part. But it did the work. My horse helped. It was a fine white animal, full of spirit—few dared to mount it. The preachers were proud

of it. I realized this when, the mission in debt, I had to cut down their small income and, to help them, offered to sell the horse and divide the money among them. They said: "Never mind about us. Keep the horse. What should we say to all who stand ready to persecute us if they ask us whether our Dhora no longer rides a horse?" They were right. We needed everything that could help us hold our place.

Sometimes I faced village officials and found that nothing could make them change their course. I could generally count on a degree of kind-heartedness with the *munsiff*, always a Sudra, remnant of the old paternal Dravidian village rule. The *karnam* was the one whom the people feared most. He was always a Brahman, kept accounts and collected taxes. Proud of his race, his attitude toward the people was often very harsh. The old preachers say I once thrashed a *karnam* in the Kanigiri taluk because he treated with insolence my request for leniency toward the Christians. I had no right to do this, and he might have had me in court. But he dared not; for I, in turn, might have been able to prove a case against him for violating the law of religious toleration. I might have shown him unfit for his office. He kept still, and that thrashing worked good for the Christians.

Standing between the people and their oppressors, I incurred every kind of personal risk. There was a night out in camp when I nearly died of poison. I had had a somewhat stormy interview with the *munsiff* of the place, during which I had insisted that he must stop his persecutions. Later I drank a cup of tea; the milk had arsenic in it. It was an overdose and that saved me. After that my servants grew vigilant. Our faithful cook, Cartiah, watched over me, especially on tour, and would not let me eat or drink anything unless he knew exactly where it had been obtained. He saved my life many a time by

his carefulness. Fruit was brought to me poisoned. Once I stood on my veranda, interviewing people who had come from far and near. A *munsiff* with four Sudras approached me with smiling faces, offering me a gift of fruit on a brass tray. I had just helped the Christians in their village win a case against them, and they were to pay sixty rupees fine. If I should suddenly die they could keep their money. I saw by the looks of all who stood there that they had misgivings about the fruit. I said, "This is bitter stuff. You persecuted our Christians. I do not want your gifts." I took the fruit, large and small, piece by piece, from the tray, and hurled it among the trees in front of the veranda, so that the bits flew in every direction.

Once I was mauled with bamboo sticks. I had bought ground adjoining our compound on which to build houses for our helpers. To have Christians living so close to them angered the people of the neighborhood. I went to direct some coolies in clearing the ground and those people fell upon me with long bamboos. My umbrella was smashed out of my hands—my pith hat protected my head a little. The cook was the first to hear the noise. He came running and dragged away the strongest of those men. Then my future staff of preachers, all still in school, heard some one calling, "They are beating our Dhora!" Like a whirlwind they came. They fell upon the chief offender, and were so close to murdering him that I forgot my bruises and pulled my men away. Preacher Abraham, when he was an old man, in telling about it said, "We dragged that man along the ground by his *juttu,* and his hair stayed in our hands." With exulting eyes he looked into his hands, as if he still had the hair in them. The police inspector insisted I must take the case to court. A native official tried it. Fines and imprisonment were light. But a series of reverses now fell upon that fam-

ily; they lost cattle and crops; the men of the family died. Rumor greatly exaggerated it, but a superstitious fear fell upon the people in and beyond Ongole. They said: "It is not well to touch that Dhora. He has a powerful God, who smites those who injure him." The sequel was, that during the famine, when standing on my veranda giving help to the crowds who came, I saw one of those men waiting with the rest. I said, "Are you not the man who beat me?" He said he was. Without another word I put rupees into his hands, and again whenever he came. The piece of land on account of which I suffered I later made over to our society. In doing so I did not speak of the mauling. I threw that in for nothing.

As I look back upon the attempts made to take my life I wonder that I escaped. I was well-nigh fearless. If the preachers had ever seen me in hiding, or afraid, their own courage would have suffered a shock. They watched over me and practically formed a body-guard around me. I sometimes told them that a man of God in my own country had spoken a word to me, that I would be "invulnerable until my work was done," and that I believed it to be a true word.

Our social revolution was not all a contest. I had friends among the village officials over all that region. Those who were kind to the Christians could count on me as their friend. When they came to Ongole on business they always called on me. I talked with them and showed an interest in their welfare. Sometimes it came my way to do them a good turn—to speak a word on their behalf to some higher official. Out on tour they came to my tent. I treated them with much courtesy, asking them to sit down on my camp chairs and to be present when I preached to the gathering crowds. During my sermon I occasionally deferred to them and asked them whether I

was not telling the people the truth. It was a part of my missionary work which I enjoyed. There was a touch of political activity in it. The English officials reckoned with this. It came to my ears that they said when one of them was transferred elsewhere and there was vacancy for a time: "No matter, Clough is up there. Let him see to law and order." My hopes for a career as lawyer and politician were given up when I became a missionary, yet for the sake of the people that career was nevertheless sustained, brought into service for the sake of my Master, Jesus Christ.

There was one direction where I was almost powerless in the social upheaval of those early days. When it touched the family circle I could do nothing. Often men and women who believed in Jesus found all the ties that bound them to their kindred straining and breaking. The Madigas never employed the methods of the caste people; they never let a man quietly disappear off the face of the earth because he no longer belonged to them. But the course which they did take was often very hard to bear. A family could quietly see one of its members change from one Indian cult to another, and sit at the feet of one Guru after another. It made no difference because the relations of the family to the rest of the village remained unchanged. Not so when anyone became a Christian.

Often it was the strongest man in the family who first made the decision that he must believe in Jesus. Then the rest fell into fear: the people of their hamlet would hate them; the Sudras would refuse them work; the village gods would begin to afflict, and then the Brahmans would let them feel their power. The women had much to say in tnis. They asked the question that concerned them all: "Where will we find enough to eat?" Men came to me, sore at heart, tried to the utmost. They asked for baptism. Since they were cast out by their

families they wanted at least to belong to us. Generally I advised them to wait, to endure with steadfastness, as that would most surely win their families.

There was Munangi Anumiah, afterwards the leading preacher in the Cumbum taluk. He heard a rumor that the Ongole Dhora had a powerful God, and that he was urging many Madigas to believe in him, so that some day, when he had them all kneeling in a line, he could take a wire like those which the English had fastened to the telegraph poles, and cut their necks with it, as a sacrifice to his God. Anumiah believed this rumor and was afraid. Then one day Nimmiah, one of the earliest converts, came that way and told him the Ten Commandments. He said, "Would they teach us words like these, which parents teach their children, if they intended to cut off our necks?" Anumiah agreed that there was no reason for fear, and befriended Nimmiah when the rest were making fun of him. He heard of those three precepts, and they sank into his mind. There came a day when he did not want to eat carrion any more. Then the fight began. The women resented his aloofness; they turned his wife against him. But he managed to get enough to eat somehow and kept his peace.

That precept about the Sabbath troubled him. When the Sudra master called to work on Sunday he went, and while working "prayed quietly in his mind." One Sunday the whole family was ordered to come for a special job. Anumiah felt he had done this long enough and refused to obey. This was the signal. The whole family risked the displeasure of their Sudra master and stayed at home to fight it out. There was a big family quarrel, and it continued for months. Bezwada Paul came that way, but he dared not go near. The father and two brothers were there and all the women. Then Periah and Nagama came. They had the right of way everywhere.

Periah was distantly related to the family, but aside from this no one dared treat him with anything but respect. The house was swept, and he was made welcome. When he left he said to Anumiah, "Continue to pray; your family will come." After a time he broke away and went to live with the Christians. Then the family tie asserted itself. They begged him to come back. The men of his household had their *juttus* cut off. Several were baptized. Anumiah came to our school. His mother found it hard to give him up. She walked to Ongole with him. She stood and looked in, as he began to learn his alphabet, and then she turned to walk back home, a weary seventy miles, without him. He said of this when an old man, "My mother cried when she left me, not because she was sorrowful, but because she loved me so much."

The women, too, suffered and stood firm. There was one, Nagama, on Periah's field, who had a full measure of tribulation. Her husband raised no objections when she became a Christian. Then her eldest son, a lad of sixteen, died. It was said the village gods had done this, and her husband began to illtreat her and to insist that she must give up the new religion. Then another child died. He tied her to a tree and beat her; he dragged her about by the hair till she had little left. Through it all, her faith in God and his mercy did not fail her. The husband left her and went away with another woman. Periah brought her to Ongole, leading a bright little boy by the hand, her only remaining child. He said, "This woman has been an honor to me and to my Master, Jesus Christ, over all my field. Train her as a Bible woman." She became one of the best in the mission.

The more united the family, the harder the struggle. When in addition the family had standing, and a good income through some form of priesthood, the blow

fell hard. The question of caste did not come into consideration with the Madigas, or Malas; for they had none to lose. Nevertheless, the future of the whole family was made uncertain, and the members rebelled. The hardest case of the kind on the Ongole field was that of the Gumbadi family. There were four brothers, all Mala priests, belonging to the Ramanuja sect. Oogriah, the best of the four, made the break. He could read, and wherever he came upon the tracts which Obulu sold in that region he told the people they were bad books, and with their permission tore them up publicly in the bazaar. But he read them first. He was wide awake in every direction, ready to learn what came his way. He had for a time practiced Raja Yoga, and then had joined in a secret cult of nature worship. None of these changes had affected him as a priest of Vishnu. Not so with Christianity; it had a social aspect. He met Obulu one day, and asked him many questions. Obulu was not the man to argue with Oogriah, who had passed from one Indian cult to another. In his simple-minded way he told Oogriah about Jesus Christ as a living reality. It carried conviction. Upheaval now came into Oogriah's life.

One morning, after spending the night in acting, with his three brothers, a drama having the main episodes in the life of Krishna for its subject, he found that the crisis had come. It was impossible for him to continue. He sat down under a tree and read a Christian tract. The brothers called him to come and eat of the food which had first been offered to the idols. His reply sent consternation to their hearts, "I have even now believed in Jesus Christ, and will no longer have anything to do with idols, and will not eat anything that has been offered to idols." There was a hot dispute on the spot. Finally the brothers asked, "Then how do you expect to make

your living?" Oogriah replied wearily: "Do not ask me that. God will show me. If he does not see fit to feed me, I'll die."

This was the beginning of eighteen months of hard contest in that family. Oogriah had been their pride. Through him they were well-to-do. Now he was as nothing among them. His wife turned against him, and her family took her away. The mother alone was on Oogriah's side. She reproved his brothers when they went too far in showing disrespect to him. They tried to go about with their idols as before, but they missed Oogriah. Contracts had been made here and there to perform the drama of Krishna; much gain was in sight. As Oogriah always played the chief part they had to cancel the contracts and return the money advanced to them. Wherever they went they were asked what madness possessed Oogriah.

I passed that way on tour. It gave prestige to Oogriah. Everybody came to my camp; his brothers, too, came. I talked with them, but they held back. I was the first white man they had seen near by. As they stood and watched me they decided that "this Dhora could have earned food and clothes if he had stayed in his own country, and his religion therefore could not be worthless." Oogriah followed me from camp to camp, and when finally he returned home his brothers asked him, "Why do you come back? Did not your Guru take you straight to heaven?" As the months passed Oogriah withdrew from home. His strength was giving way. He stayed with Christians in a neighboring village and did coolie work to support himself. He and his Christian friends felt the strain intolerable. They set ten days' time during which they would pray for those three brothers.

Something now happened. The brothers were conducting a household ceremony with their idols. There

was feasting and drinking, and then all slept. Meanwhile, a dog came and carried off in its teeth the best of the idols, made of copper and silver, and left it on a heap of rubbish. At dawn it was found there with the marks of the dog's teeth upon it. This occurrence shook the eldest brother. When next he tried to conduct worship with the idols his hands trembled. He gave up then. There came a night when he could not sleep because a hard fight was going on within him. In the morning he walked toward the village where his brother Oogriah was staying. Eight of the ten days had passed. Oogriah had just had a dream that his eldest brother was praying with him. He was coming toward home. They met. They fell upon each other's neck and wept. There was rejoicing in the family. They came together in a group to Ongole. The four brothers became preachers. Oogriah was a valuable man, and when he suddenly died of cholera his place was never filled.

The mothers generally ranged themselves on the side of the heretic. The strong tie of motherhood could bear any strain. But sometimes even that failed. In one instance, on our field, a mother cursed her son; never, even when he was an elderly man, could he speak of it without tears running down his cheeks. He was Namburi Pedda Lakshmanursu, a Mala priest. The first of the Christian preachers who came to his village found him fiercely opposed. But when Oogriah came and talked with him, he admitted that there was food for the soul in this new religion. His attitude soon turned the village against him. His mother and two younger brothers withdrew from him. They treated his wife harshly, telling her that if she had courage to leave him he would soon come back to the old ways. He brought her relief by saying to her before them, "You cannot keep me from becoming

a Christian, even though you leave me." She gently replied, "Why should I go where you are not?"

He endured this for a time. Then he came to Ongole, asked for baptism and consented to have his top-knot of hair cut off. As he returned home he found his wife by the roadside waiting for him, her child in her arms. He saw that she was crying and knew what he had to face. With a firm step he went to the house. He laid his turban aside, preparatory to performing his duties as a householder. When his mother saw his head, saw that the *juttu* was gone, she said, in a voice choked with fierce emotion: "I brought you forth and cared for you in the hope that in my old age I should be cared for by you. But now I shall not eat food that comes from your hands. Go away! You are to me as those who are dead!"

The two younger brothers became Christians, the father died with a quiet faith and trust in Jesus Christ. The mother was outwardly unyielding, yet she was growing old and was glad when she could have at least one of her sons at home with her. It happened at a time when the three sons were away from home for a few days that she died, after a short illness. When the tidings reached them, the three men looked at each other. Each knew the thought of the other. The eldest son hid his face in his hands and wept: "She said that I was as one dead to her, and no food would she accept at my hands in her old age. She has died with her sons far distant, alone, as she said she would be."

It all was hard to bear. Yet none of us felt like making a compromise. I might have told the preachers not to cut off the sacred top-knots of the men if trouble was bound to come thereby. I might have taught the Christians to be obedient to their Sudra masters in the first place, and to consider their duty fulfilled if they came to

the village meeting on free Sundays. I might have been conciliatory about the beating of those drums, telling the men to disengage themselves quietly from this old-time obligation, but if pressed into this service to yield. I might have done all this, and it would have made it far easier for us all. But it would have introduced a flabby kind of Christianity not worthy of the name.

If I had sailed smoothly along, compromising everywhere, the great experiences of the ingathering would have dwindled down to nothing. The social status of the Madigas would have remained unchanged. They would have lacked occasion to take a stand that called for a readjustment of their position in the community. But our social revolution came to pass at heavy cost.

All through the years the Telugu Bible which lay on my office table was well worn in several places. Three pages, especially, were soiled with many a finger mark. One was "Come unto me all ye that labor"; another was "In my Father's house are many mansions"; the third was "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for my name's sake."

XII

THE IMPACT OF WEST UPON EAST

By the time our first five years in Ongole were over the foundations had been laid. The eight taluks over which the movement spread had by that time been touched with our activities. The field was dotted with Christian centers. We had a membership of more than fifteen hundred, and many adherents. The staff of workers who stood with me during all the years that followed had already gathered around us. It was yet seven years to the ingathering. We were getting ready for it.

In those early years of the movement we were singularly free from the admixture of Western ideas. This was not wholly in accordance with my intentions. If I had had my way I would have had a theological school in full operation a year after we settled in Ongole. I begged for one, year after year. Not until ten years had gone by, and the ingathering had become a fact, did the first class of seminary graduates come to join the old preachers of the mission. By that time the movement had become unwieldy. Western organization had to begin. The old days were then over.

I wanted a seminary in order to give our preachers a wider outlook as Christians. It was to make up to them for the lack of birth in a Christian land. Their horizon was bounded by their simple Indian village life. Of the great world beyond they knew nothing. In a hazy way they understood that there was a strange country from which the white man came, that the religion of the white

man was the Christian religion, that the caste people refused to have anything to do with this religion and looked upon it with hatred. This was the group of ideas which constituted the mental attitude of the average Madiga toward Christianity. I wanted our preachers to realize their place in the world as Christians, to learn geography and find out that on two continents Christianity was the only religion. I wanted them to know something about the way in which the apostles founded churches, and how it all came about that after a man believes in Jesus Christ he must fulfill certain duties, which are called Christian duties. I tried to bring the men in touch with this knowledge. It was hard work. I had nothing in their lives to help me. Steady drill in an institution was required. This we could not get. Perhaps the Lord Jesus did not want us to have it. The men kept their narrow horizon. They gave to Jesus Christ a central place in their little world of ideas. With him as the dominant figure their simple ideas and simple lives became avenues of force. I watched it, and felt no fears. Yet no one knew better than I that I was off the beaten track in letting our men carry such heavy responsibility as Christian preachers on so narrow a basis of Christian training.

Several of our leading men never came to our school in Ongole. Periah was one of these. They were so complete in the fitness for their calling, and were doing so great a work on the field, that it would have seemed out of place for me to ask them to step aside awhile and learn to read. But the majority of that early group of men came for a time. Afterwards it was counted an honor when a man could say that he was one of those who were in our school during the first three years. We never again had such a group of men together, and we never put so much heart into the training of any other company of men. They had stood at the top of the Madiga com-

munity, and were called now to stand at the top of the Christian community. They were the ones who were afterwards called, with great affection, "the big—or elder —preachers" of the mission.

They began by learning the complicated Telugu alphabet. Then they advanced to "Messages for All" as a text-book. It was a proud day for them when I gave them each a Bible and they found they could spell out verses and whole chapters. They were eager to learn everything that came their way. The preachers who had come from Nellore with us, and their wives, taught these men and women much about the Christian way of living. They supplied an element of instruction that was needed. Mrs. Clough taught them; she took the wives of those men into training. It was yet the day of small things; our hands were not so full otherwise. Whatever of teaching capacity I had those men of the early days were given the benefit of it. Never after did I put so much of myself into a class of men as I did into these. It was one reason why they and I could work together afterwards as one man.

The instruction which they received, though of the type of American Christianity, was nevertheless of an Eastern mold. Our lives were simple; our religious services were equally simple. Had they seen social formality with us, or religious ceremonial, it might have confused them. Moreover, it was not our motive to introduce these men and women, in the year or two while they were living in our compound, to as many Western forms of thought as they were able to absorb. It was the other way: we were seeking everywhere for the points of contact where the direct application could be made of Western thought to Eastern ways. When they returned to their villages they had been in no way weaned from their old environment. On the contrary, they saw

possibilities everywhere of welding together, as a new but compact whole, the essentials of Western Christianity with the spiritual background which was already theirs.

I took those men touring with me while they were in school. They served their apprenticeship under me in this practical way. Those early tours were a mixture between West and East. The habits of my colporter days in northern Iowa were still strong upon me. At the same time, the habits of those men were marked with the ways of the Hindu Guru. Some of them had been Gurus themselves. All had had more or less to do with Gurus. If I had been lacking in elasticity the efforts of us all would have been crippled. I did not try to make Americans of those men. The effect would have been grotesque. They would have been neither Hindu nor American, and their own mothers would have been puzzled about their status. As it was, they remained simple, humble Madigas—but Christianized. There was a similar process in my case. I remained an American. The Hindus respected that in me which spoke to them of my own country. Yet I met them halfway. The aggressiveness of the American colporter was changed into the more reposeful ways of the oriental teacher. Had I retained my Western methods of evangelistic work the Hindus would have tolerated and endured my presence among them—nothing more. When now I fell into line at every point, watching the preachers in their ways, and dealing with everyone as I saw it was expected of me, the effort became organic. It fitted in. We lived and breathed together as one organism.

There was a call for these men all over the field. The people were eagerly waiting for them. They were their own, and had been given up to us for a time. Messages were continually sent to me asking when they would have learned enough and could come back. There was a spirit

of perseverance among the men. They knew, even better than I, that the converts were pressing in, and that there was no one on the field to shepherd them. The day came when I talked it over with fifteen of them. Several hesitated; they wanted to learn more, and had capacity to do so. They all wanted me to promise to give them another opportunity. I said I would if it lay in my power. Not one of them needed to wait for a call. Their places were ready for them. The question adjusted itself according to family and village relationship. Where a man was known as belonging to certain families in a group of villages there he wanted to be located as pastor. It was an Indian way of doing it. I did not interfere. Thaluri Daniel went back to Dondleru; Sreeram Solomon went to Darsi; Baddepudy Abraham became an evangelist in the northern taluks; Anumiah went to Cumbum. They all found their rightful places.

By a natural process new Christian centers were forming everywhere. We did nothing to organize them: they simply grew. In each case there was a man there who by a sort of common consent became the leader. These men had not come straight out of the ordinary village worship. They had either come along the road of Raja Yoga teaching, or they had been in our school, or both. The people looked up to them now, and willingly received Christian teaching from them. The men saw to the upkeep of the Sunday services in one village after another. They took steps to help the people find some one to teach their children to read. Each village sent some of the best of their boys and girls, and their young men and women to our Ongole school. It required some years of patience, and they came back with attainments so far ahead of anything the others had known that all felt a great day had dawned.

During those early years I never lost sight of the need

for native agency. I could find no other solution of our problem. The need had to be met without the help of a theological school. I was always on the alert, looking for men and women who had the qualities of leadership in them. I enlisted every man and woman who stood above the average, or possessed personality which could be drawn into service in their own sphere of life. Often they were unconscious of any latent abilities. I let them know that I wanted them, and the agencies, already at work, did the rest. They took hold of the Christian motive. Native agency was made a great force in Christianizing the Madigas. It became a prominent feature of the Ongole methods.

The harvest of workers in those early years came chiefly from the Kanigiri and Podili taluks. They had enough there to supply their own needs, and to spare. There was a background of spiritual strength in the Christians of those two taluks which marked the men and women who went forth from them. Intermarriage among the leading Christian families of our field was now beginning to have an effect. The sense of family cohesion was strong among our early Christians. It became a legitimate factor in Christian propaganda. When men from those two taluks found a place for labor remote from home, it was generally the case that family relationship with themselves, or with the wife, had formed a strong motive. I saw that this was the oriental way of doing, and raised no objections.

The women had a good deal to say in these matters. If a man wanted to settle as preacher or teacher away from home I always asked him what his wife thought about it. If she objected and the man was making this move against her will or the will of her family, the chances for success were small. I learned by experience that it would take only a year or two, and then for some reason,

sickness perhaps, he and she returned home—a failure. I had good reason for enlisting the women from the beginning, and making them come to our schools with their husbands. Even if they had not capacity to learn more than their alphabet, they absorbed so much of the new ideas that at least they did not hinder their husbands afterwards. The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West began in those early years to supply funds for our girls' boarding school in Ongole, and is continuing to do this to-day. To the Hindus, as they looked on, the education of the Madiga girls and women was one of the strangest features of the new religion.

Sometimes there were women who had more capacity to learn than their husbands. I utilized that. After they had settled in some central place, the men went here and there to preach. The women began a school under a large, shady tree in the village. Then the people wanted a schoolhouse. They saved up money; they begged me to help them with funds from America. The men of the village built the walls with stone laid in mud, they bought a beam and rafters and thatch for the roof. They were proud of this house. It served for the school; the Sunday services were held in it; it formed a rallying-place and marked that village as a Christian center. Often when the caste people saw this, it was the signal for petty persecutions. They said: "Have these low people become greater than we?"

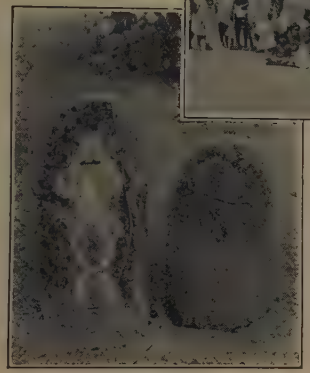
In all this work of social uplifting, the village elders took a leading part. There were five of these in every village, and together they formed the *panchayat,* or council. It was self-administration similar to that of the main village, where the Sudras lived—pointing to the same Dravidian origin of both Sudras and Madigas. The office was for life and in a way hereditary. If a man's son was not considered competent to take his father's

place at death, some one else could be substituted by common consent of the village. These elders became of great importance to the movement. I came upon them everywhere. When the preachers went out in new directions, the elders of the villages they entered were bound to see that they were given to eat. They inquired after the preacher's errand, and had to yield to the demand that the village people be called together to hear about the new religion. If then the preachers came to me and told me that people in distant villages were believing in Jesus Christ, and they could add that several of the elders, too, believed, and had consented to have their *juttus* cut off, I knew that they had a strong hold upon that village. When I went out on tour, the village elders everywhere came to the front and did the honors, extending the hospitality of the village to me. They were consulted when there were candidates for baptism. The preachers knew those applicants, but the village elders knew them better. They came forward and gave testimony, for or against.

The preachers everywhere relied upon the elders; nor did they ask for anything in return for their services. Under the old régime they had been granted some few acres of land in return for their services. They were well-to-do compared to the rest. All this was now absorbed by the Christian movement. The baptism of a village elder meant that his power in the village was now to be used for the Master. He was given the Christian motive. The Christian ethical code was to be followed. He was bound to learn from the preachers what it meant to lead the Christian life, and then to bring the whole village to that standard. Such a man was a deacon. The time came when it was an honor to be a Christian elder on that Ongole field. It meant to a man that he stood at the front of a social uprising of his

A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE CHAPEL

"The people were proud of this house. It served for the school; the Sunday services were held in it; it formed a rallying place and marked that village as a Christian center. . . . The field was dotted with them. . . . In all this work of social uplifting the village elders took a leading part."



VILLAGE IDOLS

A HINDU GURU

people. Suffering on this account was accepted with fortitude.

If I had not adapted myself to this oriental feature of the movement, Christianizing the village elders and letting them stay in their old-time places, I would have missed a great opportunity. Nor did I sit down and think it all out. It came about naturally, and the Lord Jesus gave me wisdom to see the bearings of it all.

There was another question, however, to which I gave a great deal of thought; I studied it; I looked at it from every point of view. It did not come about naturally. I was willing to do everything in my power to bring it to pass somehow. It oppressed me like some stern unfulfilled duty. This great problem, which I never fully solved, was the organization of churches.

I wanted to make a beginning in the Podili taluk by organizing a church at Dondleru. I saw that the interrelated families of that taluk, who had come to us, would lend themselves more readily to organization, than similar groups of families in other parts of the field. They were prosperous and could do much to support their schools and their preachers. Some of the best teachers in the mission, who afterwards served on the staff of station schools and our theological seminary, came from the Podili taluk. I was justified in thinking this the place for an experiment. Twenty years later, when churches were organized on the whole field, those that came closest to the Western model were located in that taluk.

But I did not dare to attempt it in those early years. Of spiritual life there was no lack. Some of the preachers had abundant insight and sanctified common sense. But to set off a church, not as a branch of the Ongole church, but as an independent self-sustaining Baptist church, was something which at that time I had

not the courage to undertake. The question of reception of members was in itself sufficient to cause hesitation. There is an old letter from Dr. Jewett among my papers, in which he answers for the second time my anxious question whether to organize a church at Dondleru or not. He replied to go and study the situation, and then, if it seemed right, to place Ezra or Rungiah in charge as pastor and let that Christian center become an organized church. That was the point: I could not spare Ezra or Rungiah from the work at headquarters. Moreover, neither Ezra nor Rungiah had passed through Raja Yoga teaching; they had led the Christian life since boyhood. In their Western mode of thought they were distinct from the rest of the Ongole preachers. Dissensions might have been the result. Nor did one or two churches meet the requirement. The preachers would have asked me why I did not organize others. I decided that there was too much at stake. It could not be done.

Often I felt anxious for the outcome. Here was a Christian community growing to ever larger proportions, without being brought into conformity to the institutions of the Christian Church. I called the preachers to Ongole every hot season for six weeks to a preachers' institute. I studied portions of the Bible with them and taught them Christian doctrine. They were teachable and were anxious to do all that was expected of them. When, twenty years later, these men were ordained to the ministry, twenty-four at one time, it was found that they had the knowledge required of them, though it had been given them in a fragmentary way.

From the beginning they were strong in certain directions. Their efficiency in going about and telling the people about Jesus Christ was great. They were at the head in the social uprising which Christian teaching

inevitably brought. They knew about movements, about sects developing through some eminent teacher or reformer, about disciples and adherents gathering around some religious teacher who placed their feet upon a way of salvation. All this they knew, as it was part of Indian religious life, and they applied their knowledge to the Christian propaganda.

They did not, however, find it easy to understand why they should group themselves as churches, each church a distinct unit, self-governing and self-sustaining, thus fostering their religious life. They did not readily grasp the reason why it was not enough to love and serve the Lord Jesus. They adjusted themselves, and learned slowly about lists of members and stated contributions, about voting on the business of the church, excluding members and receiving them, observing the sacraments and all the varied duties of membership. It was all so different from their own ways of self-administration, with their five village elders, and their *panchayat,* and the Gurus going back and forth. We compromised. I adopted their system, and they adopted mine. It produced a mixture. There was blessing in it.

That band of old Ongole preachers, about thirty in number, who came to us before our first five years were over, formed a continuity of great power, and of an endurance that was never shaken. They stood as a group from beginning to end. At the time when the American Baptists were yet considering whether to abandon or reënforce their Telugu Mission, and when I was wrestling with my ambition for a political career, the nucleus of this band of preachers was already formed. They had stepped out of their old village worship, and then had disengaged themselves from the iron grip of the village community by going north on trade. There the group was increasing in numbers, and all were eager to

find out something about the new religion. I had barely settled in Ongole when they came upon me almost as one man—and they stayed. They were in our school together. They gave their sons and daughters to each other in marriage, till that whole staff of preachers was like one great family. When the famine came, those thirty men were the overseers in digging three miles of canal and they were the friends of all the people. Then came the ingathering and again they stood as one man. I was left year after year, alone, over a church of twenty thousand members. No disaster came: these men were all at their post. The field was divided; they stayed in their places as before. The new missionaries learned to love these old men, and to lean on them. They formed a continuity of Ongole methods. There were never any serious dissensions among them. They were honored in their old age by the younger generation.

Those old preachers made the movement, and the movement made them, and all together they made me, and Jesus, our Master, was in the midst of it.

A change came with the day of the younger men, who had taken a course of three or four years in our theological seminary. They could preach sermons with logical divisions and a conclusion. They had studied the Old Testament and dwelt much on the children of Israel. They understood about the Church and the Christian ordinances. I was glad to see them in their trained strength. But the old men stood unmoved. They knew their own worth.

Groups of them came to Ongole to tell their story, that it might be incorporated with mine. We were knitted together—nothing else was possible. Sometimes they dropped the thread of the story and went into reminiscences together. They reminded each other how the man who was already in debt by paying some Guru

a heavy price had to go still further into debt because all the others came and wanted to know what he had learned, and he had to give them to eat while they stayed. There were flashes of humor. They laughed together. Sitting at the feet of Raja Yoga Gurus, even though many of them were worthless, had been a rich experience to them which they would not willingly have missed out of their lives. We asked one or two of those who had been considered worthy of initiation what was said to them. They made the Telugu gesture which means silence. Neither Periah nor any of the others would give the slightest intimation of the mystery of their initiation. They were silent with dignity. It was a place in their past with which they refused to break. Their faith in Jesus, the Christ, had come into their lives, as something very precious, which had cost them dear. With tears, fighting down the sobs, they told how their families cast them out, how their Sudra masters turned against them, how the Brahmans oppressed them, and how yet they came through as conquerors. Those old men knew that their stories were unusual. They had had a chance to compare them with the uneventful lives of the younger generation. Their eyes shone. They were like old war-horses with the smell of powder in their nostrils.

Yet these men had not been in a theological seminary. The Lord Jesus had kept them in their oriental setting. They stood for a movement little hampered by Western organization.

In their place, at the point of impact of West upon East, the group of old Ongole preachers had to bear the shock of it in every direction. The Hindus combined in their resistance. Our religion was a topic of conversation among them. What they said to one another about it they used against the preachers and me, as we

went about. Often when I had a group of listeners before me, some Brahman engaged me in debate, flinging questions at me as fast as I could answer them. These were some of them:

"Will you young English upstarts teach us religion? Were the Hindus not a great people, skilled in all the sciences, with a grand system of religion, when your ancestors were wild men, clothed with skins, and running in the jungle? Did you not get all that you know from India? If the Bible is true, would not God have given it long ago to us? Would it not have been given to the Hindus written in the sacred Sanscrit, when you were jungle men? Is not all that it contains and much more written in the Vedas? Shall we throw away these sacred books, written a thousand years before this Jesus Christ was born? Shall we break our caste and all become Pariahs? The Bible may be good for the English, but we do not need it."

I could hold my own before such attacks; for I was a white man and aware of the resources of my race. The preachers had neither the knowledge nor the status to face them. They were often in difficulty, especially when at the outposts of the field. I always advised them to avoid discussion; for I knew how unequal the combat must be. The caste people set traps for them; they asked some seemingly simple question, and when the preachers answered it, they found themselves caught. They were held up to the derision of the village. Sticks and stones were brought forward. There were times when they had a mob falling upon them, and they could save themselves only by running to the police station.

Year after year I pleaded for an institution in which rem[illegible]train a Telugu Christian ministry. As early as March the m[illegible]9, I closed a letter to Boston as follows:

"The Lord has as yet sent us only the poor, the ignorant of the ignorant, and the despised. But we are satisfied for that is God's plan. See I Cor. 1st chapter, Luke 14: 16-25. I write to wise men, to men of God. I need not weaken my cause by writing more. I close as I began, crying Help! Help! Come over and help us or our very prosperity will be our ruin."

Another year passed, and nothing was done. Individual appeals to the Executive Committee for a seminary had had no effect. We now decided to move upon them as a conference. We were only four men, but we organized ourselves as an association in March, 1870. Dr. Jewett was elected moderator. Rev. John McLaurin, who had arrived a month previously, was clerk. Mr. Timpany and I were the voting members, and we had several logs to roll, but our biggest log was that seminary. We put it through.

"Moved by Brother Clough and seconded by Brother Timpany that we ask the Executive Committee for eight thousand rupees for a seminary and professor's house. Unanimous.

"Moved and seconded and resolved that Brother Clough correspond with the Executive Committee on the subject."

I wrote a strong appeal to Boston. It was printed in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. There was response. The money was granted, and before we met for our second association in March, 1871, the buildings were going up under the superintendence of Mr. Timpany. Dr. J. N. Murdock, then secretary, wrote to me, November 17, 1870:

"The Lord is working wonders with you, as of old. It is his doing, and we may rejoice in it and magnify his name.

If he were not in it, we should be almost alarmed, in view of such numerous accessions. The question 'How shall we secure such harvests and preserve the multitude from blight?' is often on our lips. How often I have said to myself during these last four months: 'What a pity we had not adopted Clough's recommendation two years ago to start a theological school among these people. Then, instead of six native helpers, on whom you can place intelligent reliance, we might have twenty, thirty, or forty!"

The question was now discussed, both in America and among us in India, whether I was to be at the head of that seminary. I had not fully recovered from an attack of jungle fever two years previously and it was thought a change of occupation might help me. I found that Mr. Timpany judged my make-up correctly. He wrote to me: "You irrepressible Brother Clough could not screw yourself down to a theological chair for six months to save your life." I agreed with him. The restraint of the classroom would have been intolerable to me. I could hold a preachers' institute for six weeks every hot season, but beyond that I could not confine myself.

A task of a different nature was now laid upon me. We had been pleading for reënforcements. It was a slow process even to get a hearing. Our appeals were laid before the Executive Committee. Then they were published in the denominational papers. They were emphasized during the annual meetings. The effort lacked directness. In those days there was only now and then a man who felt that foreign missions had a claim upon him personally. The women's societies had only recently been founded, with their women's circles and children's bands, bringing missionary information straight into the homes and with it a desire to help. Moreover, our constituency had not yet adjusted itself

to the new point of view regarding the Telugu Mission. It was no longer a question of abandoning us on account of lack of results: it was a question what to do with the harvest.

The men on the field came to the conclusion that I must go to America and enlist four men for the Telugu Mission, and get an endowment for our seminary. We wanted at least one hundred students, and we would have to furnish their support throughout their course. It meant a heavy outlay, year after year, for many years to come. The income of $50,000 would put that enterprise on a sound financial basis. I was to go to America and secure this. Dr. Murdock wrote to me March 11, 1871:

"We have been deeply pained to hear how precarious your health is. On the score of economy to the service, therefore, your early return to the United States seems the dictate of wisdom. Besides, the most likely way to secure two or three families for the Telugus would be to come here and tell your story to ministers and people. You might be able to find in the great West men likeminded with yourself who would return to Ongole with you, perhaps precede you, to help gather the harvests of the future among the Telugus."

On the envelope containing this letter is written in my hand: "A bitter pill for me to take." I did not want to go. Nine months longer I worked before I turned my face toward America.

A strenuous term of service had come to a close. West and East had met. The impact had changed the lives of hundreds, yes, thousands of people. A new standard of living had been given to the outcaste community of that region. To many Christianity had brought "not peace, but a sword." On me, too, those

years had left their mark. I was in a sense made over new. In many respects I was not the same man who landed in India seven years before.

My manner of approaching the people had changed. I had learned their code of politeness. I saw that when the Hindu wanted to be courteous, he answered a question by a counter question. If I asked a man, "How large is your family?"—he replied, "Are there not ten in my household?" I often conducted conversation thus, because I saw how it satisfied their sense of fitness. In other ways also I felt that it was far better that I should adopt their manner of being polite, rather than permit them to make up some crude mixture between European and Indian ways of dealing. I liked the *salaam* as a greeting—touching the fingers of the right hand to the forehead, with a wave of the arm. The practice of shaking hands came in slowly. I learned their ways of showing hospitality. Out in the villages, when the Sudras combined to show me the courtesy due to a guest, I took notice. I learned that I must not rise up and go when done with my visit. I must ask first whether they would give me permission to go.

There was a tendency always of imitating English customs. The younger generation, after learning a few English words, thought they must now adopt English manners. This frequently meant a complete reversal of their old-time politeness. The danger was that it would set them adrift, omitting Hindu courtesies, yet knowing so little of English courtesies that these were of slight service. In those days, strict etiquette was attached to the use of the sandals. It was the custom for a man to step out of his sandals when he approached a religious teacher. Sometimes it did young men good to be reminded that the ways of their fathers were not yet out of date. They wanted also to discard the turban

don caps that were neither Hindu nor English. I out firmly against such transformations. So far y in my power, I held our Christian community close Hindu customs and manners. Wherever I could, I ced the temptation to imitate our English customs. ais I had the trend of the times against me. Those adopted the Christian religion adopted the ways he West with it, more or less. The group of old gole preachers remained almost untouched by this ten- .cy. This was one reason why their hold upon the age people remained so firm.

In adapting myself to the ways of the people, my sense humor had to be turned into the Telugu channel. It came one of the most useful tools in my equipment. loved the people and wanted to approach them and ke away their fear of me as a white man. I saw that bit of fun would go a long way in making them feel t home with me. I got hold of their ideas of the idiculous. I saw that a touch of sarcasm might be nore effective than a sermon. But it had to be their wn kind, not the American or English kind. I learned heir intonations in making humorous remarks. Some- times I did a bit of acting and mimicry. There was no better introduction to the sermon that followed, when I was out in the villages preaching, than to get the crowd before me to smile and nod their heads with approval; for then they became all ears for that which followed. For a white man thus to enter into their ways was something strange to them and they were willing to walk many a mile to hear and see for themselves.

There was one direction in which I checked my sense of humor. When I began my work, I made fun of the Hindu gods, and thus tried to shake the faith of the people in them. It did not take me long to see that that was not the way to do. Some were angered by it need-

lessly; others lost faith in their old gods by what I said, but did not accept Jesus Christ in place of them, and were thus sent adrift. I stopped that method. I settled down to telling the people, singly or in groups, about the Lord Jesus and his life and death, and what he could be to them if they would receive him. That did the work. When they accepted him, their old idol-worship went at a stroke, and my destructive attempts were not necessary.

Wherever I found anything in their simple lives that could be taken into service for the spread of Christianity, I was not slow to lay hold of it. When I went on tour I used their village customs to advertise me. In every Madiga hamlet there were men who were called Yetties, bearing burdens over the country for the Sudras and Brahmans in return for a small holding of land. These Yetties were wide awake, and knew what was going on everywhere. They were practically the news bearers of the community. Where newspapers were unknown, information had thus to be carried from man to man. The Yetties of that whole region were in my service. When they heard that I was about to pass that way, they told everyone. They served as reporters also. If anything important took place, that web of Yetties published it abroad as if it had been in a daily gazette. I was on friendly terms with them, and gave them an occasional present, and charged them to talk the truth about me, and not give out garbled accounts. It was a great success in the way of advertising. They often brought big crowds together for me when I went preaching.

My views, too, were affected by the process of adaptation. I tried always to be orthodox, but there were points where Western and Eastern ideas met, and there I was conciliatory, and my thoughts ran in a groove

with the people. This was the case with their belief in evil spirits and demons. It applied especially to cases where the Christians of a village found themselves fighting and separating into two or more factions. They said then that some demons had entered into them, and the demons liked it and would not leave. These were their old ideas of demonology for which much of their worship stood. They held that the dead, who had been evil in life, were roaming close to the earth, seeking an entry. They feared demons of many kinds which had to be propitiated.

For me to uproot these ideas would have been a hopeless task. I let them stand. When I faced the fighters in a village quarrel, and saw the women with disheveled hair and angry eyes, the men sullen and unreasonable, and full of hatred, I said the demons must come out by prayer to Jesus. Often the two sides in a village quarrel came walking many miles into Ongole to get justice from me. I saw that I might talk for days and not settle their disputes. Besides, there were others, with legitimate requests, waiting their turn, sitting under the trees in front of our bungalow, and they, too, had claim on me. I talked to those fighters in their own language: "You have swallowed several demons which must come out by prayer. Go under the big tree and stay there till they are out." I sent preachers and village elders to pray with them; when these were worn out, I sent others. It was the beautiful big tamarind tree near the baptistery in our compound. I often sent people there to pray, till it grew a custom, no matter what the special case might be. If, after a day or two, they came to me and told me in a half-hearted way that all was right now, and they wanted to go home to their villages, I could soon tell whether it was true. I said, "The demons are still looking through your eyes, go and cast them out first."

It did the work. They said, "What can we do? Our Clough Dhora can see right through our eyes what is in us. We might as well give up."

Even in those earlier years I was growing lax in church discipline. It somehow did not fit in well. In the beginning I worked on the pattern of the churches in America, and exclusions then were more frequent with us than in later years when we numbered thousands. This was not because I was growing careless; it was largely on principle. I found that there was a point where church discipline and my favorite doctrine of "the elect" clashed. When I saw men make crooked tracks in their Christian life, and then finally die a triumphant death with full faith in Jesus as their Saviour, I decided that I had better be slow with that church discipline, lest I be found interfering with the designs of Jesus himself.

There was another point on which I did not hold rigidly to Western theology. In my preaching I did not dwell equally on the three persons of the Trinity. I found that the people took up most gladly the story of our Lord Jesus. There was power in it. Experience taught me that when I met a man out on the road, or a few men, running from the fields as they saw me coming on horseback, and I told them in five or ten minutes from my saddle enough about my Master, Jesus, so that if they never heard more and they believed this they could be saved, it was the beginning of their conversion. The same was true of crowds, no matter how big. I talked about Jesus and I taught my helpers to talk about Jesus, and there was something wonderful in the way in which people took it. I must have preached hundreds of sermons an hour in length on the text: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was always new.

Thus it came about that we preached Jesus only. We

prayed to our Father in heaven; we spoke sometimes of the Holy Spirit; but it was Jesus who moved our hearts. This led to a charge of heterodoxy against me in the early years. It was at our annual conference, soon after our much-needed theological seminary had been established. I had reluctantly parted with one of my best men, to assist as teacher in the seminary. He preached the Telugu sermon at the Conference. A large number of the Ongole preachers were there and listened. His recent experience in occupying his mind with doctrinal theology showed its results. He said that we ought to preach about God the Father, and God the Holy Spirit, just as we were now preaching about God the Son. He admonished the Ongole preachers to mend their ways in this respect. I saw the effect it was having on them and feared their zeal for Jesus might suffer a shock. When the sermon was over, I asked permission to speak, and I held to it that the preacher is right in preaching Jesus only, because in his name is salvation for men. Then the president of the seminary spoke and sided against me, and he laid the charge of heterodoxy against the teaching on my field. I defended myself and my preachers, for whose teaching I was responsible. This ecclesiastical dispute remained unsettled. I saw that I must be careful; for that seminary which I worked so hard to get could easily become a sort of tribunal for me.

Those years previous to the famine and ingathering were prosperous years of steady increase. If we could have continued at that pace, there would have been normal growth and development. It was good to live in those days. Things were coming to pass. Half the time we were living in the future, and having that exhilarating sense of being in the midst of making history—mission history. Perhaps my course might at times have become strenuous if Mrs. Clough had not been by my

side, using her English sensibleness to offset my sometimes impulsive independence. Some of the older missionaries called her "the balance wheel of the Ongole Mission."

On my long tours I left her in charge of the compound and all that pertained to it. While thus holding the fort, she followed me all over the district with baskets, carried by coolies, containing water and bread and supplies, with my mail. And she knew where my source of strength lay, and what Bible verses to quote to me when I stood in need of encouragement. All through my missionary career there was one verse that carried me farthest. It was: "Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen!" On at least one occasion this verse was brought home to me with peculiar force.

Away off in the direction of Cumbum, during one of my early long tours, I was tempted one day to shake the dust off my feet and go. My helpers and I had camped in a new place, and had been trying hard to get the people to come and listen to the gospel, but they would not. I concluded that it was a hard place, and told my staff of workers that we were justified in leaving it alone and moving on elsewhere. Toward noon I went into my tent, closed down the sides, let the little tent punkah swing over my head and rested, preparatory to starting off for the next place. Soon I began to hear the hum of many voices. But I took no special notice because I had given up the place. Just then a basket with supplies was brought to my tent by a coolie, all the way from Ongole, who had walked seventy miles with the basket on his head. In the accompanying letter, Mrs. Clough quoted my favorite verse to me. "Be still, and know that I am God." While reading this, some of the preachers put their heads into the tent and said,

"Sir, there is a big crowd out here; the grove is full; all are waiting for you. Please come out." Times of spiritual consolation like this came to me often, and I always took them as being sent by Jesus himself.

Take it altogether, those first seven years were the happiest in my missionary career. They brought me a full share of troubles, of hard work and of narrow escapes with my life. But on the other hand, I found great joy in preaching Jesus, and while I tried to follow as he led, I was often amazed at the marvels which he was working. Sometimes they went beyond my understanding and I rejoiced with trembling. Perhaps at those times I touched the highest point possible in missionary experience.

XIII

REËNFORCEMENTS

THE night before we left Ongole, January 24, 1872, to start on our journey to America, was a decisive time. The depths of feeling were stirred. About five hundred representatives from Christian villages, who had come to Ongole to say good-by to us, refused to let us go. It was near midnight, yet they would not give up: their courage failed them. They urged: "Do not leave us! Stay with us. Do not go to America!" Those nearest in the crowd clung to my feet. They pressed upon me on every side, trying to hold me. In a few short years they had taken strides in a new life; they did not see how they could continue in this without us; they could not bear the prospect of going back to their old life.

I saw that I must make them see clearly once more the motive for our going, and must give them some kind of partnership in it, or else the consequences might be serious. I had told them the reasons for our going many times before. Now I called upon them all to be silent and listen carefully, that I might open my heart to them.

I said to them, "Do you remember when I was at your village that you asked me to come again soon, and I told you that I could not; that I had one hundred and ninety villages to visit before I could see you again?" "Yes, yes."

"And do you remember that you begged me to send you a preacher and I told you I could not, for we had but eighteen, and they, too, must be scattered through all these one hundred and ninety villages? And that finally, when you followed me out of the village begging me to come, or send a preacher or teacher, I could do nothing but shut out your prayers and gallop along?"

They said, "Yes, we remember."

"And now you know that I am worn out with work; that unless I can rest, I shall soon not be able to visit you at all. You know, too, that we must have four new missionaries, and a theological seminary to train preachers who can stay with you all the time; and that I must go to America and get the men and the money."

Now they begged, "Go quick and come quick; go quick, and come quick."

A different spirit had come over them. Now was my opportunity to lay upon them the responsibility of partnership. I said to them: "When we are gone, will you pray every day that God will restore our health, and that he will send the four new missionaries, and also the money for the seminary?" Enthusiastically they agreed. They believed in prayer. They saw that they would be instrumental in bringing us back soon. Thus we parted that night.

When we left Ongole, Dr. McLaurin, with Mrs. McLaurin, took charge of the field. They were facing a difficult situation, which required patience and firmness and kindness. During the previous year Dr. McLaurin had gone with me on several long tours which practically covered the field. I introduced him everywhere to the Christians and to the caste people, as one whom they could trust. He assisted me in talking to the people, as he already had some knowledge of the Telugu. I asked him to baptize the converts during these tours. This

was almost a necessity in order to convince the preachers that those who were baptized by Dr. McLaurin were admitted into the church on the same footing as those baptized by me.

When now the people realized that we were gone, some began again to murmur. In their enthusiasm on that last night, they told us to go quickly and come quickly. But now they had the grim reality before them. They were to go back to their fields. The caste people everywhere would ask them, "Where now is your Guru? Has he taken none of his disciples with him? Now will you work on Sunday? Will you let your *juttus* grow?" Their economic relations had been changed to such a degree that now, with me dropped out of their lives for a time, the foundations were tottering under their feet. Dr. McLaurin wrote to me, a day or two after our departure, that discontent had broken out into open rebellion. He wanted me to cope with this before I left the country.

I wrote him to send several of the leading preachers to Madras to be with us there till we sailed. It meant expense, for I could not ask the men to walk nearly two hundred miles. They came in bullock carts, and were my guests in Madras in their humble way. I saw what was required. When the steamer was in the harbor, I obtained permission to take these men on board. I showed them our cabin, with our luggage already in it. I showed them the saloon, where we would eat. It was a great thing to them; for it brought that whole story about our going to America down from the region of myths and made it a practical fact. After we came back on shore, I sat down with them and impressed on their minds what they were to tell the Christians, and how to answer the caste people. They now had a big story to tell. No one in all that region had seen what I ob-

tained permission to show to them: the way in which white men cross the ocean. I charged them to tell everyone on the field that as the first part of my story was true, they might believe the second part: we were coming back on a ship from America. It changed the face of the whole situation. They went back and were busy several months telling everywhere what they had seen. The panic passed. Dr. McLaurin now found these men earnest, willing fellow-workers.

It drew heavily on my faith at that time to look back and also to look ahead. The first break was now to come into our family circle. We had four children: our son, Allen, our daughters, Nellora and Ongola, named after the two mission stations, and their little brother, Warren. When we returned to India, our youngest daughter, Gratia, was born, but the two eldest had been left behind in America. Our family circle was never again complete.

My health was much impaired. Jungle fever was in my system. It was a question how long this would hold me in its grip. I wanted to be back in my place in India, yet I had agreed to do a strenuous stroke of work in America. I was wholly uncertain how I would be received when I made my request known to the churches. During five years I had received nearly 1,700 people into membership, all as poor and ignorant as could be. I had not organized them into churches. It weighed on my mind that I had not been able to bring those converts into conformity with the home churches. How would the pastors and leading members of our churches view this? It was a problem how to give my call for help a form that would appeal to the home constituency. My case was unusual. The mission to which I belonged was not popular. If I failed, it would not be surprising.

I was not even certain of the men at our mission

rooms in Boston. They had never interfered with me or poured cold water upon me—not a drop. Still, there was a note of anxiety sometimes in their letters, which did not escape me. Their position was that if this work was of the Holy Spirit, then no man had the right to question it. Those men at the head of our society were the trustees of our denomination, and stood for its principles. If ever Baptist democratic principles were applied to the uttermost, it was done in my case. Halfway round the world, hidden in the jungle, no man over me to control me, I was receiving the people, hundreds at a time, and was calling them Baptists, and looked to the denomination in America to ratify what I had done by furnishing the means to establish them in the faith. Dr. Warren wrote me a letter after the tidings had reached America that more than six hundred had been added to our membership during 1869. It gave me courage. I saw that I had the brethren with me. It also held me to a careful, cautious proceeding. He stated to me the New Testament principles to which I must consider myself bound. He wrote March 25, 1870:

"I took your letter to the Committee and read it to them entire. They are all impressed deeply by the wonders God is doing in connection with your labors among the Telugus. One member remarked that we had seen nothing so pentecostal since the incoming of the Karens thirty years ago, and feel that we ought to thank God and take courage.

"At the same time, all seem to be aware that an increased responsibility is thrown upon you, upon ourselves, and upon the Baptist churches of this country. These baptized Telugus are all at the best but so many infants, needing a world of care, watching, sympathy, and instruction. To save them to themselves and make them a blessing to others they must be trained, and for this they must have

teachers, preachers, colporters and all Christian appliances. Every group should have a guide, churches should be formed, pastors given, chapels and schoolhouses erected. There is no end to the work that lies out before you, and before ourselves. We cannot turn away from it and be guiltless. God help us to see and do our duty. . . .

"While I would not advise you to baptize any who do not give evidence of piety, while some indeed might advise caution in admitting people so ignorant to membership in the church of Christ, I would unhesitatingly say to you, Go in on the tide, 'cast the net into the sea and gather of every kind,' and 'when it is full, draw it to the shore and sit down and gather the good into vessels and cast the bad away.' Do not refuse to put down the net because you may gather the bad with the good. If you do, you will gather nothing, either good or bad. From the very nature of the case, there must be some uncertainty, a good deal in fact, in reference to what you shall enclose in your net. With that uncertainty fully in view go forward in obedience to the instructions of the Master, who understood perfectly this whole business, and cast the gospel net. *There is immense advantage in getting a mass of people within the circle of your influence and under your control. That, to my mind, is the great idea at the bottom of the Saviour's teachings. Then you have something to work on, and something to work with, both material and implements.* I have all confidence in you, for, while I see you are disposed to push things forward, you seem to understand and realize in whom your strength is. May Christ Jesus supply all your needs."

An incident occurred while we were in London, waiting for our Atlantic steamer, which had a strong effect on me in giving me a hopeful spirit. We went to the Baptist Tabernacle to hear Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, whose fame as a preacher in those days had gone the world over. After the sermon I called on him. One of the

officers of the church stood by, and when I was leaving, he went with me. He asked me what I intended to do. I told him about the $50,000 for the seminary. He hesitated a little, as if under some impression which he himself could not define. Then he said, "If you stay here in London, you can get that money in two months." I told him I could not stay. He said, "I want a hand in that affair." He took out his purse, emptied the contents into my hand, gave me his card, and asked me to write to him. I told him I was not collecting money yet. He said, "Never mind, keep that and write to me of your success." Somehow this encouraged me wonderfully. The man acted as if I were bound to get that money, no matter how or where.

We reached America, and I went to Boston and met the Executive Committee. They knew what my intentions were, for my task had been laid upon me by the association of our Telugu Mission, and had been duly reported to them. They received me in all kindness, but told me I must give up my project. There was a man recently who wanted $10,000 for something, and after working six months, had collected only $1,000 together. Besides, a special project of that size would interfere with the usual receipts of the society. They said: "It cannot be done. Give that up." This order was so emphatic, I had to yield. Deeply disappointed, I went my way. With my family I settled in Strawberry Point, Iowa, in my old home.

The Baptists in Iowa and Illinois now became aware of the fact that we were back. They had stood by us nobly with their support during eight years, and now wanted me to come and tell them all about it. I was growing strong; Iowa was taking the jungle fever out of my system. This was my old tramping ground. I began to go visiting churches and conventions. The

people wanted to do something; public opinion was taking hold of that seminary project, though I held back. At an association in Iowa I told them the story of that Christian community out in India who needed an institution to train their ministry. I told the brethren that I was not allowed to solicit funds for this purpose, and that I now was not asking anything. I was only stating what I and the whole Telugu Mission *wanted.* Then one of the leading men rose up and said, "I move we indorse this project, and that we give the brethren opportunity to subscribe." Money began to pour in upon me. Before I had asked for so much as a single dollar, money and pledges were in my hands amounting to $5,000.

I wrote to Boston. Several men in the West were in favor of letting that seminary endowment come out of the Middle West. There was correspondence, back and forth. Meanwhile the money was coming in a steady stream. Five months after landing in America I received official permission to raise that $50,000. Then I went to work in earnest. I traveled from city to city, from church to church. A spirit of giving was abroad, from large sums given by wealthy men and women down to the mite boxes of children, who invariably emptied them for the Telugu seminary if their parents permitted. On the day when the great financial panic began, September 22, 1873, my task was accomplished. It was a question then whether the panic would affect the pledges still outstanding. It did. There was considerable shrinkage. But the amount secured was large, and the financial future of our Telugu seminary was assured.

It had been laid upon me to find four men for the Telugus. The fact is, the money came faster than the men. When I had the endowment well in sight, and had no further misgivings about that, I was still looking for

the men. Twenty years later I enlisted twenty-five men for the Telugu Mission. The Student Volunteer Movement had done the preliminary work. I found it easier at that time to get the twenty-five than I did now to get the four. In March, 1873, I made an appeal to the pastors and theological students through the denominational press. After setting forth the needs and the inviting nature of the field, I closed my appeal thus:

"I have been in the United States ten months. I have traveled thousands of miles and have attended the Anniversaries in New York, four state conventions, many associations and missionary meetings, and have, in behalf of the missionaries and native brethren, invited scores of pastors and ministerial students to come over and help us. But shall I write it? *Only one* has responded unreservedly to the Macedonian call.

"I wish to return to Hindustan in September. Will four of you go before me, or go with me? You must, dear brethren. For how can I go back and tell those one hundred ministerial students that I can get no teachers for them? Can I tell the three thousand native Christians that their prayers are unheard—that of the twelve thousand Baptist preachers in America none will come to be their spiritual guides, and that they and their children must live on in ignorance? Must the multitudes of heathen understand that Christians believe that they will be eternally lost, but that none will come to warn and teach them? And must I say to those overworked faithful missionaries that—no, I cannot, I will not. The men are in the United States and will come. I believe it with all my heart. Please send on your names *soon*. We want to know who you are, and God and the Telugus will bless you."

The four men came. And they were men who proved themselves of unusual strength. In one of our conversations, Dr. Warren said to me: "You know, Brother

Clough, it takes faith to send out men. Out of every three whom we send, one falls sick, or to say the truth, gets homesick and soon returns; one hangs on year after year and does practically nothing; and the third *sticks* and accomplishes what he is sent to do. In order to get this third man we are all at work." But this was not the case with the four men who came out to the Telugus that year. Each one of them put in at least ten years of excellent service, and one of them remains to the present time.

My search for men and money had an effect in several ways. It took me into the theological seminaries and I used my opportunity with the students. Even though they did not come, it made a difference to them afterwards as pastors. In traveling about, addressing churches, I was entertained in many homes. If I saw bright boys and girls, I told them to get a good education and then come to the Telugus. They never forgot it. It remained as a story told in that family circle, and made every member feel as if some personal obligation rested upon them. I established contacts between East and West in this way in great numbers. The Telugu Mission began to live in the homes of American people. Those boys and girls whom I invited were men and women when I came to America again.

I became acquainted with many pastors of churches, especially in the Middle West. They seemed to give no thought to the burden I had laid upon the churches; all they wanted to know was what they could do to help. They said: "That work is of God." When I heard of some young pastor, marked for missionary zeal, I traveled miles out of my way to talk with that man. Some of them were heard from afterwards. One cold winter day I knocked at the door of a parsonage in Illinois. I asked the man who opened it, "Does the

Reverend Henry C. Mabie live here?" He replied, "I am the man." I said, "I have come to see whether I can get you to go to the Telugus with me." He smiled; for he knew me then. He said, "Come out of that snow into the house and we will talk it over." He was the nephew of Deacon Giles Mabie with whom I traveled over the prairie, long ago, when I was a colporter. He had heard his uncle talk about me ever since. I stayed in that parsonage two weeks. It is said that before I sailed for India I told the men at the mission rooms: "There is a fellow, named Mabie, out in Illinois. I want you to keep your eye on him and get him for the Telugus. I want him." He came afterwards, though not as a missionary, when twenty years had passed by, and a great change had come.

I was invited to associations often, and was the one whom the pastors wanted to hear. They set aside those whom they always had with them, in order to listen to me. Missionaries were still few in those days. Asia was far away. My stories about the common every-day life of the Telugu people were wanted—the more unusual and unheard-of the better. At some association, after supper had been served in the church parlors, I was telling pastors and laymen about our preachers, how tirelessly they went from village to village. There was one drawback, however, that could cripple them, so that they could not walk for months. Now and then stagnant water by the roadside was infested with the Guinea worm, which fastens on the feet and burrows under the skin, working its way up to the knee. I was describing with graphic detail the crude way employed by the people, of winding the worm on a small stick, an inch a day, until its full length is removed. All were giving breathless attention. Dr. C. F. Tolman, one of our district secretaries in Chicago, sat there listening.

Suddenly he broke in upon us: "There, I cannot go with you on that. I have traveled with you for months, and have stood by you, though you told some pretty tall stories. But I cannot go this one." There was a roar of laughter, and all of it against me. I had to subside.

During that brief sojourn in America I turned the interest of many people to the Telugus, and I also made many personal friends. I wish I could speak of them all; most of them have gone to the better land. My thoughts turn to Dr. A. H. Burlingham, at that time pastor in St. Louis, and a prominent figure in the denomination. He invited me to his home; his church did nobly for the Telugus. When I came to America the second time he was district secretary for our society in New York. He was a man of tall, commanding personality. I felt it fitting to call myself his "Boy Friday" whenever I was in New York following calls here and there for public addresses. Every morning I asked him what he wanted me to do, and played the rôle of "Boy Friday." The old doctor took this in very good humor, and retaliated by telling everyone that when I was in New York I was head of his office, and that he, for the time being, was a mere figurehead.

As I came and went in Chicago I often saw Dr. Osgood, the man who, fourteen years before, brought me the call to my life's service. He had come to a beautiful old age, a benediction to all who came in contact with him. He followed me with a deep interest which was a source of spiritual strength to me. Then there was Dr. Warren, to whom my heart always went out. I was his man in a peculiar sense. Ill-health had come upon him. Our official relations had ceased. It made no difference to us. The allegiance I gave him remained the same. The spiritual support he gave me was unwavering.

My mother's heart was satisfied by our presence so

close to her. But she had to let me go back. Another ordeal was before her. My sister Vina was going to India as the wife of one of the new men. She was the one who had always stayed with mother, and cared for her. Mrs. Clough and I had aching hearts as we made arrangements to provide a home for our eldest son and daughter, who had to be left behind. In our family relations we were suffering deeply, but the cause was prospering.

The denomination had now ceased to look upon the Telugu Mission as a "forlorn hope." By faith the men of those days had kept it alive. The call upon them now had been of a different order. They had risen to meet it. They gave all I asked. Had I asked more they would not have withheld it. They let me know in every way that "the brethren were with me." Once more it was like New Testament times, when the church at Jerusalem sent out men to convert the Gentiles to faith in Jesus Christ. We sailed from New York November 15, 1873.

XIV

MARKING MISSION BOUNDARIES

With fresh vigor and determination we took up our work again in Ongole January 31, 1874. The Christians told us they had prayed for us every day while we were gone, as they had promised to do. They were full of joy, for they realized that an element of stability had now entered into the mission. With so much reënforcement the foundations of their new life seemed secure. The caste people were powerful, but so was our mission. They felt the Lord Jesus had done this for them.

There had been a steady increase while I was gone. Dr. McLaurin had taken hold of the situation. My methods, which he watched carefully when touring with me previous to my furlough, seemed right to him and he adhered to them. The staff of workers had become his loyal helpers, and he combined his zeal with theirs. Never afterward did he cease to love the old Ongole preachers. He had come in touch with the spiritual life in those men, and had learned to prize it. They continued in their work just as before, with whole villages under instruction, people everywhere asking about the new religion. In the three northern taluks several preachers had been laboring abundantly. From that direction also the converts now pressed in. Calls came from all parts of the field for Dr. McLaurin's presence. He went on long tours. The result was that during the

two years of my absence he baptized more than one thousand.

The increase then ceased. During two years after my return we received the people in tens; there were no hundreds. Then the famine began, and it was understood that no one would be received. Thus when the ingathering came, with its nine thousand in six weeks, there had been four years of comparatively few accessions. There was a definite reason for this seeming standstill, so far as numbers were concerned. The movement, as it swept over the Madiga community, had picked up the best first—those who were ready to respond to the Christian appeal. The leaders had made the beginning. Then those followed who had been under their direct influence. Then came the wider circle of those with whom there were ties of family relationship. If it was within the memory of anyone that at some time a marriage had been contracted between two families, it constituted a claim. Tribal clannishness appeared in this form. Afterward when the old leaders were asked what their motive was for going to villages remote from Ongole, winning people over to the new religion, they generally replied that there was a family there, distantly related, which had to be told about the change that was coming over them all. Those related families again had branches of their own. The appeal, carried along with the impetus of clannish, tribal life, moved like an avalanche, gathering up as it went along. But a limit had now been reached.

We had been at work seven years. Those of the Madigas who had been adherents of the Yogi Nasriah had mostly come over to us. We had absorbed the strength of that movement so far as it concerned the Madigas. Those who had belonged to the Ramanuja sect also had come. It was safe to say that all who had taken the

first step out of the common village worship previous to our coming were with us by this time. They were attracted to the Christian religion and could not stay away. Many of those early members of our church had distinct religious experience back of them. They had taken one step after another, and knew why they had taken them. Then they had borne the first shock between the old life and the new. They had participated in a social uprising and had suffered in a cause. The village elders of those first years were afterward a host. The women had something of strength about them that marked a number of them as Bible women. In later years the older Christians felt a certain justifiable pride when they could say, "I joined the mission before the famine."

This nucleus of three thousand Christians on the Ongole field was now hard at work among those who were still engaged in the worship of demons and serpents and female deities. They were bound to succeed, even though the response as yet was slight. There was less intelligence to work upon, less capacity for devotion, less religious impulse. It took a catastrophe like the famine to rouse those Madigas of lesser standing out of the apathy of their lives. Then they rose up with all the gregariousness of their tribal characteristics and almost overwhelmed us. Yet they had been taught for years, taught faithfully.

We missionaries of the Telugu Mission were now giving much thought to the question of extending our field. We had four new men. We knew that our home constituency was ready to support us in marking our boundaries on a somewhat ample plan. Our mission had at this time four stations, located along the seacoast. Our total membership in these four stations was nearly four thousand.

Nellore had been a good base of operations. **Dr.**

Jewett had occupied this center for nearly thirty years. At this time, in 1874, he went on furlough, and gave charge of the work to Dr. David Downie, who has been the Nellore missionary since then. When Dr. and Mrs. Jewett returned to India in 1878 we all desired to see them settled in Madras, a large, important city. They opened the work for our Telugu Mission there, and left their benediction on it.

During the three years while Dr. Jewett and I were alone in the Telugu Mission we decided that Ongole must be our second station. That move was evidently part of God's plan. Next we decided that we must occupy two centers lying between Nellore and Ongole. We fixed upon Allur as one of these, a town which had been one of the outstations of Nellore. Dr. Jewett in 1869 secured property for mission premises in Allur. There were members enough to organize a church. Helpers from Nellore felt called to Allur. Rev. Edwin Bullard, who came out in 1870, occupied this place for a time, but afterward did his main work in other stations of the mission.

Mr. Timpany, who joined us in 1868, was the man for Ramapatnam, a place lying thirty miles south of Ongole. He looked for land on which to build a bungalow, but none could be found. Then, during 1869, that most prosperous year of our early history, the government decided to transfer the headquarters of the English magistrate from Ramapatnam to Ongole. This made a large compound of nearly one hundred acres and two buildings available at low cost. Mr. Timpany wrote to me, "Is not the Lord making a broad road to Ramapatnam and its field?" Early in 1870 he settled there, and was now my nearest neighbor. Several of our helpers joined him. Thirty-two members of our Ongole church, who lived on his field, united with the new

church. I went to be present at its organization, and preached the sermon from I Samuel 2:30, "Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." We all took a deep interest in the opening of this station. It has always been one of the strongest in the mission.

Our theological seminary was located in Ramapatnam. Mr. Timpany had built up a flourishing school by the time I returned from America. He felt the need of it as keenly as I, for he, too, was receiving converts in large numbers and was wondering how to supply them with preachers. As he now gave charge of the seminary to Dr. R. R. Williams, we men on the field discussed the methods to be employed in this seminary from which we all expected so much. Several of us took it for granted that we were to have an institution after the pattern of theological schools in America, giving the men as complete a training as possible. Others, like myself, saw that we were facing an emergency, and that it would have to be our aim, at this juncture, to raise up a native ministry in the shortest time possible. I held that a course of two or three years would educate the men above their previous surroundings to a degree that would give them adequate fitness to be teachers and guides to the rest. I also insisted that the wives of the men should be given every opportunity to learn with their husbands. If they showed capacity equal to that of their husbands they were to be regarded as regular pupils in the seminary classes. I knew what a host one such woman could be out on the field. I also knew how crippled was the preacher whose wife was untrained.

Dr. Williams was of my opinion. He reckoned with the needs which arose through the ingathering. During those pressing years there were two hundred students in the institution. The call for workers on the field was

so great that we felt bound to give opportunity for training to every man who felt called to the service and stood above the average in intelligence. The seminary met a great need at that time. During all the years it has fulfilled the hopes I had concerning it. Gradually a better degree of fitness was required before entrance, and the course was extended to four years.

My sister Vina, as the wife of Dr. Williams, was there during those formative years. She helped in teaching and directing the students, especially the women in the institution. She gave an abounding love and sympathy to all. Less than three years it lasted. Then Dr. Williams and I stood by an open grave, under a palm tree, in sight of all the activities my sister loved so much. There we laid her body to rest. It was a stunning blow, against which I almost rebelled. But I told all who were mourning that the Lord Jesus makes no mistakes, but does all things well. Thus we have to step aside and bury our dead. Sometimes we never get over the feeling that something bright has been taken out of our lives which we could ill spare. But we move on and do our work.

With our four stations along the seacoast, and a seminary located in one of them, we missionaries felt that we should do as Isaiah says, "Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left." We took into consideration the extent of the Telugu country. It covered a wide area and had a population of about eighteen million people. In the northern part of it was a city, Secunderabad, of fifty thousand inhabitants, and a large cantonment for English troops. A Telugu man from this city came to our mission to visit friends. He was a pensioned officer in a Sepoy regiment, an intelligent man, of noble bearing and simple piety. Years before when stationed in Burma

he became connected with a church of our society there. We talked much with this man about Secunderabad. Rev. W. W. Campbell, one of our four new men, decided in December, 1874, to go to that distant city and ascertain, by looking over the field, whether Secunderabad was the center for us to occupy. He traveled by oxcart in slow stages, a distance of more than two hundred miles from Ongole, preaching everywhere. He came back convinced that that was the place for him, and accordingly made his application to the Executive Committee. His appointment came, and with Mrs. Campbell he settled in Secunderabad. Eight men and women from the Ongole church went with him as helpers. They organized a church. A good foundation was laid; it became the base of several stations. Thus was our northern boundary marked.

A year later we decided on our western boundary. My own intentions in this matter were overruled. I had fixed upon Cumbum and Markapur, sixty and eighty miles west of Ongole, as our outposts. The mountain range just beyond seemed to me to mark a natural boundary. Repeatedly I requested our Executive Committee to send a man to occupy Ongole, and let me settle out there. After our first ingathering, in 1869, a strong center of the movement was in that region. I wanted to be in the midst of it, but no one seemed to agree with me about this. Gradually I began to notice that what was called "the Ongole wave" was crossing that mountain range. It was penetrating to Kurnool, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, where as yet no missionary was at work, one hundred and seventy miles west of us.

There was "a man from Macedonia" calling to us to come and help. A priest, Galiah, living near Kurnool, heard of the Ongole Mission and the new religion. He felt he must go and learn more about it. He walked all

the way, crossing the mountain range. He reached Cumbum; our school teacher there told him more about Jesus Christ. He walked on and on, till he came to us. I was deeply interested in the man, and believed he was a Christian. I advised him to go home and set his house in order and then come and join us. He was never heard from again. But he left his mark on me. Perhaps God sent him. Galiah told me with strong conviction that multitudes of his people would believe in the Lord Jesus if only they could hear of him. I wrote to America, May 15, 1871:

"Kurnool has been in my mind much since Galiah, the convert, went away. I think a missionary will have to go up there soon. You may think me visionary, but I cannot get rid of the thought—it haunts me night and day. I feel it more, I presume, because I have tried to keep our work on this side of the Nulla Mulla Hills, thinking that we finally could not go any further for years to come. If this work had been mine, I dare say I should have succeeded, but the work is God's and it goes where he pleases. I rejoice with trembling. O for help to be *strong* and *to quit ourselves like men.*"

Nearly five years had passed since then. I had not forgotten Galiah, the priest. I had sent Bezwada Paul and others beyond those mountains, and they had brought back reports that there were converts in that region. I talked with Rev. D. H. Drake, one of our new men, and we decided to go and spy out the land. If Mr. Drake and I had known how hard this tour was going to be, and how much it would cost him by way of ill-health, we might have hesitated. He often said afterward that it crippled his missionary career. Taken altogether, it was the most difficult tour of my missionary life and beset with many dangers.

With an adequate equipment of tents and men we started November 15, 1875. The first sixty miles took us through a number of important centers where our Christians lived. We preached to them everywhere and found them steadfast in faith, while many came, anxious to hear more about the Lord Jesus. Then we reached the foot of the Nulla Mulla Hills, a mountain range about 3,000 feet high and from fifteen to twenty miles wide. We began our climb before daybreak, and went ten miles through dense jungle. We reached a good camping place, with a well close by. A number of idols had been placed here by pious Hindus, to guard the spot and keep away the demons that send malaria. We decided to pitch our small tent here and spend the night. Tigers were prowling around. Two of our men were awake all night keeping a large campfire burning to protect our ponies and bullocks and ourselves as well from tigers and panthers. Meanwhile I had sent Obulu with four of our men ahead to take the large tent across the mountain and pitch it ready for us when we arrived on the other side. A man of the wild Chentsu tribe, which inhabits those hills, served as guide. Four bearers with bamboo torches were to show the way.

All went well with them until they came to a place where the road, just wide enough for a cart, wound round the side of a hill and up until it reached an elevation of probably two thousand feet. On the one side was a mountain a thousand feet higher still, and on the other side an awful precipice, nearly perpendicular, a thousand feet down to the valley below. Here the bullocks became frightened at something, and the cart toppled over. A friendly tree, just in the right place, caught it, else the cart, my tent, bulls and cartmen would all have gone down the precipice. The men righted the cart, and then Obulu called to them, "Our God has delivered us

from a horrible death. We must give him thanks." They took time to build a fire to keep off the tigers, and then they all bowed down with Obulu to pray. One after another they gave thanks. Even those hillmen, with incoherent words, acknowledged Obulu's God. There the next morning at eight I came upon them, as I was going ahead of the rest on my pony. I had to put fresh courage into Obulu and his little caravan before they were willing to go ahead. We all went together and reached the other side, thankful to be safe from tigers and jungle fever.

Those tigers on our way gave us a good deal of anxiety. The mountain pass was full of them, and some went prowling even in the day. We never knew at what moment a tiger might spring upon our bullock driver and carry him off. It happened on that road which we were traveling, that a man-eating tiger had learned to lie in wait for the mail-carrier, as he ran along, a stick over his shoulder, the mail-bag at one end and some bells jingling at the other, to frighten away the snakes on the road. For three days in succession he ate a mail-carrier, and as it was known by telegram that no mail had arrived beyond the pass, all knew what it meant, and no native was willing to venture. An English officer decided to go and see what was wrong. He colored himself brown, tied on a loin cloth, took a gun on his shoulder with bells jingling on it, announcing his coming. He reached a place in dense jungle. A big tiger jumped out and was met by the gun. The Englishman looked about and saw three mail-bags with sticks and bells lying there and a few rags, giving evidence of the tiger's three meals. The great famine, several years later, thinned out those tigers. When the smaller animals began to starve because everything had dried up, the tigers were the next to starve. They grew bold in going long distances,

prowling about the villages, adding to the terrors of the famine-stricken people.

We rested on the other side of the pass and then moved on ten miles farther to the village Atmakur, where Bezwada Paul had been at work, now and then, for more than a year. A deputation had come to Ongole from this village some months before and asked for a preacher. I had sent one, and had told him to tell the people I was coming to see them. We now went to their hamlet and found a congregation of two hundred ready to listen. Later in the day ten came to the tent and asked to be received, as they had believed in the Lord Jesus for some time. Then a number who had been undecided, though also under instruction, joined those ten. Mr. Drake and I stayed another day, and I preached again to a large congregation. We examined the converts, and saw no reason why they should not be received. My diary says:

"We baptized twenty-six upon profession of faith in Jesus. At noon all assembled at the tent, and they chose four of their number as deacons, and Guraviah to be their pastor. Thus ended December 1, 1875, in establishing the first Baptist church, or branch church, west of the mountains, to be connected with the future Kurnool Baptist Mission."

The little company of believers begged for a missionary. They said hundreds would believe if they had some one there to teach them. This encouraged Mr. Drake. We had forty miles more to Kurnool, and when, just after sunrise, we entered the town, it presented a beautiful appearance, with the adjoining country, and the river flowing through. We called on the English officials, and looked about for a suitable bungalow for Mr. Drake.

Our homeward journey from Kurnool nearly cost several lives. We took the southern pass. The first night

we went eight miles through the jungle and had to camp in a miasmatic place. The next day, when we halted after five miles more, Mr. Drake was taken with jungle fever. Two hours later our cook fell ill. I secured a cart for each and we pressed on, to get beyond the range of tigers and malaria. After we left the mountains behind us we had to go in easy stages because of our sick ones. Soon Obulu fell sick, and I hired a cart for him. Next a preacher, and two days later the tent pitcher fell sick. I now had a caravan of five sick men. The most serious case was that of Mr. Drake. At times I wondered whether he would live. I had ample medicine with me for them all. But nine days of tedious journey lay between Ongole and the place where they fell sick. When at last we reached Ongole we had traveled over more than four hundred miles on horseback, or in carts, or on foot.

Six months later Mr. Drake settled in Kurnool. I called for volunteers among our preachers to go with him, and took from them a promise that they would not fail him in that distant city. The little center at Atmakur, which we had planted, throve well for a time. Later there was some falling away. During the years of the great ingathering hundreds professed faith in Jesus. There was a harvest in that direction, just as Galiah, the priest, told me seven years before would be the case.

Thus were the northern and western boundaries of our Telugu Mission staked during 1875. For twenty years we kept our work within the lines then marked. Later the younger men went somewhat farther, but practically the outposts remained the same.

An important move of those years was the founding of the Canadian Baptist Telugu Mission north of us. The work among the Telugus had a strong hold upon the Baptists in Canada. Mr. Day, the founder of our Telugu

Mission, had passed the last eighteen years of his life at home in Canada. Like a prophet of old, he said at the last, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He wrote to Dr. Jewett, a few months before his death, in 1871: "Oh how many times within a few years, when reading missionary news from our Telugu Mission, I have almost staggered under the weight of the good news, and like the disciples on one occasion after the resurrection of their Lord, 'believed not for joy and wondered.'" He did not live to hear of the thousands who had come. The hundreds stood as a fulfillment granted by God to this man of faith.

The interest aroused in Canada by the work of the Timpanys and McLaurins had led to large giving. It was decided to begin an independent work among the Telugus by opening a station at Cocanada, an important seaport town about two hundred miles northeast of Ongole. Accordingly, when I returned to India in 1874, Dr. and Mrs. McLaurin resigned their connection with our society and began work in Cocanada. They were soon joined by other men and women from Canada. In 1878 Mr. and Mrs. Timpany also united with this new mission, leaving behind, on the Ramapatnam field, a strong membership of nearly eight hundred. Much fraternal interest has always characterized the relations between the Canadian Mission and our own.

There is a half-circle of Baptist missions along the coast of the Bay of Bengal, extending over three thousand miles. These missions are at work among people of various origin, speaking various languages. One after another, in the course of the century, they came from England, the United States, Canada and Australia, clustering side by side in a neighborly way. Dr. William Carey made the beginning in 1793, founding a large

English Baptist mission in and beyond Calcutta. This formed the middle of the half-circle. Dr. Adoniram Judson, after calling upon American Baptists to form a society, began in 1813 in Burma, and the work extended into Assam. Dr. Judson was at one end of the half-circle. Our Telugu Mission was at the other end of it. He began in 1813, while our expansive period began fifty years later, in 1864.

That half-circle of Baptist missions stands for much hard work and much faith. Innumerable strands of influence reach out to connect the men of India with Christian men of several continents. The divine life of Jesus Christ finds expression in this connection. Men looked to him and did their work in his name.

XV

AN INDIAN FAMINE

THE half-yearly monsoon, in the summer of 1876, had failed. We all were anxiously watching the clouds. If another monsoon season passed with cloudless sky a famine was inevitable.

In September of that year I went on tour. I wanted especially to go into the Kanigiri and Podili taluks to see the Christians; for I had heard that they were suffering through the scarcity which had already begun. Periah, as arranged, met me when I reached those taluks. He told me I could go no farther. He said my horse which I was riding, and the bullocks drawing the cart with my tent must starve if I proceeded further, which meant that I would have no means of returning home. I refused to believe that the outlook was already so dark. I tried all day to get straw to take along as fodder, but had to give it up. I was on the confines of the area where distress was already evident. Very reluctantly I turned and went back home. My heart was heavy with the trouble which I saw was coming.

The poor, dumb beasts were the first to suffer. Fodder had given out. Cattle were fed on the leaves of trees and shrubs, made eatable by soaking and pounding. Even that supply was exhausted. Out in the jungle the rabbits and deer died out. Tigers roamed about hungry. Jackals alone were thriving, for they fed on the dead.

The Nellore district was famous for its breed of cattle. The government occasionally instituted cattle shows. I always took an interest in these efforts to increase the prosperity of the community. The Sudras began now to feel hard pressed. The beautiful cattle, which were their pride, and stood for their wealth, were starving. Dealers from all parts of India were coming to buy up the best. They were unscrupulous, and offered a beggarly price. The Sudras appealed to me. I stepped in for them as go-between. I was a farmer's son, and knew the value of cattle. I helped a few, and the report of it spread. Soon the Sudras refused to sell, except through me. The dealers began to come straight to me. I could not spare the time to conduct small sales. They brought the cattle to me in droves. A sale of one hundred cows in one day was the highest I reached. I always arranged for a fair price. The governor in Madras heard of it and twice sent me a large order to fill for his household. Soon all the cattle were gone. Only the wealthiest Sudras could keep a few and feed them somehow. It took the prosperous farming community years to rise from the calamity which fell upon them at the beginning of the famine.

The Madigas, being on the bottom round of the ladder, were the next to suffer the pangs of hunger. Even when harvests were good they were never far from the condition where they had only one meal a day. For a time they fed on the cattle that died of starvation. Then distress began. Our Christians complained bitterly that they had a meal only once in two days and could not endure it much longer. Soon the preachers and helpers, of whom there were now sixty, wrote urgent letters to me. They had nothing to eat. The church members were themselves starving, and could not give them so much as a handful of rice. The willingness of the people

to provide for their preachers and teachers suffered a shock. They never wholly returned to their old habits of giving.

While we men of the white race were slowly becoming convinced that something on a large scale would have to be undertaken to relieve the growing distress, the Hindus were at work giving help in their own way. Families who had enough to eat went on half rations, in order to give to relatives who were starving. Wealthy men of every caste obeyed their sacred books, and fed a given number of people each day. Some fed only a few; some several hundred; there were Hindu gentlemen in Madras who fed two thousand each day. Even if only a little thin gruel was given, it sustained life. All through the famine the charity of the Hindus was in evidence. They joined us white men when the government now made an organized effort, backed by large expenditure from its treasury. There was blending here of Western and Eastern modes of charity. White men were familiar with organized efforts. The Hindus found that in this way also they could feed the poor and fulfill thereby the law of their religion.

The government of the Madras Presidency began in a masterly fashion to cope with the situation. Public works on a gigantic scale, which had been contemplated for years, were now undertaken in order to give employment to the starving. The construction of the Buckingham Canal was one of these and concerned us in our district. Thus far it had extended from Madras north about one hundred miles, and came to a stop a little beyond Nellore. The question had often been raised of extending the canal a hundred miles further. We had nothing north of Nellore but country roads, and they were impassable sometimes for weeks, during the rainy season. Engineers came and computed that it would

take four years to do the digging, which meant heavy expenditure. I pointed out in the Madras papers even before anyone thought of a famine, that those engineers had overestimated both the time and the money required for the canal project. It now came to pass that under stress of famine the one hundred miles of canal were completed in one year's time.

A leading government engineer, who had had experience in employing large bodies of working people, was instructed to have the whole program of operations ready. There was still hope that the usual northeast monsoon would come at the end of 1876, and that a famine would thereby be averted. It failed. Then the order was given. In three weeks' time officials were in their places, and one hundred thousand people were at work digging. The management of the whole project was admirable. Everywhere the motive to give relief was apparent. It was all on a humane basis.

I watched the work on the Buckingham Canal with keen interest. The line taken passed through the region where our Christians lived. They could thus be saved from starvation. I wanted to help them. It was clear to me that I must work in conjunction with government officials. I lost no time in offering my services to them. Everything they did was on a large scale. They had eight thousand tons of rice from Burma to transport in the direction of Cumbum, and asked me to contract for the necessary bullock carts. Cholera broke out in Ongole. It was prevalent in the district also. They gave me ten thousand cholera pills to distribute among our preachers, on condition that I would teach them how to help the sufferers.

The groups of people sitting on my veranda and under the trees in front of it gave evidence of the growing distress. They were from every part of my field, already

emaciated and asking me to help them. The preachers and teachers were coming and going with care-worn faces. Some friends, government officials among them, had placed money at my disposal to give to starving Christians. It was as nothing compared with what was even then required. I began to advise the able-bodied who came for help to go to the canal and dig; for the work on it was now approaching nearer. But I saw that I could not induce them to go there in numbers unless I was there myself. It was a question of the old disability of the Madigas. In principle the English officials allowed no distinctions to be made. When it came to practice, the overseers, who were closest to the people, had scope to oppress them and illtreat them. The Madigas preferred to die at home in their own hamlets.

I talked with the preachers. They had taken counsel with the village elders everywhere and knew the mind of the people. I saw that public opinion in our Christian community had taken hold of the question. The preachers acted as spokesmen for the people. They stood between me and the thousands whom I was anxious to keep alive, and intimated to me how it would have to be done. I was to create an opportunity for the Christians, and give them backing and protection. The preachers were ready to second my efforts. They pointed out to me that several of their number had at times been placed over gangs of coolies in road-making and other contracts. With these men as overseers the Christians would have no fears. The conviction grew upon me that I must personally take an active part in the hard work of that canal if I wanted to see our Christians get any benefit from it.

I decided to make a definite move. I went first to Kottapatam, a seaport town ten miles east of Ongole, where the engineers of that section of the canal had their

headquarters. I showed those engineers my certificate as United States Deputy Surveyor, given to me twenty years before in the wilds of Minnesota. It served as my card of admission. They saw at once that I was acquainted with the technical terms of surveying and could talk that language. I somehow fell right into line. To make a beginning I took a contract for one mile. My camp was to be located at Razupallem, a few miles south of Kottapatam. I sent my tent and my whole camping outfit to this place February 5, 1877, and here now I practically lived for four months.

Mrs. Clough, meanwhile, was in charge of our compound in Ongole. She bore a heavy load during those months. Cholera was always threatening. Regular mission work was disorganized. She had to help everyone make the best of the situation. A coolie was sent to me each day with water and supplies and my mail. I was kept in touch with all that was going on. Without this efficient coöperation we could not have carried the burdens of those days.

When the preachers saw that my tent now marked the place which was to be our camp, near Razupallem, they took courage, and were eager to do their part. I chose Thaluri Daniel, on account of his practical ability, to be at the head of the village of huts which had to be erected. I showed him the site, and how to lay out the one hundred huts in rows, forming little streets similar to camps along the whole line of the canal. The engineers furnished us with palm leaves and sticks for the huts. Several wells had to be dug. Potters had to bring a supply of pots for cooking. Native merchants were to come with bags of grain and set up a bazaar. I sent for millstones to grind the grain. Thus we made ready for that which was to come.

I went back to Ongole. Our preachers, meanwhile,

had gone out to tell the Christians everywhere about our camp. At a given time they were to come with companies from their fields. Wayside allowance had been granted for them, that they might not succumb on the way. An emaciated crowd of hundreds of our Christians arrived in our compound. I gave them food and sent them to our camp, and mounted my horse in order to arrive there before them. It was a night of great confusion as they took possession of huts and clamored for food. The preachers and I were hard pressed, but finally order prevailed. We were dealing with hungry people.

The work of digging began February 24, 1877. I took a spade and did the first stroke of work myself. We were supplied with picks and shovels. The men worked with these; the women filled baskets with earth and carried them away on their heads to empty on one side and return. The canal was to be twelve feet deep. We had about eight hundred coolies on our list. Everything seemed now in good order for work, then cholera broke out. My diary records:

"March 17, 1877: Ten new cases of cholera. Prospect bad.

"March 18: Trying all day to keep down a panic. Several new cases of cholera.

"March 20: Cholera thicker. Conclude not to send any more to Kottapatam hospital. The people beg not to be sent. Wrote to Dr. O'Hara and ask for a hospital here and a dresser. Out in the sun before the little cholera huts from early morning till noon giving medicines. Seven were down with cholera. One man was much frightened. He complained the liniment I put on him burnt him, and he refused the medicine. In another hut was a friend of this man, who shouted to him between his cramps and pains: 'Take the medicine! Stop groaning that way! Trust in

Jesus. Pray to Jesus. Do not be a coward.' He offered a silent prayer before he took a dose of medicine, and recovered. The other man died."

I began now to suspect the food the people were eating. I told the preachers to watch. They found the native merchants were bringing grain into the camp that was spoiled or only half ripe. It was cheap and the people bought it. This was contrary to my agreement with those merchants. I came upon two of them bringing spoiled grain into our bazaar. They dropped their bags in fear and ran when they saw me. The grain fell upon the ground and I stamped it with my feet till it was mixed with sand and no one could find and eat it. After that one of the preachers was in charge of the bazaar of the camp.

We found also that we would have to give special care to the new arrivals. The people came in groups, large or small, all in a starving condition. One of our older preachers, a man with a kind heart, was there and received them; he gave them something to eat and told them to rest. Often they were too hungry to wait; they ate the half-boiled grain out of the pot, and then lay down and died. If the preacher tried to make those who were weak drink gruel until they could bear a substantial meal they refused. It angered them. They said, "Never mind, let me eat; I am dying with hunger." Others were so emaciated, no matter how much they ate, they were always hungry. They ate oftener and more than their starved bodies could endure. Soon they were found lying somewhere very still, and those who looked at them found that they were dead.

The people saw that the preachers and I were caring for their needs, yet though we did everything in our power to put courage into them, a panic spread. They

said, "If we must die, let us go home and die there." Soon half the coolies on my list were either sick or dead, or had quietly, without saying anything, left for their homes. Only a few hundred remained. But I was now given a hospital for my camp. A dresser came and I gave him medical charge. Then I went home to Ongole, for I was worn out and not well.

Scarcely had I been at home a few days, resting while I attended to all the accumulation of work awaiting me there, when new distress sent me back to the canal. It began to rain heavily one afternoon, and continued the next day. I wondered how they were faring at the camp. As I listened during the night to the downpour I was glad only a few hundred coolies were left; for I knew the preachers could care for them till I could reach them. At sunrise I was on my horse. It had stopped raining. The Yellagundla River had come down between me and camp, one and a half miles wide, and from six inches to two feet deep. I had to cross this. When halfway across my horse gave out. Then I took to wading. The faithful men at camp were on the lookout for me. They came in a body to meet me. They offered to carry me the rest of the stretch through the water. It was so muddy I feared they could not—I walked. When I reached my tent I had been in wet clothes three hours, with the hot sun overhead. I wrote immediately to Major Chambers and reported the distress of my coolies, and he replied I might give subsistence allowance.

Thus the rain came for which we longed so much, but it came in torrents. We tided over the hardships that came through the cold dampness and were thankful; for the rain had kept off a water famine—one terror less.

Large companies of coolies were coming now to the camp. Those who had gone home panic-stricken returned and brought others with them. Several preachers

were going about everywhere over the field telling the people to come to the camp and dig and live. Wayside allowance was provided that they might not starve walking the weary miles to the canal. I knew that I must count upon a large increase in coolies in a short time. I therefore applied for a contract for three and a half miles, including the previous smaller contract.

My one thought was to keep the Christians and the adherents alive. But the reply to my application opened a different way to me. Lieut. Rawson, R. E., wrote to me March 20, 1877:

"I am very sorry indeed that you have cholera in your coolie camp. I hope that it will soon be better. I am perfectly willing to let you have from B. M. stone 110 to B. M. stone 136 on the condition that you mention *that, if your own Christian coolies cannot finish the contract, you will get in other people to help them.*"

I agreed to that condition about letting other coolies help on my contract if my Christian coolies could not finish it. I had no expectation that this contingency would arise. In the beginning my camp was emphatically a Christian coolie camp. Then the engineer in charge asked me to put on a larger force, and the numbers rose to over three thousand, only about half of whom were Christians. The other half here came under Christian instruction to which circumstances gave a peculiar force.

One preacher after another was now made overseer. They showed each other how to do the measuring and how to keep accounts. In order to produce a fellow-feeling between the overseers and the coolies I made it a rule that every man who applied for the post must first work among the diggers until blisters rose on his hands.

The men enjoyed it. They came and showed me their hands with every indication that they had been using pick and shovel. I said, "You will make good overseers." They went to work with a smile on their faces. The people knew that this had been done. It made a difference with them all. The preachers saw my meaning. It was a case of being all things to all men.

Each overseer was responsible for one hundred coolies. He had to calculate the amount of work done, and pay for it at sundown. With measuring rod in his hand, he was always there, and became acquainted with those under him. Wages were good; men saved up a few rupees, went home and sent other members of their families. Our preachers were now all at our camp. Their influence over the field was dominant, perhaps more than ever. The members of their flock came straight to them when they reached the canal. They brought tidings from the field. Messages were sent by those who returned home. The village elders especially formed a connecting link; many of them came to the canal, others stayed at home. They coöperated with the preachers. All took an interest in the hundreds and thousands who were now coming, who were not yet members of our Christian community. They were treated with all kindness by the preachers, and were made to lose their fear and to feel at ease.

Those leaders of the movement among the Madigas who had been at the head of the social uprising among them stood now, at intervals, along our three miles of canal. There were times when their number rose to thirty. The best among them struck the keynote. The rest followed. They were holding together with all the sense of fellowship that had already endured for many years. Related to one another and to many of those who came by family ties, the sorrows of the people were

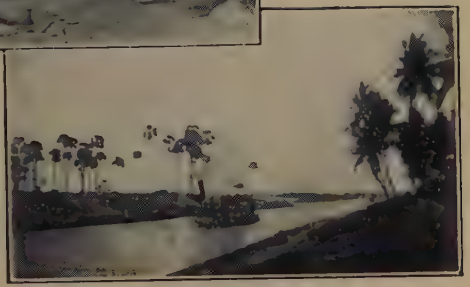
their own. They stood now in the hot sun, day after day, with no shade overhead. When a group of diggers sat down for a short rest they sat with them. They listened to stories about scattered families, and about those who had died. There was always the wail, "We are all dying." Out of their own sorrow they spoke comforting words. Not one of them had escaped affliction. Cholera had been abroad for some time. No one was safe. The wife of a preacher, going with him to the camp, lay down by the roadside, stricken, and died. Others in the camp were as sad as he. The roadsides in all that region were lined with the bleaching bones of those who could not go further. The preachers said afterward, "Our hearts were very heavy, and our Dhora's hair turned white during that year."

The name of Jesus was spoken all day long from one end of our line to the other. The preachers carried a New Testament in their pockets. It comforted the people to see the holy book of the Christians amid all their distress. They said, when they sat down for a short rest, "Read us again out of your holy book about the weary and heavy-laden." That verse, "Come unto me, all ye that labor"—was often all I had to give the people by way of comfort. The preachers were saying it all day long. It carried us through the famine. It was the verse of the ingathering. We all needed it; for even the strongest among us sometimes felt their courage sinking.

Thousands of Madigas were coming and going who had often heard about our Master, Jesus, but had put off hearing more. Thus far they had wanted above all things the favor of the caste people in whose service they were; they had faithfully worshiped the village gods. They came now to our camp, their minds filled with dread of the demons and fiends whom they had always tried to appease, but who, they thought, were now let

FAMINE SUFFERERS

COOLIES DIGGING



THE BUCKINGHAM CANAL

loose to slay the living. The preachers talked to them about Jesus Christ. They described to them how he healed the sick; how he loved little children; how he fed a multitude of people, lest they grow hungry on their way home. Those stories of Jesus sank into the minds of the listeners till they forgot about the demons. They began to think about Jesus and went home and found they believed in him.

It was Christianity applied in practice on our portion of the canal. The weakest were cared for most. There were children who had survived their parents, and were given protection. There were women without husband or brother, who were yet safe in our camp. Those who were too weak to work were given food just the same. All were treated well—yet they were Madigas. They would have hesitated to go to any other camp. The caste man could deny himself, and give half his meal to a starving man of his own caste. He would feel less willingness to help the Pariah. Now the caste people of all that region took notice. They watched my attitude. My tent was a little to one side of the village of huts. It served as anchorage to the camp. The preachers had access to me at all times. The coolies took courage because I was there to look out for them. The English officials often made it a halting place, as they passed that way on horseback, inspecting the work. They took tea with me, and stayed for a chat. They treated me as one of themselves, and I appreciated it. They were a fine type of Englishmen. The caste people decided that though "the Ongole Dhora had made a big Madiga of himself," he had not thereby lost caste with the men of the ruling race, since they came and ate with him. The social status of the Madigas was rising. The contact between West and East here shed light upon the Christian sense of the brotherhood of man.

March passed, and with April the hot season of the year began. I built a large shed over my tent, with a thick covering of palm leaves, to escape the danger of a sunstroke during the middle of the day. There was no help for the people. Heat was not dangerous to them, but they suffered under it. Then a calamity came upon us. My diary says:

"May 17, 1877: About eight in the evening very heavy rain commenced—evidently a cyclone. It rained fearfully all night. I took my tent full of old people and women with babies. I gave them Pain Killer and covered them up with common blankets, which I had on hand, to keep them from perishing with cold. At noon the rain ceased. By 3 o'clock two rivers came down in force and ran three or four feet deep over all my pits. At midnight the water had come to the west palm leaf shed over my tent, and was one and a half miles wide. Many of the huts were flooded and I expected my tent would be."

All this was hard to bear. For days all was wet and soaking, while the water was slowly receding. The emaciated bodies of the coolies were not fit to bear this cold dampness, while the hot rays of the sun beat upon them, with no shade over their heads. At night they huddled together, their teeth chattering, wondering when it would be their turn to die. I had to keep up my own courage by continually telling them that the Lord Jesus makes no mistakes, that it must be all right in some way. And so we worked on.

The hot winds came. They were terrible that year, and threatened to close the earthly career of us white men who had thus far held to our posts without flinching. The thermometer was at 110 degrees at midnight. The European officers in tents and huts along the canal were falling victims to this heat; four died of sunstroke in a

few days; others lay very ill from partial sunstroke; the higher officials were ordered away. The preachers grew alarmed for my safety. They said, "If you, too, were to die or fall sick, what good would it do to anyone? What could we do without you, with the famine still on us? Go back to Ongole to the bungalow. We will stay and carry on everything as if you were here. If we get into some great trouble you will still be near enough to help us."

I saw that they were right. It was time for me to withdraw. I knew the sub-engineer of that part of the canal. The preachers were willing to work under his supervision. I gave my contract over to him and returned to Ongole. The work continued several months longer. I was in touch with all that was happening at the camp, helping several times when an emergency arose. The whole stretch of more than one hundred miles of canal was completed in August, 1877. Afterward the chief engineer of our section of thirty-five miles took occasion to write to me: "I am glad to say that your portion of the canal is the best on the whole line. It is so uniform, and cut to proper depth without ups and downs as everywhere else."

I saw from the Madras papers that the government was instituting relief work on a large scale here and there in the famine area. I was anxiously hoping that something of the kind would be opened in our part of the country. I knew the executive engineer, J. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., who carried the Buckingham Canal project through with admirable skill. I wrote to him about a scheme for irrigation on a large scale. Many a time, during the previous years, when I was fording the rivers north and south of Ongole, I thought that all this water ought to be utilized. I pointed out possible ways and

means to Mr. O'Shaughnessy. This was his reply, dated August 6, 1877:

"I have often thought that *all* the rivers in the north, the Munnair, the Palair, the Moosee, and the Gundlacumma, could be turned to most useful account, but I have not had a moment to spare for investigating what should be done. Some day, no doubt, these rivers will be taken up. The quantity of water that escapes by them to the sea, year after year, or even month after month, is enormous, while, as you know, the people through whose lands it goes away to waste would give their lives almost to be able to store it for their use. I sent an extract from one of your letters to the government and I have been informed that the letter I sent with it, as well as the extract itself, have been sent to the secretary of state. There is a compliment to you, and through you to me. Let's hope some good will come of it."

But nothing came of it. The scheme was considered too expensive. Down to the present time all that water flows into the sea. Engineers are sometimes sent to investigate. They hand in their reports and by reason of expense the project falls through. It is a pity that it was not taken up at that time. Large sums of money were expended in operations of that kind: roads were made, artificial lakes were dug, railroads constructed, and many thousands were thus helped. It was the better way; for there is a difference between giving a man the money he has earned and putting into his hand the dole of charity. The saving of the self-respect of the people was an object in itself.

We had now gone through six months of famine, preceded by six months of scarcity. Twice the half-yearly monsoon season had passed with cloudless sky. When the cyclone came in May, bringing floods of water, the grass sprang up. Much grain was sown, but the long-

continued hot winds withered and dried up everything. From June to August was the season for the southwest monsoon. Millions were praying for rain. The Hindus prayed to the gods of the land. The Mohammedans besought Allah. We of the Christian religion begged our God to send rain. The time passed. No rain came. We all knew that now it had become a case of hand-to-hand fight with death.

The government of the Madras Presidency already had on its relief works nearly a million people, and another million was fed gratuitously in relief camps. In the Bombay Presidency, and in the native states, relief on the same scale was going on. Yet, great as these figures of those obtaining relief may seem, they were small compared to the forty million people who were living in the famine area, eighteen million of them in the Telugu country. Large quantities of grain continued to be brought into the country by the government. An increasing number of people had not the money with which to buy. An organized effort had to be made to bring money into India and into the hands of those who needed it in order to sustain life. Englishmen rose to the emergency. In August, 1877, a meeting of prominent citizens in Madras was called. The governor presided. A resolution was adopted to cable to the lord mayor of London, and to the mayors of several other large cities in the British Isles, requesting immediate aid, as distress was great. This resulted in the Mansion House Fund—a great public charity, which still stands almost unequaled. For nine months money from England and the colonies came pouring into India.

When those Englishmen appealed to their mother country for help, my American patriotism rose up within me. I remembered the golden corn of Iowa and Illinois. If only we had some of that in starving India! I could

not keep quiet about this. I knew the secretary of the board of revenue in Madras, and wrote to him about that abundance in America which could so easily overflow into India. I told him about American farmers in some states who were using Indian corn for fuel because it was cheaper than coal. I suggested a cable to President Hayes and to the governors of the great corn-growing states. I said: "I know America and Americans well. It is not their nature to do things on a small scale. They have so much money that thousands of them do not know what to do with it. To give it to India now in this awful calamity would not only do us good, but them also."

This letter was inserted in a leading Madras daily paper. There was a long editorial about it. In those years the nations were beginning to stand by each other in times of calamity. England had shown a splendid helpfulness at the time when a terrible fire leveled a great portion of Chicago to the ground. The editor did not doubt that Americans would be swift to return this good will to England's dependency. But there was no way of making connection. America as yet had few points of contact with India. Spontaneous gifts therefore were few. As for an appeal to American high officials, there was no one, either individually or collectively, competent to urge this without thereby being guilty of discourtesy to the supreme government. It could not be done at that time. All that I longed for came to pass in 1900 when famine was again afflicting India. Dr. Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald,* of New York, created a channel by which American money was sent to India in large amounts. Ships laden with American corn came into Bombay harbor. I had some of it in Ongole and distributed many bagsful among the hungry. International helpfulness had grown.

Some weeks passed before the "Mansion House Fund" was in full operation. It was hard to wait for the relief it brought. My diary tells of times when I sat up till midnight after a hard day's work, writing letters with appeals, and how I rose at four in the morning to get in some hours of writing before the people woke up and began to besiege me. I wrote to friends in America and in England. I appealed to the missions of our society in Burma and Assam. They had no famine there. The Karen Christians in Burma began to deny themselves in order to send help to their starving brethren on our side of the Bay of Bengal, when they heard of my telegram, "Thousands Christians starving, please solicit subscriptions." The several thousand rupees they sent helped to tide us over the time till something could be done on a larger scale.

Starving men and women were dragging themselves into our compound wailing for help. Sometimes they lay down for rest when they had reached our gate and never got up again. I was on my feet from morning till night trying at least to give a hearing to those who had come for help, and paying out the small amounts which friends were putting into my hands to those who needed help most. When I told them I had nothing more to give they found it hard to believe me. I was to many their last hope. Almost every day caste people came, walking many miles, to ask me to buy their jewelry. It was the custom for families to put their savings into their jewels. As the native dealers would not give a fair price, the people begged me to buy, and at least to help them thus. Otherwise all they had would buy food only for a few days. It was hard to witness the distress.

Again we were approaching the monsoon season. This time we did not wait in vain. In October, 1877, rain came. It was an abundant monsoon. The government

distributed seed grain. Everyone, no matter how small his plot of ground, came in for his share—so much per acre. Bullocks and buffaloes were gone; men hitched themselves to the plow. Some had sold their plow, a crude implement of wood; it had bought a few meals. They now took crooked branches to make the furrows and carefully, with *mantras,* they dropped in the seed. It rotted in the ground. The fields were sown a second, a third, and in some cases a fourth time. At last the crops looked promising, and a sense of relief came over us all. Then grasshoppers came in great numbers. Some fields were wholly destroyed by them; many were so badly injured that not more than one-fourth of a crop could be expected. Those weeks were hard to bear. The fluctuating between hope and despair tried even the strongest and bravest among us.

The supposition is that the famine cost more than three million lives. It would have cost many million more but for the Mansion House Fund, and the Englishmen in Madras, who perfected in the shortest possible time a gigantic organization for the distribution of the money. William Digby, Esq., editor of the *Madras Times,* was from the beginning a leading spirit in the enterprise. He now served as honorary secretary. An Executive Famine Relief Committee was formed in Madras on which twenty-five leading gentlemen of Madras served. Many of them were business men who gave up their noon hours to the careful arrangement of the large financial transactions. Leading Hindus and Mohammedans, who were men of affairs, were on this committee. The wealth of India became apparent in princely donations which came especially from several rajahs. The money was not by any means the gift of the white race only. Nor was it a charity conducted on a large scale by Protestant Christianity. The Roman Catholic Church was in every

way represented. It was a scheme that was all-inclusive. Men forgot their differences of race and creed. They stood shoulder to shoulder in fighting away death from millions of their fellow-men.

Over all the famine-stricken area a network of local committees sprang up in short time. Everyone who could serve, and had the will to do it, was set to work. Here again the doors were wide open: true interest for humanity was the requisite. A large number of missionaries were stationed in the famine area. They came from several continents and represented many differences in their beliefs and practices. On one point they were of one mind: They wanted to help. Everywhere they joined the local committees, often they were the ones on whom the main burden was placed. Their compounds became relief camps and hospitals. They carried help into the villages. They were everywhere and stood for all that was humane and right. In some cases the general committee in Madras knew of no one in a given locality who could relieve the suffering but some missionary residing there.

Our Telugu Mission was in the famine area. Our missionaries bore the burdens of those days. Dr. Downie was honorary secretary and treasurer of the local committee in Nellore. I held a similar post in Ongole. Our missionaries in Ramapatnam living in the Ongole subdivision drew on me for funds to disburse. Dr. Albert Loughridge, who was in Ongole, went into the taluks where our Christians lived and carried help to them. He served on our local committee in Ongole, which included our submagistrate, our apothecary, an engineer and several native gentlemen. Our first remittance came early in November, 1877. I had asked for twenty-five thousand rupees to distribute. The general committee sent us fifty thousand rupees. For more than six months we

were now engaged in disbursing money. Our Ongole local committee rendered account at stated intervals to the Madras general committee. The amount which passed through our hands was approximately one hundred thousand dollars.

We drew on every available agency to help in the distribution. Most of the taluks over which I had toured during the preceding ten years were in our subdivision. I knew many of the village officials. This helped me now in placing reliance on them. Especially in the distribution of seed grain the village officials had to help us; for they could easily ascertain how many acres a man owned and how much seed grain he therefore ought to be given. Large remittances were sent to the *tahsildars* of our adjoining taluks.

Our mission bungalow was the scene of much activity during the months while the fields were sown again and again, until at last a good crop was ripening for harvest. Day after day Mrs. Clough and I were trying to meet the demand made upon us. We were now dealing with caste people, with Mohammedans, especially with the Sudra landowners, when they came for seed grain. Many a family was destitute and needed a few rupees to make a new start in life. I sent the women and children to Mrs. Clough, who, with a force of helpers, was carrying on relief operations on the west side of our bungalow. She had a storeroom there, which we kept full of grain, also clothes for the aged and medicines for the sick. I was on our large front veranda, accessible to everyone, with a staff of workers to help me. We took up each case separately. Our helpers had ascertained the detail, and could tell the people how to state in a few words what was needed. There was much uniformity—all had gone through the same experience and now had similar needs. Special cases received special consideration.

These were public funds which we were distributing. There was an exodus from the villages toward Ongole. My diary speaks of times when there must have been twenty thousand people in Ongole asking for relief. Our magistrate sent the sergeant and five constables to our compound to keep order. At four in the afternoon he had the drum beaten up and down the streets, and a crier told the people to go to their homes, as no more money would be paid on that day. My diary now and then has the record of some special day. On one of these Mrs. Clough and I worked steadily for five hours, and found that we had given to more than six hundred people of all castes an aggregate of nearly four thousand rupees. We placed the money in the hands of those for whom it was intended, or legitimate substitutes. There was a possibility often that the people were deceiving us in their statements. They had gone through bitter privation, and the silver coins in our hands looked inviting. Yet Mrs. Clough and I were not new in the country; we instinctively knew when we were told a lie. The helpers who surrounded us could detect discrepancies in the statements made. Besides, public opinion was speaking a word: we were dealing honorably by the people—they felt bound to deal fairly by us.

Month after month our compound was the place where hungry people came to whom we were the only hope. The Pariah class especially besieged us. That submerged tenth of the population in our region would nearly have died out but for us. Groups of them lingered near the bungalow day after day: hunger was gnawing. We had men there to keep order; the people evaded their control. After Mrs. Clough and I had done our utmost, standing on our verandas for hours at a time giving to the people, and finally had gone into the house and closed the doors, we still left a hungry crowd outside, murmuring against

us. We sat down to our simple meal, and they would have snatched our food if they could have done it. The servants used to tell afterward how they had to watch their opportunity to get our meals from the cookhouse to the dining-room, a distance of twenty yards. They held the covered dishes high over their heads and started on a run, to escape the clawlike hands that were stretched out. That whole famine was an experience which beggars description.

Our Christians were in great want. Most of them could find no work to do. To many this made no difference; they were too weak to work. A large number were sick. Few had grain to eat. Leaves, herbs, seeds of grass, and weeds were greedily used as food; for it was all they could get. Many died in consequence. The small children of Christians died in great numbers. Our preachers kept themselves informed. They gave me detailed account of how matters stood, and told me of the Christian villages where distress was greatest. I had money in hand, given by Christian friends in America, England and India, with the request that it be used for our Christians. I knew of no way to get it into their hands except to send it to them by our preachers. I felt great hesitation; for I feared the consequences of this course. I talked it over with them. It was decided that twenty of our oldest and most trusted men should go on this errand, carrying help. I gave to each several hundred rupees, according to the number of destitute families on his field.

The men went their way, some forty, some sixty, some eighty miles from Ongole. They had orders to write down names and amounts in every village where they made disbursements, and to get a receipt in each case for the total amount, countersigned by the village officials, to bring back to me. They were to give to the aged, the

sick and the helpless; they were not to refuse anyone they met on the way starving who asked for enough to buy a meal. Theirs was a hard task. They found men greedy and grasping in their demand for help. The finer feelings of family relationship were blunted as the stronger members of families wrangled with the aged and weak, and begrudged them the help they were getting. It angered the able-bodied to be passed by. They never forgot it. Our preachers complained in after years that their position had thereby been reversed. The people, instead of providing for them as they had previously done, were now inclined to resentment because help was not again brought to them. Starvation is an experience that drags men down. Emaciated, sick, poor beyond expression, our Christians had to regain their footing when the famine was over. It was a wonder that they had retained as much of self-respect and independence as they had; for it was a terrible experience. The famine frustrated much of my hope for a self-sustaining mission. I lost ground which I never fully regained.

The months passed and the distress grew less and less. Fair crops were harvested. There was fodder for cattle. By the middle of 1878 the people began to lift their heads once more and take courage. It was many a year before the traces of the two years of famine disappeared. The old prosperity was slow to come back. Wealthy families had become impoverished. Villages here and there had partly died out. The children who survived were stunted in growth. There were faces everywhere that never lost the look of starvation.

Most of us who had made the distress of the people our own could now go back to our ordinary pursuits. The sense of human fellowship that arose among us men, who were banded together to save the starving, gave us a sustaining strength. We all were upheld by

our sense of duty, which with most of us was nourished by our faith in God. The Hindus and Mohammedans were guided by the rules of their religion, which command them to aid those in trouble. They lacked organizing capacity in their benevolence. With amazement they looked on as we of the white race put all our practical instincts and business talents to work in carrying on relief. They saw how we drew our motive largely from the religion of Jesus Christ. There was something in this that many a thinking man among the higher classes of the oriental race felt he wanted to absorb, even though he desired to remain faithful to his own religious tenets. The outcaste classes in several parts of South India turned to Christianity by thousands. Their power of believing had been touched. They must have died if the followers of the Christian religion had not saved them from starving. They discarded their idols and came to Jesus Christ.

XVI

NINE THOUSAND IN SIX WEEKS

LONG before the famine was at an end I knew that thousands were believing in the Lord Jesus and were ready to ask for baptism. I knew that when once I opened the doors of the church to the people they would come in throngs. If was my intention to exercise the greatest care and, if possible, to avoid baptizing in large numbers.

Regular mission work had practically been suspended while we all bent our energies toward keeping the starving alive. The village schools were closed; the preachers had given up their routine work. There had been no baptism since March, 1877. It was understood by all that so long as the famine lasted, no one would be received. I explained to the preachers my reasons for this. They were not as clear to them as they were to me. However, I held to my course.

The people were knocking at the gates of the church. They made themselves heard. Letters came pouring in upon me voicing the request of groups of people—families and villages. They wanted baptism. Deputations from villages came, some a distance of sixty miles, with village elders as spokesmen. They assured me that the request of the people was sincere. Their minds were not fixed on rupees: they wanted salvation for their souls. There was much similarity in their statements. They all had heard the preachers and me tell the story of Jesus

before the famine, but had not heeded what we said. Now, however, they understood better about our religion. They all declared they would ask no help from me; they only begged for baptism. They wrote or said:

"We are very poor; our huts are fallen down, and we have not much to eat but leaves; but we do not ask you for money. We will not ask you for the smallest copper coin, even though we starve to death; but we believe in Jesus, and, as he commanded us, we want to be baptized. We can die, if it be God's will; but we want to be baptized first. Be pleased to grant our request, and do not put us off any longer. May the Lord help us all!"

Somehow the impression had gone abroad among the people that they could not be received into the heaven of which the preachers and I had told them so often, unless they had been baptized. Life was terribly hard for them; death was always at hand; they wanted at least to make sure of the joys of heaven. I let them feel that their request was heeded, and that I was taking a deep interest in them and expected them to continue in their faith in Jesus. I assured them that the Lord Jesus knew all about them, and that if any one of them prayed to him with all his heart, he was aware of it. I told them they need not fear to die, even though not yet baptized; for Jesus would know them at once, and give them a good place in his holy heaven, where neither sorrow nor want could touch them. This comforted them. It did not reconcile them to the delay.

During those months of waiting the preachers and I took a firm hold upon the situation. I knew the state of the whole field; while they knew their own portions of it intimately. They gave me detailed accounts, and I helped them distribute their forces, so that all the converts were under instruction. I wrote of them:

"In the meantime, the native preachers kept a careful record of all believers, and taught them as well as they could. Each preacher seemed to have, and no doubt did have, special help from on high to meet all the demands of the occasion. Weak men, just able to read the Bible, preached with earnestness and power, sometimes continuing their evening meetings until morning; while the able preachers of former years each became a host."

The preachers were ready for that which was now before us. Our three thousand Christians were ready. The Ongole church was in a condition, spiritually, that made large additions to its numbers possible. The faith of all had been severely tested. At the beginning of the famine, especially, many of the caste people demanded of the Christians that they should give up this new religion. It was said over all that region that the demons and fiends of the land had gone forth, thirsting for the lives of men, because large numbers of Madigas had disengaged themselves from propitiating them as formerly. Not only had the rain been withheld, but the demons that strew cholera like seed over the land had broken loose. They were angry—they had been neglected and set aside—there was only one remedy. The Madigas must return to their old-time duties. They were urged to beat the drums and to dance the *sivam*—the dance of possession—so that the demons might find expression through them and be appeased. It often took courage to refuse. Afflicted twice over, through hunger and through the hatred of those to whom they had to look for employment, the Christians nevertheless stood firm. When the famine began I could write of them:

"The Christians, though in great distress, are firm in the faith. I have not heard of one who has renounced his faith in Jesus, though the heathen abuse them awfully in many

places, and charge them with being the cause of the famine, and urge them to return to the gods of their fathers. I am in receipt of the best of news as to the Spirit's work over the Ongole mission field. Many are believing in Jesus." (December 11, 1876.)

Later, when the famine was at its worst, I wrote:

"As for the Christians, I do not know of any who have actually died of hunger, though probably many have been attacked with cholera brought on by improper food. The Lord has been very, very good to us here. Though many have died and gone to heaven, though all have suffered from hunger, and, though abused by heathen and told that they were the cause of the famine, I have not yet heard of a single convert denying Jesus." (April 10, 1877.)

Thus they held firmly to their trust in Jesus while the mass of the people were still putting their trust in idols.

"Idols were worshiped at the beginning of the famine freely, enthusiastically; and Brahman and other priests again and again promised rain, seed time, and harvest; but all these promises had proven to be false. By the beginning of 1878 the mass of all castes and creeds were convinced that idols could not help them. Had they not cried night and day for well-nigh two years to their gods and sacrificed to them time and again, and yet the rain came not? Then when it did come, and they so piously sowed the seed, notwithstanding all their *mantras,* it rotted. Then the charity of English Christians enabled them to sow their fields again; but their idols did not keep the grasshoppers away. Many—and the aggregate would make a multitude—had so lost faith in the gods of their fathers that they felt that a last appeal must be made, even to Jesus Christ, as the one, the only living God; and about him, and how to call upon him so as to be heard, the most orthodox Hindus even were glad to listen."

The general opinion at the close of the famine was that Jesus Christ, as the God of the English and American people, was the one who had helped his followers to cope with the distress. The seed grain from which a harvest had finally been reaped came by his blessing. The caste people felt that he was entitled to a niche in the Hindu Pantheon. A great change was wrought in the minds of many in our district. The essential truths of the Christian religion were well understood by the mass of people, of whatever caste. Faithful, though unlearned, men had preached everywhere for eleven years. Bible portions and tracts had been for sale at nominal cost in every bazaar of the Ongole mission field. I realized that the spiritual outlook in that region was very different in many respects from what it had ever been before. But there was no actual turning to Jesus Christ among the caste people. The Madigas only came.

I was under great pressure at that time. My own convictions dictated one course. My hesitation on account of Christian public opinion among the men of my own race dictated another course. Mine was not the only mission located in the large famine area which had to face an emergency of this kind. I noticed in the daily papers in India, and also in religious journals, that there were frequent references to "rice Christians" as a result of the famine. Often there were critical remarks made in a somewhat hostile spirit. If this was done where the medium course of enrollment was pursued, surely my course of letting baptism follow upon profession of faith would be open to much comment. Yet I was a Baptist minister and could do nothing else. I looked at the subject from every point of view during those months. I was slow to act, until events forced a decision upon me.

The first definite demonstration of the fact that I was dealing with thousands came at the end of December,

1877. We were at that time hard at work in distributing famine relief supplied by the Mansion House Fund. Plentiful rains had come, but adverse conditions still prevented a harvest. I had issued a call to the preachers to come to Ongole for a meeting, and had asked them in my letters, in emphatic terms, to persuade the people to stay at home. My hands were tied; I could do nothing for them, and was unwilling to have them come to Ongole and find themselves disappointed. The preachers did their best. Some rose up in the night and started while all were sleeping. Before they had come many miles, they found that hundreds were following them. They persuaded many to go back to their villages. Nevertheless, a multitude came.

The people refused to stay away. They came thronging into the compound. An impression had gone abroad that I was going to institute some new measure of relief by which they could work and live, as they had done in our camp on the canal. We gathered them together and I talked to them. I told them that I had no work for them. They were sorely disappointed. Then those who had come to ask for baptism raised their voices. From every portion of the crowd before me the cry rose: "Baptize us! We all are going to die of hunger! Baptize us first!" I was in a hard place. I could see that my reasons for refusing them did not convince them. The converts and the preachers were willing to trust me; they took for granted that I would do what was right by them. It was not possible for me to explain to them fully the motives for my hesitation. I told them that I believed they were telling me the truth about their faith in Jesus Christ. I prayed with them, and committed them to his care.

To send these people home, walking the weary miles back, hungry, fainting by the way, disappointed twice

over, was something which I could not do. As yet there had been no harvest. They were managing somehow to keep body and soul together. Hungry they were when they came, yet they were patient. They did not clamor for help; they clamored for work, and part of them for baptism. I asked the preachers to count them. There were about three thousand; half of that number were Christians. I knew I was mingling temporal help with spiritual demands. I saw no other way to do. Not even Jesus, my Master, was willing to let the multitude go hungry—hence the loaves and fishes. In an orderly way we arranged it, so that I could put a small coin into the hand of each person, enough to keep them from starving on the way home. They said *salaam* and went. This was on December 24, 1877.

Perhaps what I had done was not right. At any rate, it was made impossible for me to repeat it. I now was hedged in by two forces, one representing the most democratic type of Christianity, the other the most hierarchical. The spokesman of the one was Dr. Warren; the spokesman of the other was a Roman Catholic priest.

On the day when I sent home the fifteen hundred who had knocked so loudly at the door of our church I learned that Father Theophilus Mayer, a Roman Catholic priest, was staying at the traveler's bungalow in Ongole. There were Christians belonging to his church in a number of villages at some distance from Ongole, yet in our subdivision. I knew that he had been passing back and forth, carrying relief to them. The secretary of the Mansion House Fund also, some weeks previously, had called my attention to this fact. He wanted me to invite Father Mayer to join our local committee, so that not even a seeming distinction of race or creed might be made. I now took action in the matter. I wrote him an official letter and invited him to become a member of

our local committee. His reply, dated December 24, 1877, is still among my papers. According to my diary, he took dinner with us on the next day, being Christmas. We had a long talk. He placed himself in line with us and called on me for funds to distribute in that region. Repeatedly, in passing through Ongole, he was our guest.

He was a man a good deal above the average in natural equipment. I remember saying to him, "Mayer, they will yet make a bishop of you." I was correct about this. Early in his career the Pope appointed him Auxiliary Bishop in Madras. His death, widely regretted, cut short further advancement. In a friendly way I tried to convert him and make him what I considered a good Christian. He, in turn, tried to show me the error of my ways. I remember well how he told me that I was out of my rightful place among the Baptists, and that if I would become a Roman Catholic, even though a man with a family, I would be given a place I could well fill. As men we felt that we had much in common. In our religious connections we both were working with our utmost zeal. Perhaps I am not mistaken in saying that we looked regretfully at each other across the gulf of ecclesiastical difference that lay between us, and wished we could join hands.

When a few days had passed after that decisive December 24th, I received a letter from Dr. Warren, which stirred me deeply. I had no need of telling him what was coming to pass in the Ongole Mission. Living on the other side of the world, he was describing it to me a full month in advance. Only a few sentences from this letter have been preserved:

"You have been gathering the ones, the fives, the tens, the twenties. All right; all as it should be; all as it must from the necessities of the case be. That dispensation you

must pass through to prepare you for another and grander one: the dispensation of hundreds and thousands in a day, so to speak. They will come, so many of them, in groups, whole villages, whole districts at once, that you will not know what to do with them or with yourselves."

I began to feel the backing of the men of my denomination. If Dr. Warren was with me I could count on the rest. He had a way of sitting quietly in denominational councils, listening to others. At a decisive point a few sentences from him changed the current of the discussion—men followed his lead. In his letter at this time his spirit touched mine. I wrote a full reply, and told him that his prophetic words were already fulfilled. I described the recent occurrence in our compound and gave him my reasons for refusing the people.

Then came a long letter which he had written slowly at intervals on his bed; for he often had times of much suffering. It reached me May 12, 1878, when the crisis in my mission was coming closer and closer. To me it was a document of great value. I tied it in a package with other letters from Dr. Warren. It was kept in a place which I considered safe. I went to it one day and found a small heap of dust where that package had been. The white ants had destroyed it. Like a true westerner, I was fond of my horse and relied on it, but I have often said that I would rather have lost my horse than to have lost that package of letters. In a newspaper article of that year the following extract from that decisive letter was made:

"But suffer me to say it to you, and you may tell it to whom you will, *shut not down the gate!* I tell you God is in this thing, as he was in the miracles of Jesus. No, Brother, do not shut down the gate, let whoever else will do so wicked a thing."

Another sentence in the letter stands out boldly in my memory and I have often quoted it. He wrote:

"Brother Clough, what is this that I hear of your refusing to baptize those who sincerely ask for the ordinance? Who has given you a right to do this? You know how Table Rock, after hanging over that mighty precipice at Niagara Falls for ages, lately fell into the abyss beneath, never to be seen again. Thus you will drop out of sight if you continue to stand in the way and refuse to administer God's ordinances, no matter what your motives may be."

This moved me profoundly. For Dr. Warren, of all men, thus to warn me gave me a sense of fear. Events were pressing upon me, no doubt. But I did not lack guidance. Here was a man who spoke to me with all the authority of a teacher—of a prophet. I knew he was right. I was bound to render a full and loyal obedience. Officially our relations had ceased eight years before. In a deeper, spiritual sense I revered him as my superior.

Some weeks passed. The days were crowded with work. I was daily giving out seed grain. There was still a balance in my hands of funds placed at our disposal from the Mansion House Fund to relieve the suffering that lingered on long after the actual famine was over. Nothing further had occurred to force a decision upon me. I was waiting to let matters take their course, ready to act as soon as all relief had stopped and no one need therefore doubt the motives of applicants for baptism.

Something now happened that urged me into immediate action. A month had passed since I received Dr. Warren's decisive letter. Then, on June 15, I learned that Father Mayer and another priest had come to Ongole on their itineracy, and were staying at the traveler's

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bungalow. The inhabitants of Ongole during the past six months had come to look on Father Mayer as a man who was working in connection with me. They saw that there was fellowship between us. Concerning the differences that divided us, not even the most intelligent of the people had a clear idea. Our Madigas took it for granted that he was a man of the same Christian religion to which I belonged. When those who had repeatedly asked me for baptism now spoke to him about their desire for church membership he gave them a sympathetic hearing. I heard of this. The crisis was now on me.

I lost no time. I went to the traveler's bungalow to talk with the two priests. It was all done in an amicable spirit, but it is safe to say that I never worked harder during any two hours of my life than I did during that interview. In a straightforward way they told me that their bishop considered it an anomaly that thousands of converts should be kept waiting, asking repeatedly for admission into the church, only to be met with a continued refusal. Their church was having large accessions in other parts of the famine area. They intimated to me that if the religious body to which I belonged could not, on principle, allow me to cope with this situation, their church had no such restrictions. During the past months they had reported the condition of the field to their bishop. They had held back, expecting that I would take action. But now they had orders to gather this harvest, since no one else did.

I appealed to their sense of justice. I told them they had come to reap where they had not sown, and that it was unfair, and all the world would say so. I told them that the Baptist denomination in America had supported the Telugu Mission for forty years and that the converts who were waiting for baptism had been taught by their agencies. I spoke of the dissensions which were bound

to come if they persisted. The Madigas in many villages would be divided into two factions of the Christian religion. Even members of the same households, not understanding the difference at the time, would find afterward that they had been separated from each other.

I asked them to wait a few months. They told me that they were now on their way north, to a council, where they would meet their bishop. In one month's time they would be ready to come back. They were willing to lay this matter before their superiors once more, and if permitted to do so they would delay in their return. This was a small margin of time granted to me in which to handle a situation that involved ten thousand converts to Christianity. It was all I could get, and I was glad to get even that.

I want to say now, at the close of my life, that Mayer dealt honorably by me. He had it in his power to cripple the Telugu Mission. Certain advantages over us had come to him almost unbidden. He did not use them: he withdrew. There were no rival baptisms, no dissensions, and there was no proselytism. The story of Mayer's contact with our mission at one point in its history is the story of a just and fair course of action.

My own plans had to go. My action was hastened. What I intended to spread over six months I did in six weeks. Perhaps this was what my Master, Jesus, wanted me to do. I can see now, as I look back, that it was necessary, perhaps, to bring some pressure to bear upon me; for I do not deny that I shrank from the load that was laid upon my shoulders.

The day after that interview in the traveler's bungalow was a Sunday. Our chapel was full; an overflow meeting was held outside under the margosa trees. My text was: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead."

After the sermon I told the congregation that in the afternoon an inquiry meeting would be held, with a view to baptism afterward. I asked those who were heads of households, and those who were village elders of the hamlets surrounding Ongole to come first. I wanted the leading men in the Madiga community of our vicinity to make the beginning. They had often requested me to receive them. I told them the time had now come. They were ready. My diary for June 16, 1878, says: "We baptized 102 to-day, 74 of these were heads of families, all men from Ongole." Now scarcely a day passed without examination of candidates, followed by baptism. I made the following statement in the official report to our missionary society for that year:

"For fifteen months—from March 11, 1877, to June 16, 1878—we had not baptized a single person. Some here in Ongole, and about Ongole, whom I had known personally for ten or twelve years, I was fully convinced were new creatures in Christ Jesus. It seemed to me my duty to baptize them. I felt that I must, or fail to please Jesus. On Sunday, June 16, we raised the gate. When it was up we found it impossible, according to our sense of duty to shut it down again. In fact, to own the truth, I feared to do so. I felt that those whom I, or trustworthy assistants and well-known church members—pillars of the church—had known for months or longer, and who gave evidence that they had not only left idolatry, but also believed in Jesus as their Saviour, must be baptized, or that I must give up my commission, and get out of the way; of course, I had *no* idea of *doing either*. I only wanted to keep the multitude of converts off two or three months longer, that all the friends of missions might be free from doubts, although personally I had been convinced for above a year that the work was of God. But to delay was impossible, for God's time had fully come to glorify himself."

The tidings now went over the country that the gates of the church had been raised. Call after call came from groups of believers, far and near. A staff of some of our most competent preachers was working with me, especially our ordained men. The converts from one village or group of villages after another came to Ongole. We gave our full attention to them. We talked with each person individually, and required of each one a statement of belief in Jesus as his Saviour. We ascertained by questions how much of Christian teaching had been intelligently grasped. The Christian village elders coöperated with us. They could bear testimony to the outward evidence of Christian life in the candidates. In this careful, deliberate way, we baptized nearly 2,000 converts during the remaining two weeks of June, nearly all of them living within a radius of twenty miles of Ongole.

Letters and messengers and deputations were coming from every part of the field. The people wanted to know when it would be their turn. The preachers asked me to tell them my plans. They felt the pressure. I did not see my way clearly, and wanted to confer with them. It was necessary that there should be full understanding among us all, and concerted action, not only in receiving the candidates into the church, but in caring for them afterwards. I was not satisfied with the disorganized state of our work, and wanted some of our former stability to come into evidence as soon as possible. Our more than forty village schools were all broken up when the famine began. The thatch which had covered the schoolhouses had been fed to the starving buffaloes. The heavy rains had finished the work of devastation. I had money in hand to rebuild the old schoolhouses and erect thirty-five new ones in as many villages. These were needed as rallying places for the

Sunday meetings of our Christians. Other preparation was needed before receiving large accessions. All this I wanted to talk over with the preachers.

I hesitated to call a meeting. If the preachers, six months before, were unable to keep the people from coming with them, I feared the same contingency would arise this time. Moreover, the inhabitants of Ongole had been murmuring against me because such numbers of people, and of the poorest class, were constantly coming to Ongole from every direction to see me. The fear that cholera and smallpox might be brought in from outside was not without foundation. Amid so much uncertainty, I became convinced that that meeting must be held somewhere at a distance from Ongole. There was a little town, Vellumpilly, ten miles north of Ongole, on the main road. It would save many of our workers ten miles of walking if we met there. A traveler's bungalow would afford shelter to me, and there was a grove of tamarind trees close to it, giving shade to all. We sent letters to the preachers and teachers to come to this place on a given date. I urged them to persuade the converts to be patient a little longer. We were prepared now to take up their case, and would soon inform them of our plans on their behalf.

The time came. The first preachers arrived at Vellumpilly and sent an urgent messenger to me. They had done their utmost to keep the people from coming, yet thousands were either there or on the way. Not a preacher arrived but there were hundreds with him. The numbers were already overwhelming. I hastened off, determined to do all in my power to get the people to go back to their homes. Starting before dawn, I reached Vellumpilly in the early morning. I found four of the preachers there in advance of the rest, anxiously looking for me, and with them were between two and

three thousand people. More were coming; for the preachers from the Kanigiri, Podili and Cumbum taluks had not yet arrived. If the men who had already come had not been able to keep the converts from coming with them, it was not to be expected that the rest would be more successful.

My first thought was that I must do something to make them all willing to turn back to their villages. Many were among the fifteen hundred who had come to Ongole six months before and had then been sent home. They all had been in our camp on the canal during the famine. They had been together there, and they were together here. They were not afraid of numbers. Moreover, they had a feeling that my hesitation with regard to receiving them was unfair. They had worked their way through the famine—it had been hard work. The men had hands that showed that they had used pick and shovel. The women had carried the baskets of earth on their heads till their hair was worn off. As for actual famine charity, they had received almost nothing. They now were determined to be treated as people who had toiled with their hands. They were bound to make me and everybody else understand that they were seeking salvation for their souls.

I decided to preach to them, to strengthen their faith, and then to ask them to return. On one side of the traveler's bungalow there were large banyan trees, which gave shade. The preachers seated the people on the sandy ground under the trees. There was a wide wall, four feet high, around the bungalow. I mounted this as a pulpit. We sang several of our best known hymns. Most of the people had not, until recently, known how to sing, but they joined heartily. I preached to them for an hour on that verse which they had heard so often during their stay in our camp on the canal: "Come

unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It struck the keynote of the ingathering.

They gave me close attention. When I came to the point, however, where I requested them now to go home to their villages, to be good Christians, and serve our Lord Jesus faithfully, I met with opposition. Voices were raised against me. There was the murmur of dissent. I told them I had no more famine help to give them. Then the cry rose from every portion of the crowd: "We do not want help. By the blisters on our hands we can prove to you that we have worked and will continue to work. If the next crop fail, we shall die. We want to die as Christians. Baptize us, therefore!"

I stood there on the wall, looking into their faces. They were holding up their hands to show me the callous places in them, that had come by digging that canal. I knew they were telling me the truth. They had received few gifts of charity during the famine. They saw my hesitation. Again came the same cry: "Baptize us! We ask for nothing else!" Not a word could I say to them in reply.

I came down from that wall and left them sitting out there on the ground, under the trees. I went into the bungalow. Here now I faced the crisis. I called in the four preachers, the teachers, and the Christian village elders who had come. I talked with them. I understood their side of the situation, but could not expect them to comprehend the reasons for my hesitation. They could only dimly grasp the doubts that held me back.

The strong tie of our close relation in the years that had passed now asserted itself. There was Sreeram Solomon, whom I persuaded ten years before to come to our school. He had become one of our best men.

In our camp at the canal he had taken a leading part, and had always been a man on whom I could rely. He now, with another preacher, had come from the Darsi taluk, followed by a large contingent of Darsi people, who had walked the forty miles regardless of protest. There was Baddepudy Abraham, one of the twenty-eight whom I baptized at Tallakondapaud when I first began work in Ongole. He told me that as a lad in our school he read about the 3,000 at Pentecost, and made up his mind to work till he saw that same thing come to pass at Ongole. Some weeks previously he had told me there must be 3,000 waiting in the taluks where he had since then labored as an evangelist. Numbers of them had refused to wait longer, and were out there now, under the trees; baptism was all they wanted.

I had known that thousands were waiting. It is one thing to know that something is ahead; it is another thing to see it actually before our eyes. I realized that in all fairness I could not ask the people to wait longer. If I now disregarded their request, and sent them home a second time, I felt I would thereby well-nigh lose my claim to their loyalty. I knew that the preachers were right when they urged that the people would murmur against them, and refuse to heed them in time to come. Their future usefulness was practically at stake.

I saw that the hearts of these men were burdened, even as mine was burdened, though in a different way. I said we would ask our Master, Jesus, to show us what to do. We prayed together as we had done many a time before. We had often found that when we had something difficult to face, and we asked him to help us, the load somehow was lifted from us. As we now prayed, one after another, for wisdom and strength, our courage grew. The hum of many voices was in our ears. The people outside were wondering when

we would come out and tell them what we intended to do. They were patiently waiting. I began to feel that I must receive them into the Church of Christ, even though they numbered thousands. I told the preachers we must baptize these converts, lest we do wrong in the sight of God. They told me that they believed this was true. We were ready for action. Our doubts were gone.

We now rapidly made plans. We were dealing with a multitude, and must be careful lest we find ourselves overwhelmed by numbers. Nearly 3,000 people were already waiting. More were coming. There had been harvests, and the people had brought provisions with them, tied in a cloth, enough to last them on the way, and for a day or two while waiting. If we kept them long, they would grow hungry. I had not money with me to give them each something as way allowance. Even if I had had the money, the little bazaar at Vellumpilly would not have been equal to furnishing supplies for so many. We had to act without delay.

I went out and stood on that wall again, facing the people. I told them that their request would be granted. I asked them to go into the grove of tamarind trees, near the bungalow, and to form groups there, with their preachers. This grove of shady, old trees became the place for an inquiry meeting on a large scale during the following three days. I pointed out to each preacher a tree, or several trees, under which to gather the people from the villages which were his special charge. The teachers and Christian village elders were to give assistance. Each preacher was to make a careful list of those known to him or his helpers as persons who had given evidence of having begun the Christian life. There were many about whom there was no doubt. The preachers wrote down their names without hesitation. They had

labored for the conversion of these men and women for years and were glad they had now come. There were others about whom there was some inquiry.

My knowledge of the social organization of the Madigas now helped me. In that tamarind grove each group naturally was subdivided into villages, and each village into families. The tribal spirit, the communal life, and family cohesion, all came into play. There were village elders among the converts. They knew that they would lose none of the authority which their village system had given them. By their baptism they practically became deacons, and the old authority was to be exercised under the new régime. As I went about in that grove, helping the preachers, I reached conclusions in my own way. I knew my field. I had learned that villages have characteristics like individuals. When the men and women of a village stood before me, I could tell in a general way what might be expected from them, seconded by the preacher or teacher or Bible woman who had instructed them. I knew families, too. There were families whose members by a foregone conclusion could be trusted in their religious profession, as in other matters. There were other families whose members had to be helped in their good intentions.

By long practice I had acquired a faculty of reading these Madiga faces. I was forced to do this, lest I be deceived too often. The people said sometimes, "It is of no use to tell lies to our Clough Dhora; he can look through our eyes, and take the untruths out of our heads and show them to us." Often when the preachers had done their work with a group of converts, and had placed them in line for me to see, I walked along the line several times, and then began to pick out one here, and one there, asking them to stand on one side. After talking with them, I generally advised

them to wait, and learn more. Then the preachers smiled and said that they, too, had had doubts, but lacking sufficient reason for rejecting these candidates, had allowed them to stand in line. We used our habits of discrimination. What we had done all along, we did now, only on a larger scale.

The preachers had simple but conclusive signs by which they knew whether a man was converted. They said: "When men stopped drinking intoxicating *sarai,* and fighting, and eating carrion, and working on Sundays, and bowing to idols, we knew that there was a change. They came then and sat with the Christians, when they sang hymns and prayed, and were willing to listen when we told them about our Lord Jesus." With a few questions now, in that grove, the preachers could ascertain the definiteness with which the step was taken, whether the essential truths of the Christian religion had been comprehended and the life of Jesus had become a reality. They asked the converts whether they were ready to prove their faith in the Christ by facing the hardships which might arise. It would have been difficult to find a more ignorant, downtrodden multitude of people on the face of the earth than these were. Yet we somehow could tell whether they had taken a firm hold upon the life which is in Jesus Christ.

There were many whom we had to refuse. They had come because the rest came. Thousands went away, rejected. We did it in all kindness. Most of them were received a year or two later. Some were permanently weaned from us. When the preachers afterwards came to their villages, they would not give them a welcome. They said, "We came to Vellumpilly to be baptized and were set aside. Now go to those whom you then received." This was the hard part of it. The preachers often said afterwards that they had little trouble to keep

those who were baptized from straying. The trouble came through those whom we refused. Yet we knew of no other way to do.

The tamarind grove was close to the Gundlacumma River, one of the largest rivers of that region, which was forded at ordinary times, and crossed on rafts in the rainy season. The river bed was about an eighth of a mile across. The military high road from Ongole to Hyderabad led down a steep incline to the river at right angles. Just above the place where the road entered the river, the traveler's bungalow had been located, and the grove of trees had been planted. At this time, owing to the recent rains, the river was full, but not overflowing its banks. At the juncture of road and river we found the right depth of water for our purpose. Nothing could have met our needs better than the natural facilities here offered, with the shady grove, and the river with an ample river bank.

We began baptizing in the afternoon of that first day, July 2, 1878. The total of that day was 614. The people of the Darsi taluk had been the first. We gathered them together toward evening and I talked with them. I told them to serve the Lord Jesus faithfully. With happy faces they promised to stand firmly in their new life. I prayed with them and committed them to our Master and his care, and sent them on their way. Thus I did with one company after another. I encouraged those who were going home disappointed. I told them what to do, and how to increase their knowledge and faith. I assured them that we wanted them to grow in Christian life and then to unite with us. When night fell the first day, large numbers were on their way home, but equal numbers were on the way, coming.

Early the next morning Thaluri Daniel came with Podili people. The Kanigiri preachers had arrived with

a large contingent. Anumiah came with people from the Cumbum and Markapur taluks. Bezwada Paul was there with a large number. They all told me that the people, wholly oblivious to their protests, had contentedly walked several nights in succession, resting during the heat of the day, where they could find shade. There was the sound of many voices around that bungalow. The grove was swarming with people. My diary, giving only short entries of facts, said there must have been 5,000 people present that morning. As the Hindus calculate crowds, there were "five acres of people."

The preachers and I now worked as one man. There was complete understanding between them and me. We were accustomed to dealing with large numbers, but this was more than we had ever seen. We held firmly together. The people saw that we knew what we were doing, and when we gave an order, they obeyed us. Baptismal scenes on the banks of rivers were not new to us. Ten years before I talked of dedicating the rivers of that region by baptizing converts into them, in the name of Jesus. The only difference now lay in the numbers. But we had known for some time that something of this kind was bound to come. We now held to our course.

On the second day, Wednesday, July 3, 1878, we began early. When the sun rose, a large group was by the river bank. A still larger group was in the grove. The old preachers of the mission were in full force in both places. Periah was there. All the men, who long before had sat at the feet of Raja Yoga teachers and then had led their people into the heritage of a new religion, were there. Humbly and conscientiously they performed the strenuous task of that day. Their labors had brought back the days of early Christianity. The

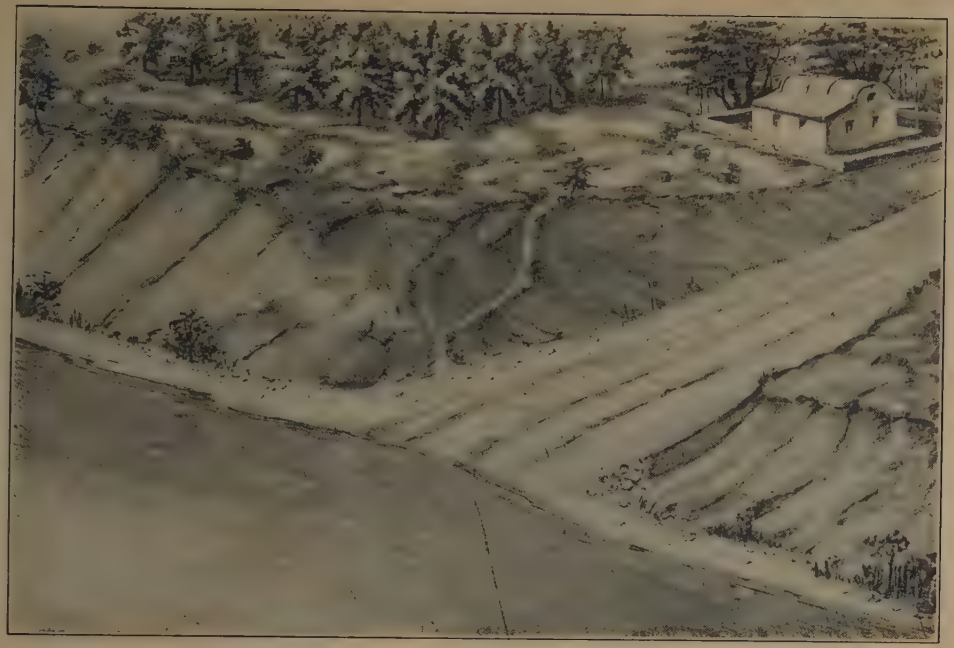
Lord Jesus could not have been far away. His name was spoken that day thousands of times.

At half past four, just at sunrise, we began to baptize. We had a great day's work before us. With a short intermission at noon, we continued the baptism till sunset. Each preacher had the list of those who were baptized from his field. When in the evening we put the lists together, we found that we had baptized that day 2,222.

We had not finished. There were still many left. We began the third day soon after sunrise, and continued till ten o'clock—just five hours. The number was 700. The three days brought us the total of 3,536.

I did not baptize anyone myself during those days. Some one with authority had to be there to direct, and to see that order prevailed. I stood on a bank, ten feet high, overlooking the baptismal scene, and at the same time close to the grove. To those near by I could call from where I stood; to those at a little distance I sent messengers, telling them what to do. I was in touch with everyone and knew what was going on everywhere. Often I left my place on the bank and went about in the grove, helping the preachers. We had to hold out against the pressure of those whom we had to refuse. It saved the preachers from the ill-will of disappointed ones, if I came and spoke a decisive word. Then I went back to the bank. I knew I was witnessing a great event. I had the feelings of a man who is doing his duty, no matter what the consequences may be. I submitted to the hand of God.

Our six ordained men were there. They took turns, two officiating at a time. The names of the candidates were read. Without delay and without confusion one followed another. As one preacher pronounced the



THE PLACE OF THE PENTECOSTAL BAPTISM

"I found there . . . in advance of the rest between two and three thousand people . . . . On one side of the traveler's bungalow there were large banyan trees. . . . The preachers seated the people under the trees. . . . I mounted the wall as a pulpit. . . . Again came the same cry: 'Baptize us! We ask for nothing else!' . . . At the juncture of road and river we found the right depth of water. . . . The grove of shady old trees became the place for an inquiry meeting on a large scale. . . . The preachers took turns, two officiating at a time. . . . On the second day, July 3, 1878, just at sunrise, we began to baptize. . . . When in the evening we put the lists together, we found that we had baptized 2,222. . . ."

formula: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," the other preacher had a candidate before him, and was ready again to speak those words and to baptize him likewise.

Whenever the people from a taluk, who were going home together in the same direction, were ready, they came to ask, in the oriental way, for permission to go home. From all I took the promise that they would be faithful Christians. With them all I prayed, committing them to the Lord Jesus, and asking him to keep them in his care even unto death. With many *salaams* they turned homeward, giving little thought to the weary miles that stretched out before them.

On the afternoon of the third day I returned to Ongole. Our work was not yet done. I held a conference with the preachers. They felt deeply concerned about the three or four thousand more who were out on the field, waiting for baptism. They had obeyed my request and had stayed at home. It would cause them sore disappointment when now they heard that if they had come they might have been received. They would grow disheartened with long waiting. The preachers urged me to do something about this, and without delay. They felt they could not go back to their fields and meet these people, and try to satisfy them with mere promises. They wanted something definite to be done in the matter. I saw that they were right.

We decided to fix on two centers which the people could easily reach, one in the direction of Kanigiri and Podili and Darsi; the other toward the north, where the people from the northern taluks could easily come. If I were to go to both those centers, it would consume a good deal of time, calculating for delays by rain and bad roads and other possibilities. I proposed to the men that I come to the northern center, and that I

ask Dr. Williams to go to the southern center. By his work in the seminary he had come in touch with many of the preachers and Christians, especially from the southern taluks. They agreed to this. They told me they would do preliminary work on their fields, and have everyone in readiness. If I sent them messengers a day or two before Dr. Williams and I expected to reach those centers, they would have the people assembled. They went on their errand, and I meanwhile sent an urgent request to Dr. Williams, who was on the Nilgiri Hills at the close of the seminary vacation, to come without delay and help us. He came, and, as an eye-witness, sent the following account to Boston:

"In answer to the earnest pleadings of Brother Clough for help, I went to Ongole a few days before the seminary opened. I intended to return very soon, but found that the demand for help was so great that duty was clear. Brother Clough and his helpers were literally crowded upon by the people who were pressing into the kingdom of God. I saw what few missionaries have seen.

"More than a thousand people from one of the Ongole hamlets came into the compound, and gave up their idols. They showed how they had worshiped them in former times with music and dancing around the idols, and then said that henceforth they would worship the living God, who had helped them in time of trouble. They declared that they believed in Christ, the only Saviour of the world. Brother Clough accepted their idols as trophies of the cross, and with earnest words exhorted them to continue steadfast in the faith.

"Sunday was a glorious day. The morning was fine; and the large meeting-house was filled, every foot of space, while a large number stood outside at the doors and windows. Besides these, many heard the word in other parts of Ongole at the same time from Rungiah, Ezra, and others. I had the privilege of preaching to the great congregation.

They heard the word with great interest. In the afternoon we saw about three hundred buried with Christ in baptism.

"You will remember that I wrote in my last letter of the signs of the times. Great as this ingathering is, it is not beyond my anticipations. When we think how many earnest men are at work on the field, who go day after day telling the simple story of the Cross and pleading with their fellow-men to turn unto God, and remember what God has promised, who could look for less?"

All was in readiness. Messengers were sent out, as the preachers had requested. Dr. Williams started on Tuesday, July 16, and had his camp at Nundamarilla in the southern taluks. I started three days later and went to Comalpaud in the northern taluks. We could not consult each other, nor was there any need of it. The preachers had complete control of the situation. Everyone knew what was required, and held to it. When I arrived in Ongole, after six days, I found Dr. Williams waiting for me. The harvest where he had been had risen to 1,850, while the total in the northern taluks had been 1,031. Most of these, had we given them permission, would have come to Vellumpilly. It would have brought the number there to 6,000. But it was well that the mass baptism was thus divided between three centers. It increased the definiteness of the events in the minds of all who partook in them, or heard about them.

This finished the ingathering. In six weeks—39 days—we had baptized 8,691. During the remaining five months of the year we baptized nearly 1,000 more, making a total for 1878 of 9,606. Our church membership at the close of 1878 was 12,804, living in about 400 villages. The number of our adherents was very large. The Madiga community was stirred. Those

who were baptized were all Madigas, with the exception of a few who were Malas, or men of subcastes. It was a tribal movement. The caste people looked on, and saw the submerged tenth of their social order shaken in the grip of a power that tended toward something higher. It was the day of early Christianity over again, when "the common people heard him gladly."

Almost before we knew it, it was all over. The prophecies of the founder of the mission, forty years before, had come to pass. The "much people" of Dr. Jewett were there. The "multitude of the elect" of which I began to talk soon after landing in India was now before my eyes. The "being too busy baptizing" to be able to attend to anything else, which was one of Mr. Timpany's visions, had happened. It all evidently had to come. It was in the divine plan.

We may dwell on all the circumstances of the case: the many years of work which had preceded this event, and the tendency toward this movement by reason of tribal spirit and family cohesion. We may admit also that motives of greed fostered by the memory of Christian benevolence during the famine may have lurked in many a head. Yet though we take this all into consideration, we shall find that we have given only a partial explanation. Jesus was in it. He had slowly led up to this; he made me willing to take up the load; and he kept that multitude afterwards from going astray.

A cyclone came and altered the course of the Gundlacumma River at Vellumpilly. The place of the great baptism was washed away; the bank where I stood fell; the grove of tamarind trees was uprooted. Most of the multitude have gone to be with Jesus. Those faithful preachers, too, have gone. I am still here, but cannot remain long. Jesus only is left. He still reigns.

XVII

CHRISTENDOM FACING A NEW PENTECOST

Two lines of action were open to me now regarding the event which had come to pass in the Ongole Mission. One was to place it prominently before the public in articles which I might have written. The other was to send the plain, simple facts to headquarters in Boston, and let the officers of our society deal with the publication of them. I chose the latter course.

Under much pressure of work I began a letter to Boston. Brief in stating the fact that we had raised the gates of the church and were now receiving converts almost daily, my letter carried an urgent appeal for help. I told of the way other missionary societies were meeting similar emergencies. One of these had sent to India ten new missionaries. I added:

"Here, with an equal or greater harvest, I am *all* alone. Send help at once—*men* and *money*. Do not plead hard times. God has the money, and *will give it if you call;* else, it seems to me, a mistake is being made *here* in calling so many to righteousness."

This letter was left unfinished on my desk when I hastened off to Vellumpilly, determined to persuade the multitude to turn back home. Three days later I returned, and the following morning I proceeded, as a first duty, to close up that letter. I gave all the dates and

figures thus far. I said, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." I closed with an appeal, "Send out the best Baptist pastor and evangelist in all America at once. *Do not delay.*" It was a disconnected letter, full of repetitions, holding itself to the facts, bearing on the face of it the evidence of being the document of a man who is bound to state what has happened, and is clamoring for adequate backing.

When this letter reached Boston, Dr. Warren heard of it. He came in from his home in Newton Center and went to Dr. Murdock's office. Leaning on his cane, grown prematurely old through suffering, yet with the keen, indomitable eye of a prophet, he asked for that letter. He wanted all the details that had thus far been received. He sat and read it all, and pondered. The door was then closed: those two men knelt to pray. Six years later, after I had come home just in time to say good-bye to Dr. Warren, with a last grasp of the hand, Dr. Murdock told me of that prayer: "How he loved you and prayed for you . . . that the Lord would bear you up under the great pressure, that he would keep the 'babes in Christ' as he called them." From this office, where two men knelt together and took counsel together, the tidings of the Ongole ingathering were sent over the Christian world.

I could count on those two men. Dr. Warren was the prophet of my day. Dr. Murdock furnished support of a different type. His mind was of the legal cast. With a wide sweep of statesmanship, he knew how to grasp a situation and hold it with a firm hand. He sustained me during those critical years, and wrote to me afterwards, "In season and out of season I have stood by your work and your methods of work." With a masterly reticence and moderation he now became the spokesman in America of that movement in the Far East.

The simple, bare facts of the case were allowed to make their way, unaided. My letter was printed in full in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for September, 1878. A short editorial paragraph called attention to it, and asked, "Do the records of modern missions contain anything like this?" There were no head-lines, nothing to catch the eye of the reader. The *Missionary Magazine* in those years was widely read. In many churches it was customary to hold a missionary concert on the first Sunday evening of the month. The warmth with which these concerts were held generally indicated the measure of zeal expended on home activities. When now my letter was read to the churches on these missionary evenings, throughout the denomination, "many hearts were thrilled with the tidings therein communicated." The weekly religious journals took it up, and brought the information to a wider circle of readers. To many the story seemed incredible. Some were bound to find out what it all meant. They wrote to Boston and asked, "Can it be true? Is there not some mistake in the figures? Were there *two thousand two hundred and twenty-two* baptized in one day?" They were assured that the printers and proofreaders were not at fault.

A great demand arose for additional information. Requests were sent to the Mission Rooms for further detail. At missionary concerts they wanted to know more. Who were these Telugus? The October number of the *Missionary Magazine* brought a lengthy editorial. The men at headquarters now spoke. They gave the side of the story that concerned the churches. There was an urgent call now, ringing through the denomination. It was not the cry of some destitute, sinking enterprise: it was the call of success. The Executive Committee refused to be held responsible if there was delay

in the response. The churches must rise and do their duty. Men began to feel as if they had the uttermost parts of the earth at their door in this loud demand from a Pariah tribe for a place in the coming of Christ's kingdom. Another long letter from me was published during October. I wrote:

"Thousands more. I cannot write in detail. God was with us, and glorified himself. A multitude were baptized —3,262 in all. These make, with those already reported, 8,691 baptized from June 16 to July 31, inclusive. *To God be all the praise now and through all eternity!*

"Our school at Ongole is now full of men of all ages up to forty years or more, who are trying to learn to read, that they may go to their villages and teach their neighbors and children to read 'God's letters to men.' I need, to meet the demand made upon me, *two hundred teachers to-day.* . . . Many could find most of their support among the people. So anxious are they to learn to read that, though the converts have no more than half enough to eat, yet the teachers would not go hungry."

The leaders at the Mission Rooms, in touch with the life of the churches, found that with many the attitude toward foreign missions was undergoing a change. Calm, critical interest was being transformed into real enthusiasm. "Tell us more about your Telugu Mission," was the request from every side. Pastors and intelligent members of churches were "beginning for the first time to study with care and zeal the subject of foreign missions." They frankly confessed their lack of definite missionary information. Those foreign countries were so far away, and they had been so occupied with their affairs at home—they felt ashamed to find that they knew nothing about those who lived on the other side

of the earth. Other denominations began to take note. A prominent Presbyterian clergyman wrote, "We confess ourselves amazed that the whole Baptist Church in America is not so moved and thrilled with a holy enthusiasm as to more than double its prayers and gifts and efforts in a single year."

My appeal for a helper brought response. Two laymen sent their checks to the Mission Rooms to provide outfit, passage and support for one year of a missionary family. The man, too, was found. Dr. W. B. Boggs, with Mrs. Boggs, both from Canada, were on the way to India before the close of the year. They were familiar with the Telugu language, and were thus equipped to render valuable service as soon as they reached the field. They were a strong reënforcement. But what was one man, when ten men ought to have been sent—sent without delay?

Next the Baptist Sunday schools were heard from. They were coming to the front, it seems, for the first time in denominational history. Those baptisms out in the Telugu Mission were facts that children could lay hold of; they were willing to bring their offerings for something which they could understand. One Sunday school after another sent something toward the project of sending forward another man, close on the steps of the one already on the way. It was missionary training for the rising generation.

I knew nothing of this enthusiasm. Week after week passed by. I wondered many a time what was going to become of the situation. My Master, Jesus, must have upheld me and given me the assurance that I did right in baptizing that multitude. Yet my anxiety found expression in the following letter to headquarters, dated September 17, 1878:

"I rejoice with trembling, not because I doubt the goodness of God and his promises, but *are the American Baptists going to stand by me?* Or are they going to hear of the great revival among the Telugus, rejoice for a day, then forget us nearly, and leave the great multitude just out of heathenism upon me? I think of this forgetfulness of Americans, said to be a national characteristic, and at times feel oppressed. When at home in 1872-3 I often said, 'The Telugus are going to come to Jesus *just as fast* as the Telugu missionaries and the American Baptists are ready and prepared to teach the converts the "all things whatsoever I have commanded you."' But, brethren, this is a task which but few, either in India or America, can fully understand. When a convert is baptized, the hard work is only begun; for there must be precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little—or rather I should say, here a good deal and there a good deal.

"The total number baptized up to date, since June 15, is 9,147. Is this too large a blessing? Is it not what you have been praying for? Are the converts unacceptable, because so many? Are we not after *all* the Telugus? We—my native preachers and myself—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in *preaching the Gospel.* We baptize those only whom we have reason to believe He has regenerated. How can we do otherwise?

"Englishmen in India and England begin to look upon the Telugu Mission with much interest. They know that the American Baptists, professedly, provide all the funds needed for ordinary mission work; hence, until they know that you either cannot or will not do all that is necessary, I cannot ask them to aid in ordinary cases with money. They would think that they were robbing you of a precious privilege. . . ."

Help was coming. A few days after I had sent off this letter, a cable message came from Dr. Murdock, dated September 25, 1878, containing five words: "Rupees eleven thousand for work." My diary says:

"What glorious news! The Lord is again better than all our fears and weak faith." I could now proceed to draw into line every man and woman whose services were valuable to teach the multitude the "all things needful." I subsidized these workers; the people did the rest. In scores of Christian villages the people had begged me to help them build a school house. They said if I would pay for the beam and rafters, they would erect the mud-walls and furnish the thatch. This could now be taken in hand. We filled our station school with prospective workers. Our most urgent needs were met. I saw that I was not going to lack support and therefore took courage.

The Executive Committee of our Foreign Mission Society formed a stronghold to me. They were nine men, all prominent in their walks in life. Their point of view varied; some were eminent in the religious life of the denomination; others had business capacity; they all, somehow, believed in the movement at Ongole. Month after month they sat in council together and saw money poured out from the treasury upon mission fields that were stony and hard. When now the cry of much harvest rang in their ears, they praised God. There might be risk in the numbers and in the ignorance of the converts: they were willing to take the risk. They bore with me when now I was continually clamoring for support, and patiently explained to the churches what was needed. They never knew what unusual situation I might spring upon them, demanding a careful inquiry into oriental conditions far removed from their daily routine—yet they were unwavering in their loyalty. Leading men in the denomination sometimes expressed apprehension concerning the rapid expansion of the Telugu Mission. Some asked whether, under the unusual circumstances of our growth, the tenets of our de-

nomination were safeguarded. The men of the Executive Committee never showed anxiety. They had seen the hand of God moving in the Telugu Mission and were unafraid.

From many directions earnest requests had been sent to the Mission Rooms to set apart a day for a special thanksgiving service, to be observed by all the churches. The Executive Committee, in a document signed by each member, called upon the churches to praise God in their sanctuaries on a day appointed by them—the first Sunday in December, 1878. Printed matter was sent out to every pastor, and to every Sunday school superintendent throughout the Baptist churches in the land, setting forth the leading facts in the history of the Telugu Mission. Thank offerings were to be brought. It was a call for concerted action, the effect of which was felt for many a day. A few years later it was stated that the highest point which had as yet been attained by the donations to the mission treasury was reached under the spur of the interest aroused by the wonderful tidings from the Ongole field.

A thrill of joy and gratitude went through the churches from East to West. Never before had the Baptists been so generally and deeply moved by tidings from their foreign mission fields; nor has there been a similar occasion since that time. The name of Jesus was praised in hundreds of churches on that Sunday, as large congregations sang their best-known missionary hymns, and heard of the spread of Christ's kingdom beyond the seas. Along the line of our three miles of canal the name of Jesus had been spoken all day long, while men were digging; it was spoken thousands of times during the days of the ingathering at Vellumpilly; it was repeated ten thousand times now, throughout the length and breadth of the United States, by the men

and women and children of the Baptist churches. Orient and occident were brought together. A long stride was made that day toward the larger sense of brotherhood, which binds together men of different races.

Amid all the rejoicing, there were some in the churches who were "amazed and in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?" They inquired with deep interest whether these thousands who had come out of heathenism had all experienced a genuine conversion. Revivals on a large scale sometimes swept over our Christian communities in America and England during those years. The religious life of cities and towns was shaken when some prominent evangelist joined forces with the pastors of a vicinity. There were accessions to the churches. Sometimes there was much falling away afterwards. Those who had gained an insight into the nature of revivals wanted to know wherein the Telugu revival differed from those in Christian lands. The reply from the Mission Rooms was that if those multitudes were merely renouncing their idolatrous worship, and were flocking to hear what the teachers of Christianity had to offer as a substitute, it would be a remarkable fact; but that it seemed to be much more than a turning away from idols. Men were feeling after information that would give them the social background for that movement. They thought that in some form natural causes must have been at work, otherwise the event would have to be regarded as simply a miracle. I never attempted to explain that there had been a social uprising as the result of the coming of Christianity. I was so much a part of that mass movement that I found it difficult to point out to others the social causes back of it. We practiced the substance of what later came to be called Social Christianity.

The "Lone Star" tract was in great demand. It had

been written at an opportune time. Five years previously Dr. Jewett was in America, on furlough. He accompanied Dr. W. S. McKenzie, district secretary of our Foreign Mission Society, on a tour for special meetings in the New England States. One night, after holding a meeting in some country church, they went to a farmhouse to sleep over night, expecting to move on next day. In the little farmhouse bedroom they sat and talked far into the night. All the traditions of the Telugu Mission with which Dr. Jewett stirred my soul on the sailing vessel, rounding the Cape in 1864, he now told to Dr. McKenzie: about the "Lone Star" debate in Albany in 1853, about Prayer Meeting Hill, about his refusal to be transferred to some other mission. He drew out his pocketbook, and from it took a scrap of paper, somewhat soiled. Handling it as if it were something sacred, he passed it over to his listener with the question, "Have you ever seen that poem?" It was the famous "Lone Star" poem. No one for many a year had seen it. It is said that Dr. Smith, when he was shown the scrap of paper a few days later, seemed scarcely to remember his own production, and wanted to know where it had been obtained. Dr. Jewett laid his treasure into reverent hands when he gave the "Lone Star" poem to Dr. McKenzie, who presided at its rebirth, by writing the "Lone Star" tract. It was ready when the ingathering came. In the years that followed, 300,000 copies of it went broadcast over the land. The "Lone Star" poem resounded through the Baptist churches north and south, east and west. It was set to music, and sung with thrilling effect, by vast congregations.

The facts set forth by this tract seemed to furnish an explanation of the ingathering. Spiritual force had been engendered by the long years of holding on by faith and prayer. When men referred to the work of the Holy

Spirit in modern missions they pointed to this as an example. To many, at that time, religion was a thing apart. That there should be fellowship between religion and social betterment was a proposition which had yet to be clearly enunciated. We men on the foreign field made our contribution toward bringing the possibility of union between the two into clear outline. The fact that our famine camp preceded the ingathering was to many the first lesson of the kind. They began by doubting such mingling of the spiritual and the temporal. They ended by saying: Why not?

The story of the Pentecostal baptism at Ongole found its way into religious publications the world over. To the Baptists it was a denominational experience in which other religious organizations shared. Men of various creeds saw that it threw light upon an important occurrence in the early Church. Thus far it had been taken for granted by many that the baptism of the 3,000 at Pentecost could not have been by immersion, because it seemed a practical impossibility. This objection was now removed. It had been done on the foreign mission field, in a way that was upheld by the denomination at home. Modern missions had furnished an illustration for the history of early Christianity.

Men of large affairs and business capacity took note of the Telugu revival. They saw the spiritual meaning of it and were stirred. Naturally they were affected by the concrete results. The missionary motive demanded an outlay of money. It seemed to them that the Telugu Mission justified investment. My requests sounded like a business proposition with a missionary appeal attached. They could not refuse me. Sometimes, when in America on furlough I went to rich business men who were known to be unwilling to give for missions, and told them how many thousand dollars I expected

them to give for the Telugu Mission. They said I had come to the wrong person. Before I left their office they had mentally parted with their money, and their check followed later. It was our spiritual success that conquered men who had achieved success in commercial life.

Six months after the ingathering, a discriminating eyewitness came to Ongole, Hon. Robert O. Fuller, a prominent Boston business man, a member of our Executive Committee for years, and a man whose judgment carried weight. After his return, in answer to many questions, at an important meeting in Philadelphia, he said:

"As a stockholder in the missionary enterprise I wanted to know if the dividends were honestly earned and declared. Accordingly, in the course of my recent journey around the world, I visited, as far as possible, our missions in Asia and Europe. I went to the Telugu Mission, traveling 2,000 miles out of my way and spending three weeks to do so. I found Mr. Clough in the northern part of it. I stayed there five days, and studied him closely. During the famine, such was the confidence felt in him that the government made a grant of several hundred thousand rupees, putting it all in his hands, asking no bond or security. He executed public works, and saved the people from starving.

"I spent a Sunday with Mr. Clough. The chapel was crowded with people, sitting on the floor. I heard him examine candidates. About three-fourths of those who applied were received. After the baptism I saw many of the people following Mr. Clough, and pleading with him for something. I inquired what they were asking for, and found that they were begging for teachers, to go to their villages, so that their children should not fall away."

This testimony gave confidence to many leading men in the denomination.

A hard task was now before me. Mrs. Clough and I had been slowly coming to the conclusion that it would

be necessary on account of her impaired health, and on account of our children, that she should go to America and make a home for them there. The two older children, whom we had left behind in America when we returned to India five years before, had been holding out bravely without their parents, but they had been on our minds constantly, and we found the separation hard to bear. Two of the three who were with us in Ongole were of an age when India was no longer the place for them. Then there was my aged mother, who always remembered the time when she lived with us before we went to India. She, too, looked for our coming, and longed to find a home with us. We faced the situation, and found that we would have to break up the home in Ongole, leaving me there alone with my servants, while Mrs. Clough settled in Kalamazoo, Michigan, to make a home for our children and my mother.

This question of the separation of families is one of the hardest we have to meet in our missionary life. I never forgot the look on the faces of my children, when they were led away and knew they would not see their father again for a long time. The weekly foreign mail days in Ongole sometimes satisfied the heart, but more often accentuated the strain of separation. Then when I saw my children again, the years of their development without their father lay between us. They had grown to young manhood and young womanhood, and I found myself under the necessity of becoming acquainted with my own children.

It was a sad day for the Ongole Mission when Mrs. Clough left the bungalow and the compound, with tears she could not control, while the native people were grieving as if they were losing their mother. She had stood at her post for fifteen years. The people loved her and trusted her. I sailed with her and the children and was

considering the plan of making a short stay in America. After we reached England, a letter came to me from Dr. Murdock, dated June 14, 1879, in which he said:

"We would all dearly love to see you and it would doubtless be useful if we could have a good talk. But there are so many people who regard the work in your district with a kind of alarm, they are so full of apprehension as to what is to become of the 10,000, that a knowledge of the fact that you are not among them would be quite disturbing, if not disheartening. In short, the Committee do not think it is expedient for you to come among us just at this time, unless you are able to plead a personal necessity. I am glad you have taken the sea-voyage, and we all hope it will set you up and make you strong for another good pull among the Telugus."

Acting upon this advice, I took my family on board the steamer bound for America. Then I hastened back to the work which required my presence, and to the bungalow which I knew I should have to occupy alone for many a year. I had been absent from Ongole three months. Dr. and Mrs. Boggs had successfully cared for the interests of the work. The staff of helpers had been full of zeal. They now came to Ongole for a quarterly meeting. Dr. Boggs reported of this:

"Five months had passed since the last meeting, a much longer interval than usual, and the workers were hungry for the affectionate counsel and hearty encouragement which awaited them. Brother Clough had returned the day before, after a few months' absence. The people expected him. It was a time of enthusiastic joy."

The chapel was packed that Sunday. The accounts from the field were good. With the exception of a few

cases of inconsistent conduct and partial conformity to heathen customs, all the Christians were reported to be steadfast in the faith. I felt the warmth of their affection for me. The outlook was good. It upheld my faith and courage.

During that summer, in June, 1879, the Decennial Missionary Conference for South India and Ceylon had met in Bangalore. In this important conference twenty-five missionary societies were represented, from England, Scotland, America and Germany. It was an interdenominational body, of a kind which in later years became possible in the home land also. Men on the foreign field set the pace. In their need for fellowship they drew together in a common cause. Six days were given to the reading of carefully prepared papers, followed by discussions. Two good-sized volumes contain the records.

A day was given to deliberation concerning the recent accessions to Christian missions located in the famine area, extending over parts of the Telugu and Tamil country. In five Protestant missions there had been more than 50,000 applicants. The Roman Catholic Church of South India had enrolled probably twice that number. It was a new feature in missionary enterprise, and all were interested in it.

The mode of procedure concerned the men of the Conference, because in an indirect way they all were affected by it. The five missions which had had accessions were of different denominations. They varied in their methods. Four of them had pursued a similar course so far as the reception of these converts was concerned. They had baptized into church membership less than one fourth of the applicants. The large majority had been received as probationers, who had placed themselves under instruction, and had been enrolled as

such. It was a careful, cautious mode of procedure which had the commendation of all. We Baptists stood alone in the course we had taken, letting baptism follow upon profession of faith. The interest was therefore centered upon us. There was demand for information. I was in England. Dr. Jewett was present. Dr. Downie of Nellore read a paper on the accessions in our mission, and he stood his ground in explaining, and at the same time defending, our course of action. He had not been an eye-witness, but had informed himself. He explained the tenets of our denomination, and pointed out that I had adhered to them. This did not convince the men of the Conference.

They all had come more or less in contact with the Pariahs of South India, and knew their clannish readiness to imitate and follow each other. They had found that the native church, also, was bound to be affected by this tendency. To apply the Baptist individualistic principle to Asiatics of this type, placing the responsibility upon the convert, seemed to them a hazardous undertaking. They felt the missionary ought to shoulder the responsibility. Applying this to my case, it was a foregone conclusion that I could not be expected to be informed definitely about the spiritual condition of 10,000 converts. It seemed to the members of the Conference that my course of action not only marked a departure from the mode of procedure of all other missionary societies over the famine area, but that it amounted to a violation of the principles of my own denomination. The discussion was lengthy. There were those who were in favor of an expression of opinion from the Conference, as opposed to my course. Some one was getting ready to propose a vote of censure.

A man then rose and turned the tide. He was a mem-

ber of the American Methodist Episcopal Society. For years deeply engaged in revival work, both in America and in India, he had an insight into the hidden springs and sources of great revivals. He knew that spiritual power is necessary to rouse even one single human being out of the apathy of everyday life. Where groups of men, and especially where a multitude of men woke up enough to inquire for spiritual truth—he saw a miracle. Large of build, and large of heart, this man, with a great, resounding voice, made himself heard as he said that while he had no personal acquaintance with the movement at Ongole, he yet believed that the Spirit of God was in it. He called upon the Conference to praise God for these converts. The chairman then closed the discussion by "emphatically repudiating the idea of making any inquisitorial investigation into the recent occurrences in the American Baptist Mission." The aim had been simply to gain reliable information. I heard of it all when I returned to India. I cannot say that I did not feel it keenly. But I continued in my course unmoved, because I believed that God had shown me the way, and that I must walk in it.

The whole question of dealing with masses of people who came out of heathenism, seeking salvation in the Christian religion, was at that time regarded in the light of denominational tenets. These movements were to be adapted to the inherited church polity. I had broken away from this, under the pressure of circumstances. When that Conference met ten years later, the scene had shifted. Other missions, notably the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, had come to conclusions similar to mine. The leather workers in northern India, who stood on the same lowest rung of the social ladder as our Madigas, were coming over to Christianity in thou-

sands. There was no famine at that time, yet the numbers were greater than with us, ten years before. Masses of people were seeking salvation.

Again Christendom was facing the question of mass movements. More recognition was given to the fact that Asiatic peoples, of tribal origin, must be expected to come in masses when once moved. An increasing number of missionaries saw that the question should be lifted beyond the range of denominationalism. We reverted to early Christianity. We adopted the mode of procedure stated in the Acts of the Apostles by receiving "multitudes both of men and women." We answered the people as Peter did, when he said: "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." The majority of missionaries were conservative; they held that the only safe course was to receive the people one by one, or in small groups. Yet the fact that we, at Ongole, stood unmoved after our large accessions, and had seen no cause for regret, gave occasion to many to come to the conclusion that the policy of immediate baptism was not without testimony in its favor. Moreover, the churches at home took note. They saw that modern missions formulated a demand for a universal church of Christ into which masses of people could be received, unaffected by the differences which divide Christendom.

Wholly above and beyond the questions of method and procedure, I sometimes came to feel the pulse-beat of spiritual life in the men who formed the background of the missionary enterprise. Never was this more eminently the case than when, in March, 1881, Dr. S. F. Smith came to Ongole. In his beautiful old age, with Mrs. Smith, he was making the tour of Asiatic missions. Like a triumphal march it seemed, as they proceeded from place to place, while we all tried to

make their journey easy for them in an oriental way. They were a royal couple.

They stayed with me in Ongole ten days. Dr. Smith went about in the hamlets of Ongole and saw how the people lived. Many of our workers had come to Ongole to see him. I said, "Here is a man who has grown old in our Christian religion, a man who is counted among the great men of my country. Ask him whether the religion of Jesus Christ has ever failed him." For two hours, with an interpreter to help them, they asked him questions. Christians and caste people alike felt that they had some one before them far above the ordinary. He bore himself like a prophet of old, moving about freely among the people; even the poorest had access to him.

One morning early we went to the top of Prayer Meeting Hill. The sun had just risen. We had a wide outlook. I pointed out one Christian hamlet after another, as far as the eye could see—all of them seen only with the eye of faith thirty years before. We sat down on boulders on the spot which many years before Dr. Jewett had pointed out to me as the place where that memorable meeting was held. We sang Dr. Smith's hymn, "The Morning Light Is Breaking."

It was a wonderful occasion. Dr. Smith made a Mount of Transfiguration of that Indian hilltop. His face shone with an inner light. As for his prayer, it was indescribable. My diary of that day says:

"Dr. Smith told me when we came down from the hilltop: 'I felt that I had lost my independent existence—that I was alone with God. I did not recover from this feeling until I recollected that I was asked to pray for future blessings, as well as give praise to the Lord. This done I fell into thanksgiving again.'"

Later he wrote in his published account:

"The heavens seemed to be bowed around us to overshadow us. The Spirit spoke, not man. We seemed to lose our consciousness of independent existence, and to be moved by a divine impulse. It was not we, but God. It was not prayer so much as a rhapsody of praise—a rare experience, such as scarcely occurs twice in a human lifetime."

The next day was a Sunday. In our crowded chapel Dr. Smith preached to the people a sermon full of consolation, on the words, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Preacher Ezra interpreted. Converts had come; we held an inquiry meeting that afternoon. Dr. Smith went about among the candidates, and asked them questions. In an all-inclusive, patriarchal way, he adjusted himself to the limited mental horizon of the poor, ignorant believers, who expressed their faith in Jesus Christ often by looks and gestures more than by words. Then we went to the baptistery in our garden, under the big tamarind tree. He baptized the ninety-six who had been received, speaking each time the baptismal formula in English. Preacher Ezra stood by his side and repeated it in Telugu. Dr. Smith felt it a fulfillment of the prophecy contained in his "Lone Star" poem. Later he expressed this in the closing stanzas of another poem:

"These are the plowman's garnered wealth,
Born of his toil and pain;
These are the sower's faith and tears,
Transformed to golden grain.
God watched the toilers at their work;
And, when His wisdom willed,
The pledge His loving heart had made,
His loving hand fulfilled.

"Then hail, Lone Star! of all the wreath,
Thou art the brightest gem,
As once, o'er fair Judea's plains,
The Star of Bethlehem.
Shine on! We learn to pray and wait,
To toil and trust, through thee,—
A star of triumph on Christ's brow,
And faith's high victory."

Three days later they left us. I said to him, "After your visit here are your expectations realized, or are you disappointed?" He replied, "Ask the Queen of Sheba how she felt. Her answer is mine, 'Half was not told me!'" Again he said, "Last Saturday and Sunday were the choicest days I ever lived." Then the mother heart in Mrs. Smith asserted itself. She remarked to me that she feared when their son, an honored missionary in Burma, heard how the doctor felt, he might feel sad. To this he replied: "There is *only one* Prayer Meeting Hill, and *only one* Telugu Mission."

Toward evening, March 17, the palanquins stood ready, not far from the bungalow steps, and everywhere there were groups of native people who wanted to say *salaam* to our visitors once more. We still had much to say to each other, and when finally we came out of the house and stood on the veranda, Dr. Smith looked toward the garden. He wanted to go to the baptistery, where he had baptized the ninety-six. We saw him and Mrs. Smith standing there together, communing with God, leaving their benediction with us. Our hearts were full. I rode with them two or three miles. The native Christians stood and looked after us, as we left the compound, many with tears in their eyes. Some said afterwards it had been "like the coming of God." To me their stay had brought spiritual consolation which I sorely needed.

As I look back now, I wonder how I lived through it all. The Lord Jesus must have helped me or I would have run away from my task. The famine turned my hair white as it is to-day. Then came the ingathering. It was followed by the sense of isolation which men are bound to feel when they have hewn a track off the beaten road. When it was all over, the children, whether white or black, began to call me *tahta*—grandfather. I was an old man, though only forty-five years old as years are counted.

XVIII

A CHURCH OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND MEMBERS

By reason of the famine and ingathering my usual long tours over the field had not been made for three years. I could go out only a few days at a time. With Dr. Boggs now attending to the work at headquarters, in Ongole, during my absence, it became possible for me to visit the Christians in their villages. In the middle of November, 1879, with plans all made for a long tour, I started.

I was at my first camping-place, sixteen miles from Ongole, when something happened which taught me in an overwhelming way the instability of all things human. On the afternoon of November 19th it began to rain heavily. Then it poured and then it was blowing a gale. I saw that we were just west of the center of a severe cyclone. After two hours the wind became terrific; the rain came in sheets; trees were being uprooted or broken off, branches were taken up by the wind and carried off like feathers. My men had been digging trenches around the tent to keep it from being flooded. Now the pegs that held it, and the trees to which it was roped, were giving way. The tent was splitting, and I saw it would soon be in shreds. We dragged the luggage outside and cut the ropes and let the tent down. The men and I somehow made our way to the village, a quarter of a mile away, where we found most of the houses flooded.

The village *munsiff* allowed us to come into his cow-shed, twelve by eighteen feet. It was occupied by two bullocks and a cow, two buffaloes and four goats, but we were thankful for a shelter even as good as that. There were three hours more of violent storm. By sundown it had reached its height; the wind changed and the cyclone went elsewhere, over Ongole and Ramapatnam also, to carry destruction in its track. My six men and I were huddled together that night in a place six by eight feet in that shed, flooded with water, all as wet as could be. The *munsiff* gave me his blanket and an old sheet to wrap around me, and an empty grain bag to sit on. He brought a bundle of corn stalks for us to burn, and with it we kept up a fire all night, and thus saved ourselves from chilling to death.

It was a fearful morning when at last daylight came. Such destruction! The women were crying all about. We pulled the tent out of the mud and succeeded in pitching it. Our clothes were drying. I was wondering how they had fared in Ongole; nor had I long to wait for tidings. A man came bringing a letter from Dr. Boggs:

"There is an awful state of ruin here. Though both the bungalows, the schoolhouse and the chapel are standing, yet there is an immense amount of destruction. All the dormitories are ruined. No one was hurt, thank God! . . . I am taking it for granted that you are coming back as soon as you can get here. We are very anxious about you and are praying for you."

I hurried home. The roads were washed away in many places and the bridges were gone. When at last, tired and hungry, I reached Ongole, the sight that met me as I came to the mission premises beggars descrip-

tion. The beautiful shade trees, which I planted thirteen years before, were so thrown across the road in the compound that I had to leave my pony and pick my way up to the veranda. Happy and thankful we all were, because no lives were lost. But what ruin everywhere! Some fifteen houses in the mission compound had fallen. Tidings began to come in that upwards of twenty schoolhouses all along the track of the cyclone had fallen, and the houses of many of the native Christians were down. The crops were destroyed and the question arose whether another famine was in sight.

It took much work and money to repair the damage wrought by those few hours of cyclone. I wondered what all this meant. I wrote to Boston that I thought "our God means to show what he is able to do,—to build up here among the heathen, and then how easily he can undo all."

But that tour had to be made. I started the second time, January 17, 1880. I was gone from Ongole just two months. I went over five taluks which afterwards became five separate mission fields. I could write of this tour:

"I never had such a hearing by all classes before; in some places as many as one thousand came out and listened to me attentively for an hour. I expected great things from this tour, because I knew that many in America were praying for the Telugus. My hope was more than fulfilled."

The preachers and I had made a careful plan for this tour. It was impossible to reach all the four hundred villages where our Christians lived. By camping in twenty-seven central places the people in a large number of those villages were reached. They were looking for me. Their simple village customs were used to ad-

vertise my coming. The Yetties, bearing burdens from place to place, were like a daily gazette. The village elders kept each other informed along the route. Everybody was wide awake. In the hamlets along the road the people watched, and when they learned that the cart with my tent was coming, they interviewed my tent-pitcher and cart-men. They found out when I was expected to arrive, and all the detail.

On my way from one camp to another, I halted in as many Christian hamlets as I could reach in a given time. To each one I sent in advance one of my helpers, who had directions to bring the people together and have them ready for me in some shady place, and to invite the caste people to come also. Frequently I went to three or four such places before I reached my camp, when the sun rose high, and made it unsafe for me to be out longer. My stay everywhere had to be short, but I could say a kind word to the people, and inquire about their welfare. I always prayed with them and asked the Lord Jesus to hold them steadfast in the faith. It gave them courage and strength.

Often the Christian hamlets were off to one side. It would have taken too much time to pick my way across the fields to reach them. Then the people came to the road. They waited for me for hours under some shady tree. I halted. If pressed for time, I talked with them from my saddle. I asked them how they were faring, and told them to put their trust in Jesus. It meant much to them. Following the oriental custom, I asked them to give me permission to proceed on my journey. They made many *salaams* and stood watching me as I rode on.

It seemed to me sometimes as if I were a traveler in some desert, following a mirage, yet I was not deceived. Christians were beckoning me everywhere. They sent deputations of village elders begging me to come. They

THE CHAPEL AT ONGOLE

The church home of 15,000 members.

AT HOME

ON TOUR

sent letters, carefully written, inviting me. The Christians were warm-hearted; often they shed tears because I could not comply with their earnest requests to come to some outlying village. My pony during those two months of touring wore out two sets of shoes. I had to have a double force of helpers and assistants to follow me. Whether preachers or tent-pitchers or cart-men or messengers, the men were worn out after a few days and had to rest and then join me again. It was a time of strenuous work for us all.

My heart went out to this Christian community. The people knew that I loved them; they felt it. It was like sunshine to them. They had come out of great tribulation. There were traces of the famine everywhere. I could see it in their faces. The stunted bodies of the children bore pitiful evidence. I noticed a loss in self-reliance and a readiness to lean on anyone for support. On one point all were strong: in their faith in Jesus. They were bravely rising from the effects of the famine, largely through this faith. I gave my full attention to the Christians, on this tour. In many places they had difficulties to lay before me that could best be settled on the spot. There were questions pending concerning their relations to each other and to the caste people. Many of these questions were of a temporal nature, yet the manner in which they were answered had its effect upon the spiritual life.

When last I made a tour of this kind, previous to the famine, we had a membership of 3,000. Now we had four times that number. We had a staff of two hundred preachers and teachers. The Christian village elders came forward everywhere, and let me feel that I could place reliance upon them. I saw, as I went from place to place, that the Christians were greatly in need of more teaching and training. Yet often I had to tell

myself that even if they had a teacher or preacher with them all the time, instead of seeing one only at intervals, they could not be more earnest in their Christian life. The Lord Jesus was doing this. He was keeping them firm in the faith. Frequently the only request which deputations from villages had to make to me was for a teacher. They wanted their children to be taught. They wanted to rise in the social scale. Not for rupees or temporal help did the people beg most on this tour. The cry everywhere was: Send us a teacher.

When there was failure to lead the Christian life the trouble lay generally in the peculiar disabilities of the Madigas. The three precepts of the early days were still in force. The people held each other to them. "Do not work on Sunday; do not eat carrion; do not worship idols." It was still the program of their social uprising. Those who were weak in this were considered weak in their Christian life. Some had let their *juttus* grow, but now asked to have them cut off. In one village five had to be excluded for contracting infant marriages after the heathen fashion. In several villages there were exclusions for adultery. In one village eleven were excluded because they confessed that they had deceived us when they were baptized. It is a marvel that I did not find many cases of this kind. An entry in my diary speaks of going to a new camp. "On my way I halted in a hamlet and tried to reclaim two people who had been baptized. After two hours I saw that I had failed. I went on to the camp. Five hundred or more came out, of all castes, to listen. Many seemed to believe." I gave almost as much time to the two as I gave to the five hundred. The people knew that I was unwilling to see one of them stray away.

The number of baptisms everywhere was large. Many were waiting for me. They would have come to Ongole

for the ordinance but for the distance. Moreover, it was always the better way if they could be baptized near their own home. It lent definiteness to the step which they took thereby. Large numbers everywhere were on the point of making a decision. They had been taught, and they believed in Christ Jesus. By the united effort of this tour the whole Madiga community of the taluks through which I was passing was stirred. Everybody talked about the new religion. There was strength in numbers. The preachers were hard at work. The village elders encouraged those in whom they had recognized evidence of a change. Often my sermon marked a turning point. There was a great turning toward Jesus as the Saviour of men. In twenty-eight places the baptism of large groups of people closed the day's work. There were cases where it could be said that they came by families. There were cases where members of several households in a village came, including the elders. These were henceforth Christian villages. One thousand and sixty-eight persons were received into the church on profession of faith in Jesus during this tour. There was a harvest afterwards. Before the year 1880 had passed we had baptized 3,000.

We had a great time with the village idols on this tour. Where families owned idols they had a right to give them up when they became Christians. It was different where the idols belonged to the village. In many places they were still standing in shrines and under trees because a few families had held aloof from Christian influence. The fear was that the cattle would die and the crops would fail if the idols were removed. In some of the villages I had asked them for years to give them up; in some it was a recent question. Now everybody was willing. In order to eliminate personal regrets we made it a kind of triumphal exodus of the idols. The

village elders everywhere were prominent in this matter. I let them fill up several bullock carts one after another, passing from village to village, piling on their idols to send to Ongole. Everyone heard of it. The people caught on. They decided what had been done in one village could be done in another. By the time I returned to Ongole one hundred idols had preceded me. Most of them were shapeless stones. Nearly all stood for demon worship of some sort. Hideous rites had been performed over many of them. The drums were given up, too, and the bells and all the other articles that go toward idol worship. My compound was full of the ruins of the past worship of the people.

The *munsiffs* and *karnams* formed a prominent feature of this tour. They came forward everywhere, as if my visit concerned them. They came to my tent and I showed them every courtesy, asking them to sit on my camp chairs. Some of them listened so eagerly to my preaching that I felt they were almost persuaded to believe in Jesus. My diary mentions them on almost every page. In one village, after I had preached to three hundred listeners in the early morning, the *munsiff* walked a mile with me back to my tent. In another village both *munsiff* and *karnam* came, and the latter urged me to stay another day. Often they remained to the service, sometimes they came with us to the baptism. I always talked with them about the change which had come over the Madiga community. In most places they told me that the change was for the better. They were glad this new religion had come to the Madigas. In a few places, however, the village officials did not hesitate to tell me that the Christians were worse men than when they were Madigas, because to their other evil traits they had added insubordination.

The caste people were never before or after so friendly

and approachable as during those years after the ingathering. The stress of famine had brought us into close connection. I had been able to do a good turn to many a Sudra family over that region. They had come to me for help and had not been turned away. Later I had seen that all were provided with seed grain, and they had reaped harvests from it. This friendly feeling, mingled with gratitude, was still far from bringing them to accept Christianity, yet I was always looking for their coming. But they said, "This religion has come to the Madigas. It is a good religion. It would be well if for us also such a religion would come." I remained to them the "Madiga Dhora." As Dr. Jewett used to say, "Brother Clough, it is hard work to convert the non-elect." The Sudras did not come.

A new day had dawned for the Madigas, yet their old abject position was still in evidence. In one place where I camped, I faced a large company of angry Brahmans, who came to my tent for redress. It had happened, when I arrived that morning, that a large crowd of people had come with me. As I was riding along the road the Christians from one hamlet after another had joined me. By the time I reached the bazaar of the village, hundreds were surrounding me and following me. The caste people, too, had come out to see; the place was swarming with people. In the pressure of the crowd a Christian woman had touched a Brahman. The caste people considered this an intolerable state of affairs. They demanded of me that I should give strict orders to the Madigas that they must adhere to the customs in force since time immemorial. They threatened to appeal to the government.

I told those angry Brahmans that the street was for all, and if they did not want to be touched they must step to one side. Had I yielded to their demand, even a little, tidings of it would have gone over the country.

The Madigas would have continued to walk in fear. Often I mimicked them. With a stroke of the hand, my hair fell over my face, then my shoulders drooped, and my knees shook. The preachers at such times played their part, they asked me, "Who are you?" I replied, "I am an Ongole Christian. There is a Brahman coming way over there. Where can I go so that the air which sweeps over me cannot touch him?" Such nonsense went a long way. The people repeated it to each other and laughed. The caste people heard of it. My sermons were forgotten. The way I played Madiga was remembered.

The petty persecutions which came with the social uprising of the people were still in force. Sometimes a wave of them went over the country. The village officials took note of each other. What one man was doing the next man copied. Then they waited to see what I was going to do about it. During this tour I had to deal with a case of persecution of more than ordinary severity. Everyone was watching to see whether I could effect a change. If not, intolerant officials here and there stood ready to take similar measures to bring the Christians back to their former condition of servitude.

The persecution happened in a large village in one of the northern taluks. The persecutor was the *munsiff*, a Sudra. In the beginning he had the caste people with him. We had twenty-seven Christian families in the Madiga hamlet. A seminary graduate lived here and had pastoral charge of the surrounding villages also. His wife was the teacher of a flourishing school in the village. It was the prosperity of this little Christian group that angered the caste people. The serfdom was gone. They decided to take rigorous measures. A feast to one of the female deities of the village was held. Ten of the leading Christians were brought to it by force.

On the bank of the village pond they were told to dip themselves under water, and thus to wash off the effects of their Christian baptism. They refused. The *munsiff* ordered the Yetties to put long sticks to the necks of the Christians and push them under water. Then they were taken to the idol and forced to bow before it. With the warm blood of sheep the mark of worship was made on their foreheads. During a long, hideous night insults were heaped upon these ten Christians. Because they had been unyielding they and all the rest were turned out of the employ of the Sudras. They were not allowed to walk on the village roads and were forbidden access to the bazaar. This had already lasted six months. They were in great trouble.

My tent was pitched in a grove near that village. I invited the *munsiff* and the leading Sudras to call on me. They came, and practically the whole town came with them; the grove was full of people. For three hours I talked with that *munsiff*. I used every appeal of his religion, and of my religion, and of common humanity, in trying to persude him to change his course. I failed. I pointed out to him that he was violating British law. I told him "Queen Victoria is our mother, and you are eating her pay. You are bound to treat all her subjects alike. These Christians are of the same religion as the Queen." It all had no effect. Night came, and I wondered whether I would do right in leaving the Christians of this place to their suffering.

At sunrise, sitting in the open tent, I saw the *munsiff* talking to some of the eighteen men who the day before had asked for baptism. They were running away over the fields, as if for dear life. I learned that the *munsiff* had said to them; "The Dhora was going last night. You kept him here. Now go away or I shall kill you." I went out to the place where the *munsiff* stood. I reminded

him that the English Government metes out heavy punishment for such deeds as his, and that the loss of his position was possible. With a careless insolence he replied, "If I lose it, what is that to me?" Then I appealed to God Almighty. I said, "If the English Government does not make you as if you had not been, God will wipe you out, unless you cease to persecute these people. He will reckon with you before many months!"

I stayed that day, for I wanted to find some way of helping those persecuted Christians. I requested the *munsiff* to come with me to the well in the Christian hamlet, into which he had thrown logs of Tuma trees, because with their strong odor they made the water undrinkable. I insisted that he must order his Yetties to take out these logs. I stood by while they did it. Then I looked for evidence, in order to help the Christians file a case in the magistrate's court. I went to the pond where the mock baptism had been performed. I took down all names. I did not see clearly whether there was a legal point there to take hold of and carry. I told the Christians to stand firm, and to tell the Lord Jesus their troubles, and to trust him, for in some way he would overrule events to bring them deliverance.

When I was gone the Sudras remonstrated with the *munsiff,* and said, "What use is it to worry these Christians?" He replied, "Though it cost me a cartload of rupees, I shall not rest until there is not a Christian left in this village." I tried to help them through legal proceedings, but failed. Two months passed, and at a large meeting in our Ongole chapel some of those persecuted ones were present. They told of their troubles with tears. It seemed as if they could not endure more. Their children were crying for want of food. We took a collection for them. The preachers suggested that a cart be sent to Christian villages, and grain be collected for those

sufferers, here a measure and there a measure. This was done. All felt that God must send help in some form; for if that *munsiff* could thus drive a village of Christians to the verge of starvation, and no one could stay his hand, what had they to expect where many village officials were hostile to the Christians? There was much prayer and much anxiety, and the story of this persecution was being told all over the field.

Meanwhile the *munsiff* was suffering more than the Christians. A carbuncle had appeared on his shoulder. It defied the skill of native physicians. Three months after the morning when I warned him of the wrath of God Almighty he died. On that day the funeral pyre was raised for him, the Yetties applied the torch, and stood at a distance while fire consumed his mortal remains.

The tidings went over the country that the persecutor was dead. Yetties told the story wherever they went. The Christians lifted up their heads and said, "Our God is a God who hears our cries." The caste people talked of it to each other and wondered. The village officials here and there decided that perhaps, after all, it might be well to treat the Christians kindly. All felt that the God of the Christians had spoken. The effect was pronounced and lasting.

My tour convinced me that I had no cause to fear for that movement. I had gone over much of the ground and had found warm hearts and strong faith. All were at work. The village elders were in their places. The schools were doing good work. The preachers were full of zeal. Persecution had been borne. The weight of it had rested on us all. Not a voice was raised in favor of compromise. Standing for Jesus Christ and the new life was worth all it cost.

XIX

AN EASTERN PEOPLE AND WESTERN ORGANIZATION

A MONTH after I returned from my extended tour over the field I wrote a decisive letter to the Executive Committee, in which I proposed the division of the Ongole field. During the tour, and in thinking it over afterwards, I had become deeply impressed with the overwhelming call for work which ought to be done everywhere. We had labored strenuously during the two months of touring, yet had passed through only five of the nine or ten taluks over which the movement had spread. Later in the year Dr. and Mrs. Boggs made a tour of one month. They found warm hearts and open minds everywhere. Nearly 600 were baptized during their tour.

The size of the Ongole field was unwieldy. It extended ninety miles north and south, and one hundred miles east and west. There were probably two million people in this area, living in two thousand towns and villages, more or less. The movement had had a wide sweep. The Ongole methods had had a chance to work themselves out. Most of our Christians knew little of other missionary societies or other methods. Beyond the confines of the Ongole field missionaries of two societies from England and one society from America were at work. In several places their boundaries and ours overlapped. Their converts were not from the Madigas.

I realized, in deciding this question, that the day of

pioneers was now over. We men of the early years could find ourselves so buried in heathenism that we had to look for our nearest missionary neighbor fifty or one hundred miles away. A different day had come. New societies were being founded. The old societies were sending strong reënforcements. New ideas were gaining ground about the amount of careful labor which should extend from the mission stations over the surrounding country. The South India Missionary Conference had discussed this question. A consensus of opinion had been reached that no mission field should extend further than thirty miles from its headquarters. I could see the justice in this trend of opinion in mission affairs, and was ready to adapt myself to it.

Since the time of the ingathering I had often realized that there was an element of instability in the Ongole movement so long as a large part of the responsibility lay on the shoulders of one man. If an accident were to happen to me, or my health were to break down, who would be willing to take my place? I had to tell myself that willingness and capacity were not the only requisites in this case. The movement and I were as one organism. I sought counsel with my fellow-missionaries. All were convinced that I must divide the field, and do it soon, letting the division take a normal course and thus prevent disaster.

My proposition to the Executive Committee therefore was that several of the outlying taluks were to be made independent mission fields without delay. The missionary in each case was to erect a bungalow in the taluk town and thus be within easy access of the thousands of Christians in the taluk. Dr. Boggs, who had been associated with me at Ongole for over a year, was willing to take charge of the Cumbum and Markapur taluks, which from the first had formed an important center of the

movement. We requested that other men be sent. Of the nine or ten taluks included in the Ongole field four or five of those farthest from Ongole were to be established as separate fields as soon as practicable.

These plans were good, but for the time being they came to naught. The reason was that I had moved away from the beaten track with my methods. The report was spreading that a man who came to Ongole must work by Ongole methods. Men at that time were not always willing to do this. Those methods had not then stood the test of experience. They seemed to many due to my personality, and my manner of working. I could not adequately explain the situation to anyone. There were times when I took the shortest line between two given points, and knew my reasons for doing it. But how to make them clear to the next man was another question. Some of my methods were not of my making; circumstances had forced them upon me. To some I had adapted myself willingly; they went along the line of least resistance and were sensible. About others I had doubts. They stood for a course which I had found the best possible under prevailing conditions. I had always sought guidance from Jesus, and believed that he was in these methods.

I did everything in my power to help the men who came after me. I took them touring with me. I answered their questions. I explained to them conditions which are difficult to grasp except after years of experience in the country. I had myself gone through a severe apprenticeship when I began work in Ongole. Thrown upon my own resources, I had learned to look to God for guidance and to go ahead. No doubt pioneer habits were strong upon me. We men of the old days had our own way of working. It became a question with the younger men who clustered about us whether they would

walk in the track we had hewn. That movement among the Madigas had given me a training which I could share with no other man, no matter how willing I might be to do so. Moreover, I had a place in the hearts of those Madigas which I could neither give nor bequeath to anyone else. No matter how loyal they might learn to be to the next man, they never ceased to speak of me as the "*pedda* Dhora"—the big or elder Dhora—with a peculiar affection. It was not in my power to alter this state of affairs. My successors had to make the best of it.

In later years, fellow-missionaries have told me they wished I had taken them more into my confidence in the early days and explained to them more fully how I was trying to let the Madigas remain in their own groove, while they were slowly growing into the forms of a religion that had been brought to them from the West. I was not aware of having withheld anything from them. I did not see it plainly myself in the early days. When we are in the midst of anything we can seldom formulate all our reasons for a given course of action. It is in after years that we see our motives clearly. But if I had told my successors to how great an extent several of the leaders among our preachers were responsible for the Ongole methods, it would have filled their minds with doubt about those methods at the outset. Moreover, they would have raised a contention with me regarding the organization of churches. They would have told me that the gospel was adapted out and out to all races and climes, and that as the organized, self-sustaining Christian church was part of the gospel, it also was adapted to all places without distinction. Afterwards, in looking back, they saw it more clearly, and so did I; for the trend of the times had come to help us.

The tendency of that whole situation at Ongole was always in the direction of leaving the burden of work

and responsibility on me. Year after year I carried a heavy load. At this juncture, in 1880, the result was that the division of the field was postponed. The growth did not cease, neither in numbers nor in active Christian life. I looked to the Lord Jesus to help me, and he did not fail me.

The year 1880 was a decisive year in our history at Ongole. Projects which had been maturing for years now came to completion. One of these was a high school for our Christian community. It could no longer be said that the Madigas of that region were an illiterate people. The number of our village schools scattered over the field had recently grown to nearly 150, with more than 2,000 pupils. Some of these schools were very elementary, taught under a tree by a teacher who could barely read and write. Others had reached a fair degree of efficiency, and were taught by recent seminary graduates. We had our large station schools at Ongole, with 300 pupils. Our best men and women were sent to our theological seminary. But that whole educational scheme was unfinished without a high school. After much correspondence with the home board, funds sufficient were at our disposal. We made a beginning in May, 1880, with one hundred students, of whom twenty-seven were Christian lads.

All our schools were under the supervision of the educational department of the government in Madras. A substantial grant-in-aid was secured. Our high school was also to come under this system. It was to be open to Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans alike. From the beginning we had Christian teachers on the staff, and the Bible was taught to all an hour each day. An increasing number of Brahman boys came. They knew when they entered that they would sit on the same benches with our Christian boys, and raised no objec-

tions. But they considered the highest class their own. When now a Christian was ready to enter it they rose in protest. They left the school in a body, and took nearly all the non-Christian boys with them. It soon became apparent to them that this made no difference to anyone. The school continued without them. They came back. This meant a long stride in proving that the day of Pariah degradation was over. Education formed a bridge that connected Brahman and Pariah. Rev. W. R. Manley became principal of the school, and tided it over the difficulties of its first seven years. Those who had doubted whether the Madigas had the capacity to receive an education were forced to admit that it was within their power.

I had opposition to face in opening this high school, both in America and in India. Some said it was premature, because we had not a sufficient number of boys in our Telugu Mission ready to enter and thus justify the establishment of such a school. This objection was overcome after a few years. Then there was always the contention that it was not a legitimate use of mission money to educate orientals, who afterwards were sometimes known to use their education in a way hostile to Christianity. I always felt that this was a minor consideration. I was not at any time influenced by discussions on this subject. I could see only one side to the whole question. Unmoved by any opposition, whether from Hindus or from the men of my own race, I forged ahead. I was bound to see an educated Christian community in my day. To some extent I succeeded in this.

There was another important direction in which I made a move in 1880, and by force of contrast it is the more remarkable that in this I had no opposition to face. Everyone looked upon it as the right move. We now took the first step toward the organization of separate

churches. The ground was unbroken in this respect.

The Baptist church at Ongole, organized with eight members January 1, 1867, was the church into which we had received more than 15,000 members. There were no other churches on the Ongole field. We had seven ordained native preachers. In a natural way it had come to pass, in the course of the years, that Christian centers of development were formed here and there on the field. We now had more than thirty of these. In each one of them there was a man who practically performed the functions of a pastor. The men had grown with the centers. Together they had formed the continuity of the movement. The only course now open to us was to organize these centers into churches, and to ordain the leading men in them as Christian ministers.

These were the men who had stood together as a group of leaders from the beginning of the movement. Humble men in their walks in life, God had honored them. In the social uprising of their people in the months of famine, and in the days of the ingathering, these men had stood shoulder to shoulder with me. They had looked forward to their ordination. Our Christians took a deep interest in the events that were now to take place. They wanted nothing changed in the relations sustained between themselves and their preachers. But if it was in accordance with the rules of the Christian religion that they should pass through an examination, and, if found worthy, receive the Christian ordination, they felt that it was all as it should be. They tried to learn what it meant, and to harmonize it with ideas of religious practices familiar and congenial to them in their Indian life.

In response to a call from the Ongole Church a council convened at Ongole April 14-16, 1880, to consider the propriety of formally setting apart to the work of the gospel ministry those native preachers whose labors had

already been crowned with so much success. Dr. Downie came from Nellore and Dr. Williams from Ramapatnam with delegates from both stations. The council was organized; the examination was close and deliberate and occupied two days and a half. Dr. Boggs reported about this examination:

"It embraced as usual the important points of conversion, and call to the ministry, and an outline of Christian doctrine; many testing questions were asked both by the missionaries and native delegates and the answers were generally very satisfactory. Their knowledge of the Christian system seemed surprising, especially after hearing each one of them, in relating his experience, speak of the time, only a few years back, when they were worshiping idols. The result was that twenty-four of the best, most experienced, and successful preachers connected with the Ongole Mission were considered worthy of the confidence implied in this act of public recognition."

Dr. Downie preached the ordination sermon, and Dr. Williams delivered an earnest charge both to the church and the candidates. Then the twenty-four all knelt, and the hands of the leading ministers were laid on them while the ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. N. Kanakiah of Nellore. The benediction was pronounced by Yerraguntla Periah, the oldest man among those just ordained, and the firstfruits of them all.

It was an unusual occasion. Not often in the history of modern missions have twenty-four men been ordained to the ministry at the same time. Theological schools of learning had had little to do with the making of most of these men. Only a few of the twenty-four were graduates of the Ramapatnam Seminary. The rest had been taught by me during the six weeks of the preachers' institute, held every hot season during the early years in

Ongole. And on me also theological schools had not had an opportunity to leave their mark. Thus we all were off the beaten track of ecclesiastical proceedings. We had worked together and the Lord Jesus had blessed our labors. Their ordination was not the door to their ministry. It was the other way. Their ministry demanded recognition through ordination.

The first step had been taken. Six months later we were facing the next step. Letters had been coming to me from the larger groups of members here and there over the field, who wished to form separate churches with their own pastors. The Ramapatnam Seminary had done its work in preparing the way for this. Dr. Williams had realized what was needed, and had worked to meet the need. He and his assistant teachers had drilled successive classes of students on the subject of the New Testament church and its ordinances. What was taught in the seminary found its way into receptive minds all over the field. They wanted their own churches. They wrote to me and signed long lists of names to their letters. A package of them is still among my papers.

One of our large quarterly meetings came, just six months after the ordination of the twenty-four. On Sunday, October 10, 1880, I preached from Psalm 48:14—"This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide unto death." Dr. Boggs was then still associated with me at Ongole, and Mr. Manley also assisted. We went through all the hard work which these quarterly meetings always brought. Then, October 13, we gave our whole attention to a lengthy inquiry concerning the setting off of twenty-six churches.

There were present at that deliberation in the chapel the representative members of the Ongole Church from all portions of its field. We had on the table before us the applications of the various groups of members, re-

questing dismissal from the parent church in order to form independent churches. The Ongole Church, represented by its leading members, was ready to vote on this subject. It is true the Ongole Church now numbered 14,872, and there was no way of obtaining the vote of even one tenth of the membership. But we had their leaders there with us in the chapel. There were thirty-three ordained preachers and thirty unordained. There were nearly one hundred and fifty village school teachers; there were several hundred deacons, and there were other members who had come from here and there. No one could say that we missionaries had done this work without the coöperation of the native church. We tried to adhere strictly to New Testament methods.

It was only a partial solution of the question of organization. We dismissed only 2,000 members out of our total of nearly 15,000—less than one-seventh. But it was a beginning. We now taught them Baptist church autonomy. They could receive members by baptism, they could exercise church discipline. They bought a plate and a cup in the bazaar for their communion service; they bought a bell to call their members together. We gave to each a book with the names of their members recorded. It was a very rudimentary attempt at church organization. Those special conceptions of the church which belong to our own race did not appeal to them because they knew nothing of their history. They lacked the range of ideas that would have helped to give an intelligent hold upon those distinctly Christian conceptions. Much of the most valuable acquisition of Christian thought was inaccessible to them.

The people understood that they must support their preacher and their teacher. There would have been a great deal of willingness among them to do this if it had not been for their poverty. Recently emerged from a

fearful famine, they had little themselves. Many a family among the Christians had barely enough to go around for one meal a day. To help feed the preacher and teacher from this meant stinting themselves till it hurt.

Those preachers, capable and faithful though they were in their appointed places, were unwilling to cut loose from their organic connection with headquarters. They felt they could not stand alone without the advice, the help and the backing which the missionary could give them. The impetus of the movement was still on us. We could not split ourselves into separate units. The cohesion of the movement was organic, the ideal of the Western church was in this case artificial.

Thus, while those ordained preachers had their homes in the villages where the new churches had been organized, they still remained responsible for the groups of villages which constituted their little field. This necessitated frequent absence from their homes, while in a number of cases their wives kept up the services on Sunday and taught school during the week. For their pastoral work they received pay, generally in kind, from their members. For their evangelistic work they still considered themselves under my direction, and depended on the mission for their quarterly allowance. To many of them the actual purchasing value of the few rupees put into their hands was of slight importance as compared to the prestige it gave them to be still connected with our Ongole Mission. They could not forego the stimulating effect of the quarterly meeting at Ongole, which was calculated in those days to wind up everyone for renewed effort for another three months.

The quarterly meetings of those days played a great part in the movement. They had grown to these large proportions from a small beginning. Away back in the early days Yerraguntla Periah and I agreed that it would

be well for him to come to Ongole every month if possible for the communion service, and to confer with me about the work. As the band of workers grew they, too, came. Converts came with them for baptism. My connection with the staff of workers was kept active and dominant by these monthly meetings. As the size of the field increased, the monthly meetings grew unwieldy. The workers had to walk long distances back and forth. We were scarcely through the work of one meeting when another was at hand. Even before the famine we had to make it a bimonthly gathering, and then it became quarterly.

In those days, while we were yet all together, and divisions were only being planned, these meetings were occasions to which we all looked forward. Preachers, teachers, both men and women, helpers, and many of the more prominent members came flocking into Ongole in groups from every portion of the more than 7,000 square miles of the field. The compound began to fill on Saturday afternoon. They stood together, dusty and footsore from walking seventy miles in some cases, and exchanged greetings. To the recognized staff among them I had to extend the hospitality of the compound; for I had asked them to come that we might jointly transact the business of the mission. Our first meeting always occurred on a Saturday, toward evening. The list was read and each received an allowance of a small silver coin per day, the equivalent of about five cents. Each family was given an earthen pot from a big pile of pots stacked ready near by. In the cold season we gave mats to lie on. As night fell there were little campfires all over the compound, and groups around them waiting for the rice and curry that was under preparation, and there was much talking and relating experiences of the past months.

On Sunday morning it was my custom to preach

a carefully prepared sermon to the 700 people or more who filled the chapel to overflowing. I knew that all the workers were waiting for points which they could take and tell over the field during the following months. My quarterly meeting sermon filled a need, and unless it was an hour or more in length my men were not satisfied. Then came communion service. After a few hours of rest we examined the several hundred candidates who usually were brought from the field for baptism. We closed the day under the tamarind tree in our garden by the baptistery, where each preacher baptized those who came from his field.

The following days of the quarterly meeting were full of hard work. There were payments to make. Twice a year we gave to each worker on our list a suit of clothes, because I found that it was well to conform to the native custom of payment in kind and not in money. Besides, the white suit, which cost less than one dollar, was the same for all and thus constituted a kind of uniform, which I found had its uses. We gave them tracts to distribute on the field, and medicines for their households, since they were far from medical aid away off in the jungle. Above all, we gave them counsel and encouragement, and words of commendation where in place. The preachers made known to me any difficulties on their fields. School matters were adjusted with the teachers. Cases of distress were given a hearing, and relieved if possible.

I gave myself wholly to the people during those days. When all were satisfied, and I had prayed with them and committed us all to the Lord Jesus and his care and guidance, I sent them on their way home. And then I was a tired man. "Invincibles," as I called them—people with unreasonable requests—generally stayed behind to see what they could get from me. But I withdrew into

my room, closed the doors, and rested under the punkah. Some one among the preachers, even at ordinary times, was always at hand to keep those in check who could never be satisfied. They used to say to such: "Our Dhora now has given all his strength to the people. If you kill him what good can that do you? Go home and tell your troubles to God only; for our Dhora is bent over with the load which the people have laid upon him." It generally took me several days to rebound after one of these quarterly meetings.

I loved the people and let them feel it. There was no ecclesiastical dignity about me. Warmth was what they wanted. I went about among them and slapped one man a little on the shoulder, another I shook a little, with the next I had a bit of pleasantry, next I mimicked some one, around my most trusted men I put my arm and asked them what they had been doing. It made them happy. I learned this through Yerraguntla Periah in the early days. He had come in as usual, but went about with a sad, downcast face. Mrs. Clough finally asked him whether anything was troubling him. He replied, "I fear our Dhora does not love me any more. Since I came several days ago he has not once slapped my shoulder, or shaken me, or put his arm around me, or made fun with me. I am very sad." Of course Mrs. Clough lost no time in telling me about this, and I made up to him for all my neglect. It was an eye-opener to me, and showed me that they prized above everything else the little indications that I was getting near to them, as man to man.

It seems these traits of personality were part of my equipment for the work. I may not always have been wise in giving free play to my sense of humor, but the people loved me for it, because it brought me near to them. I often did a bit of acting and could imitate their voices and their ways of doing things. They thought

it great. If something they had done, or were doing, made me angry, and I scathed them with sharp reproof, it was an item of interest on the field. By the degree of my anger the people gauged the serious nature of the offense, and all took notice.

My physical endurance during those years held out notwithstanding climate and work. I could stand on my veranda all morning and take up the case of one deputation after another from villages far and near. They sat under the trees in front of my veranda sometimes several days before their turn came, and did it patiently; for nothing would satisfy them unless they had a hearing from me personally. I was always surrounded by a band of men and women who did preliminary work with the people, and told me in a few simple words what was wanted, making long inquiries unnecessary. Generally the requests were legitimate; it concerned their preacher or their school, or there was a persecution, or the Christians in the village were quarreling, or there was a grievous case of poverty, sickness or death.

Sometimes I rebelled; I told the people they were heaping their burdens upon me unjustly. If their Sudra masters scolded them, if they had a little pain in their limbs—I used to tell them—they rose up and said, "Let us go to Ongole and tell our Clough Dhora." For such I had little welcome. On the other hand, I made it a rule never to let anyone feel that he had nothing more to do with me. No matter how I had rebuked a man, or how sharply I had protested against his doings, I always found a bridge between that man and myself, even if it was only a bit of humor and nonsense. Thus I held the Christians together, and kept in touch with the adherents and caste people.

The friends of the Ongole Mission, especially those in America, often feared that since there were no organized

churches on our field, the movement was lacking in enduring qualities. There was no cause for fear. It was not a movement without organization. The men who were closest to the people were our deacons, the village elders of former days, then came the teachers, men and women, the Bible women and preachers, and finally I was always there, accessible to the highest and to the lowest. Moreover, according to the New Testament conception of the church, the whole field was dotted with churches; for there were groups of believers everywhere, who were "steadfast in their faith in Jesus," and to whom "the Lord added such as should be saved." The spiritual life on the field was not essentially affected, or increased in vigor, by that mass ordination and the setting apart of twenty-six churches. It merely brought the Christians more into conformity with the church of Christ and its ordinances.

I used to talk sometimes of "paper churches." To have it all down on paper, ready for statistical tables: so many members, deacons, baptisms, contributions—all this does not constitute a church. On the other hand, a group of believers, full of love for the Lord Jesus and good works in their own oriental way, seemed to me in many cases all we could expect in the way of a church for the time being.

This attempt at organization would have been far more effective if it had been made before the famine and ingathering came upon us. If that theological seminary had been given to us when I first began to plead for it, soon after we settled in Ongole, those valuable ten years would not have been lost, so far as church organization was concerned. But it is possible that this was not in the divine plan.

It may have been well that, with Mrs. Clough to help me, I had to train the preachers myself, who formed my

corps of workers during famine and ingathering. Maybe that was what God wanted. There was a complete understanding between them and me. I knew what to expect of each. They knew me, and knew to what extent I would stand by them through thick and thin. I must say there was no lack of loyalty on their part. There were times when they showed by their actions that they were willing to pluck out their eyes and give them to me. They showed their devotion in all sorts of ways. If I had rivers to ford they took me on their shoulders and put me on my feet on the other side entirely dry. If I was hungry out on tour they declined to eat until they knew that I had had my portion. Often they put themselves between me and angry people and refused to leave until they knew I was safe. This mutual loyalty formed the *esprit de corps* of the movement. We were able thus to hold together and work as one man when the strain and stress of a great emergency came upon us.

Perhaps, too, it simplified matters when the ingathering came that we could baptize the ten thousand converts into the Ongole Church. If at that time there had been a number of self-sustaining churches over my field, I doubt whether I could have handled the situation. The firm grip which the preachers and I had on it would have weakened; there would have been a splitting up of interests. Perhaps, from that point of view, it was necessary that the organizing of churches should suffer in order that the movement might prosper.

One drawback was that the preachers had before them no pattern of a self-governing, self-supporting church. They watched me narrowly in all my dealings in the Ongole Baptist Church as its pastor, and they copied me. But I also had the supervision of the whole field. It was not possible always to keep the two offices distinct. The

ideas of the preachers about the functions of a pastor must thereby have become confused at some points.

In my whole attempt to organize Baptist churches among the Madigas the feature which I can pronounce an unqualified success was the village elder turned into a Baptist deacon. Whenever in a Madiga village one or more of the headmen were converted I considered the battle half won. I only needed to utilize their position in the community, and bring it into service for the Lord Jesus and keep it there, and I had their customs, handed down from time immemorial, to help us. I always leaned on these headmen, and held as closely to their own ideas as I could consistently. To force a lot of Western ideas upon such a converted village elder was not to my mind good policy. I let him stay in his groove, and let him learn in his own way how to lead a Christian life and help others to do the same.

The next step was that all the five headmen of a Madiga village were converted, and thus the village council which they formed—the *panchayat*—became Christianized as a matter of course. There I saw my opportunity; for along this line I could introduce church organization according to strictly Indian customs and ideas. I wanted to become a lawyer and politician in my early life. It must be that with my latent capacity in that direction I promptly seized upon the crude legal aspects of the Madiga village, and created out of them new conditions, giving the people the Christian ethical code, and teaching them to love and serve the Lord Jesus.

The duties of the village *panchayat* were easily adjusted to the new Christian communal life. Those five village elders, in the old days, had to see to the upkeep of the village worship; they could levy fines for light offenses; it was in their power to expel a man from the

community for a grave offense. A stranger coming to the village went to the headmen, and in cases of distress they had to find means of relief. Often the *panchayat* was as depraved as the men who composed it; yet here was a system of self-government that only needed to be utilized for Christian propaganda. I was not slow to do this.

All through the years I had had my eye on the competent village elders. I put them to work and called them my "helpers" and let them know that I leaned on them. They formed a large unpaid staff of mission workers, an organic part of the whole, working hand in hand with the preachers and forming the solid foundation of the structure. And now, after the ingathering, these men began to come to the front. They wanted recognition. If the preachers were to be ordained, the centers of Christian activity to be organized as churches, then where were they to come in? Under the old order they had been content and asked for nothing. Under the new order they wanted their names put down on some list, to show they had not been left out.

My diary contains the first mention of those six months after the ingathering. By the end of 1879 there were thirty on the list, by the end of 1880 the number had grown to two hundred and thirty. At the quarterly meeting in October, 1880, this movement of deacons came upon us in a way to perplex us. I knew that a large number of them had come to Ongole. I agreed to meet them and hear their requests and deliberate with them after the work of setting apart the twenty-six churches had been accomplished. When the time came Dr. Boggs and I were overwhelmed by the number and the persistency of the applicants. I knew many of them personally. I had been in their villages, and knew that, for Madigas, they were men of means. If, then, the small

allowance for which they asked did not form a motive, what actuated them?

I called a council of the oldest and most reliable preachers and asked them the meaning of this movement of village elders. They made themselves spokesmen for the elders, and told me they had encouraged them to come; for they feared that under the new order of things they might become discouraged and cease to be the pillars of support which they had been in the past. I asked what would be done if I withheld the allowance which these men wanted. The preachers replied without hesitation that it would make no difference. They reminded me, however, that if the elders received half a rupee—fifteen cents—way allowance, when coming to the quarterly meeting, and the same when they returned home, that all the village people would see thereby that their going to Ongole was not idle pastime, but that they were really needed there as representatives of the Christian villages. They also pointed out to me that if they were given a cloth twice a year costing very little, with the rest of the staff of workers, it would be in accordance with the custom of the country. The Sudra master, when he wants the Madiga to know that he is his man, gives him a cloth. If the elders were thus recognized by the mission it would be evidence to everyone that they were acceptable servants to the mission, and their word would be respected. I knew that the preachers were right about this.

This movement of the village elders was very significant. They had been a contented, capable force of workers during all the years. Only the most prominent among them were now asking recognition. There were hundreds of them on the field. No one had questioned their position and it was without pay. Now this was all upset by our attempt to introduce church organization, which, though not far-reaching, was yet a blow at the old order

of things. A sort of rebellion broke out among them. If their old rights were to suffer interference, they wanted new rights. The preachers feared the disorganization of all their work if these rights were not granted. I now understood the situation, and tried to meet the emergency. It was another instance of how the movement among the Madigas forced methods upon me which I could not easily explain to those who came after me. For some years thereafter we had a long list of "helpers." They were the really self-supporting force of the mission. It was only after the mission became more and more organized that their services were no longer considered essential. Their names were then gradually taken off the list of workers.

I have been asked to state at the close of this chapter what I now think of that whole attempt at church organization. It is possible for me to say in the retrospect what I would not have cared to say thirty years ago. At that time the whole trend of opinion in the Christian world would have been against me. But now I say without hesitation: The Western forms of Christianity are not necessarily adapted to an Eastern community. There were years when I tried to lead the people toward Western organization; for I wanted them to grow into it. I even tried, since pressure was being brought to bear upon me from outside, to force it upon them. I was only partially successful. In so far as I could make use of the primitive self-administration of the Indian village community, in so far did I succeed.

I am glad, as I look back, that my efforts were mostly in the direction of preaching Jesus in a way which appealed to the oriental mind, and that I gave to church organization, according to Western ideas, a secondary place. It seems to me I was in line with the New Testament church, and that God was guiding and helping me.

XX

SELF-SUPPORT IN PRACTICE

I WAS waiting for reënforcement from America. Six months after the ingathering Dr. Boggs had come out to help me. He had been associated with me for two years, and had borne with me the heavy cares of those years. Then he was called to the theological seminary at Ramapatnam during the temporary absence of Dr. Williams. The claim of the 200 students in that institution was recognized by us all. It was taken for granted that I could somehow hold the fort alone.

I had been asked repeatedly to write a book about the Telugu revival. The people at home wanted something that would bring them into close touch with this movement. They had had nothing but missionary reports thus far. I saw that a story from real life was wanted. The only time which I could spare for such work was the hot season, when the heat kept everyone at home. Accordingly, when, in the summer of 1881, the hot winds began to blow, my time for writing had come. The bungalow was cooled by mats of fragrant roots, kept moist all day by a coolie who continuously poured water over them. The punkahs were swinging overhead. The hero and heroine and other leading characters in the story were now at Ongole, always within call, ready to tell me not only their own experiences, but also the customs and ceremonies pertaining to life in the Indian village.

I wrote many hours each day. My book was finished in six weeks. I gave it the title "From Darkness to Light." The sale was said to be remarkable for a missionary book. I enjoyed this work. When it was done I felt tempted to go on using my pen and spin out another story. But scarcely was my conclusion written when a quarterly meeting came upon me. After that was over my diary for the first time records symptoms of overwork: "Tired out, nerves unstrung, and feel so weak that I can hardly walk and cannot eat."

Again several months passed by in waiting. My diary has entries about urgent appeals sent home for reënforcement. Now and then there is a hint of deep discouragement, because there was no one in sight to relieve me. This could not go on indefinitely. Since my last return from furlough, early in 1874, I had been at my post without a break except the three months when I took my family as far as England on their way home. The letters from Mrs. Clough and the children were full of disappointment over the prolonged absence. At last, in October, 1881, we heard that two new men were to sail in a few days, and four were to follow soon after. Two of our older missionaries were returning from furlough. Of these eight men, four were to take portions of the Ongole field. The other three were to fill vacancies in other stations of the mission. We all took courage.

The new men came, and began their work by learning the Telugu language. I took them out on tour with me, and let them see the field, and become acquainted with my methods. The Ongole field had covered ten taluks. The four that were farthest from Ongole were now to be made separate mission stations. They were Cumbum, Bapatla, Vinukonda and Narsaravupet. The Ongole church voted to give letters of dismissal to the members living in those four taluks. We could not give a letter

to each of the 8,000 members whom we thus dismissed. We dealt with large groups. The parent church had 14,000 members left. All the workers belonging to each taluk went with their new missionaries. Some of the strongest of our preachers were working at the outposts. I did not like to let them go, but, on the other hand, I was glad they were there to help carry forward the work under changed conditions.

I now felt that since the most necessary provision had been made I could leave my work for a time. I sailed for America toward the end of 1883. During this furlough at home I traveled much, and told the story of the Telugu revival in many churches to large audiences. I collected money for mission property, and turned the attention of many people in the direction of our Telugu Mission. My furlough was cut short somewhat by the serious illness and death of the missionary and his wife whom I had left in charge at Ongole, caring for the work there. My presence was required. I returned to India in the fall of 1884.

The men who had taken portions of the old Ongole field and made them independent stations had found their bearings and had looked over their resources. One of them reported: "The great revival is still going on. We have no trouble in getting converts; the only trouble is to train them." Another wrote: "I have no fear about the future ingathering of converts. That work has gained such an impetus that it will go on independently of the missionary. The urgent, pressing need is for more pastoral care, more biblical instruction, and more Christian primary education for the children."

Those who had pushed their outposts toward the north encountered "the Ongole wave" of revival in parts of the Telugu country remote from Ongole. A missionary who settled in a hard, new field south of us reported that for

forty miles in three directions from his station not a Christian was to be found anywhere. In the fourth direction, as he approached the confines of the Ongole field, there were whole villages of Christians. So far as the movement toward Christianity was concerned it was going ahead; there was no sign of any decrease in its inherent force. But the training of the converts, which was already so serious a question, was rendered still more serious by the lack of means with which to forge ahead.

It was during those years that great prominence began to be given to the question of self-support in foreign missions. Most of the missionary societies were facing serious deficits at the close of every financial year. The demands of the mission fields were increasing. Students of missions who were in close touch with the problems of the situation pointed to the necessity of making the native churches self-sustaining, and thought they had herein found the solution of the whole difficulty. The attempts of the missionary boards to bring this about by stringent measures fell as a deadweight upon their missionaries.

We men out on the foreign field had taken our own course of development, and the results were now being scrutinized. We had cultivated new ground. As a matter of course, we could not carry the religion of Jesus Christ to non-Christian races, unaccompanied by the philanthropic activities which are a part of it. We white men became the friends of those who needed us; we educated their children; we built hospitals for the sick; we saved them from death when starving. We did it mostly with foreign money; our spiritual instruction and our deeds of benevolence went hand in hand. In doing this were we on the wrong track? Did we fail to foster a hardy, self-reliant growth in our converts? Was the Christian community in Asia being pauperized by means of money given by the home churches?

During all the years since then this question has been discussed by the younger men. We pioneers undoubtedly have passed serious problems on to them. Perhaps they are right in feeling that if we had laid the foundations differently; if we had insisted on self-help among the native Christians from the beginning, the burdens of our successors would be less heavy. I know that I am one of the men of the old days who was called "a father of the poor." It seems to me, in the light of my experience, that if I stood again at the beginning of the work in Ongole, I should take the same course right over again. It was not possible in the early days of the movement to foresee any undesirable consequences in my policy of helping the people. There was so much love and Christian spirit abroad among our early Christians that very little of a grasping disposition appeared on the surface. Later on, I must admit, this appeared more and more. I worked hard then to suppress it, but not always and in every direction with success.

There were some things which I could not do, and which no amount of outside pressure could make me do. One of these was to preach to a crowd of hungry people. If the people of a village came to hear me, and I knew by their looks, as they stood or sat before me, that they had not had a square meal for days and weeks, I found I could not talk to them about the love of Jesus for them. I sent them off with a few coins first and told them to eat and then come back and hear my message. Sometimes younger missionaries remonstrated with me. They said I was making paupers of the people. To such I said, "Were you ever hungry, brother? Well, these people are hungry, and I know what it means to be hungry, and I am not going to let these people suffer if I can help it." If I went too far in this I cannot say that I now regret

it. I was only obeying the command, "Be ye merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful."

This might have been less pronounced in me if I had not endured poverty during our pioneering days in America. It was hard schooling when, as a boy, during a winter on the western prairies, my mother had nothing to give me to eat but porridge and potatoes, and not enough of that. I never forgot how it felt. It became second nature to me to put a coin into a hungry man's hand and tell him to go and get something to eat. When whole villages of people came to me sometimes and complained that they had only porridge to eat, one meal a day, I used to say to them: "You cannot tell *me* anything about poverty. I, too, have lived by the week on little else than corn meal mush." They knew then that they were understood.

From the beginning we had certain rules concerning definite acts of self-help which by common consent we felt bound to require from groups of believers. One of these was that if the Christians of a village wanted a schoolhouse, generally of mud walls and thatch roof, they must carry part of the outlay. But when I knew that many of them lived in huts which they could only with difficulty keep from tumbling to pieces over their heads, it went against my grain to enforce that rule. Then there was the question of supporting a teacher for their schools. The people often stinted themselves in order to do it. Those Madiga parents, like parents the world over, lived in their children. To see them learn to read was a satisfaction for which they were willing to deny themselves till it hurt. But there was pressure from several directions. The Sudra landowners, who employed the Madiga families, expected the children to come to work, at least to tend the buffaloes and sheep.

If they went to school the portion of grain given the family was less in proportion.

When I saw bright children out in the villages, and urged the parents to send them to school, I was often met with the cry, "Then we, and they, too, must go hungry." By means of emphasis they slapped their wasted bodies to show me how thin a covering of flesh they had over their bones. When I was a boy in the newly settled West I had known families to deprive themselves almost of the necessaries of life in order to educate their children. But never had I seen them come so close to hunger as here among these Madigas, downtrodden for centuries. Over in Christian America there was abundance of money. Was it wrong to apply it to these people when they wanted to see their children take the first step out of degradation and ignorance?

In these questions I fell back upon the training which I received in my youth and early manhood on what was then the frontier of American civilization. I had seen how money was poured in from the Eastern states to plant and endow educational institutions, to help students who needed help, to subsidize struggling churches. No one had taught us that money was bad. True, Americans were there helping Americans. The contention was that Asiatics should help Asiatics. But I felt that this was not just; for I believed that when an American missionary society sent their messengers to a foreign land with tidings of salvation, and they were received by the people, then that society was under moral obligation to furnish the means to enable Asiatic people to take the first steps out of the old life into the new life. I knew how abundant the financial resources of Americans were, and I had seen when on furlough how willing they were to give. To me the agitation concerning self-support, at that time, seemed a violation of an unwritten contract

between the missionary societies and the Asiatic people whom they had drawn under their influence and furnished with desires toward a code of life that included education and social betterment.

There was a wide difference between the thrifty, resourceful American pioneers among whom I grew up and my downtrodden Madigas. Their poverty pressed me sorely. I chafed under it often; for I had to reckon with it ceaselessly. I was too loyal to the Madigas to say it, but if God had sent me the Sudras, how different it would have been! Then I could have left behind me a self-supporting Christian community. The methods of self-help which were a partial success with the Madigas would have been a complete success with the Sudras. This was evidently not to be. The missionaries who came after me, too, had to face the poverty of the Madigas, and make up their minds that here was something that could knock over any scheme of self-help which they might try, no matter how patiently. Often at conferences I listened to their discussions, and when my turn came to speak I exclaimed, "Brethren, you cannot squeeze blood out of a turnip!" It was a homely phrase, but it covered the ground and expressed my meaning.

Our society, like most other missionary societies, was under pressure during those years in the direction of making it binding upon their missionaries to train the native Christians to self-help. Committees were set to work to ascertain the point which had been reached in this respect. We on the field received circulars asking us to state definitely what the churches in our care were doing in carrying their expenses. To an American committee, accustomed to looking upon money as the medium of exchange, it must have seemed no answer at all, when we tried to tell them of Asiatic ways of payment in kind. I never tried my hand at figuring it out on paper; it

could not be done. I would have had to go into long explanations about the coöperative system of the Indian village community, with which American business men would not have wished to consume their time. Suppose the Sudra master, at harvest time, gave the Madiga a portion of grain in return for the labor of a season, and he passed some of this over to his preacher, or teacher, how was it to be expected that the record of this transaction, repeated hundreds of times over the field, was to reach me, and reach me in a form useful for the making up of statistical tables? Moreover, I had some doubts about insisting upon computing how much each one gave. I liked their Indian way of giving, and did not believe in scrutinizing it too closely.

My supply of funds from headquarters was cut down in 1885; cut down so that we all felt it. The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, which had been furnishing funds year after year for the education of our girls and women, was also compelled to cut down supplies. It was a trying time to those who were bearing the burdens at home, as well as to us. They were expected to answer questions which they had not the information to answer. It took a knowledge of the way in which the people of the East live in order to determine whether the Christians were rising to a manly condition of self-help, or whether they were weakening under a system of foreign beneficence.

I began now to talk this over with the older preachers. Rumor had reached them through their friends in other stations of our Telugu Mission that their missionaries were in similar straits: they all had received an order from America to cut down the support given to their workers. In some of these stations monthly salaries were given by the missionaries. To cut these down meant hardships to the workers, and in some cases dis-

missal for lack of funds. In this emergency our system at Ongole, of giving a quarterly subsidy, seemed to lend itself to a spirit of independence. Our workers felt that they could rise above this situation and relieve the mission of their support, since they had not, at any time, depended solely upon the mission.

What is called the Ongole method of self-support was evolved through stress of circumstances, and was therefore adapted to the condition of the people. At the beginning of my work in Ongole, Yerraguntla Periah gave me the hints which I elaborated. He did not want salary. If I had let him continue in the methods of the Indian religious teacher he would have taken care of himself. When I asked him to enter upon Christian propaganda, introducing American methods such as coming to Ongole at stated intervals to confer with me, he convinced me that this called for a subsidy of American money. This method justified itself abundantly; for the staff of workers on the field soon increased with such rapidity that if I had begun on the salary system I could not have carried it forward even before the ingathering, much less afterwards.

The Ongole method of self-support is an organic part of the Ongole method of employing large native agency. The missionaries who have taken over the ten stations into which, in the course of years, the Ongole field was divided have, in most cases, seen no reason to depart from this method. It is said that missions of other societies, in their formative period, have taken note of our way of doing. It is a contribution not only from the theoretical point of view, but as something which has stood the test of practice.

At that time, in 1885, the preachers felt that it would not require great self-denial if they were to cut loose from the financial support of the mission. We held a

meeting and gave the older workers an opportunity to speak their minds. Very frank, straightforward words some of them spoke. They said:

"If the American Christians think we have been children long enough and now must show how we can stand by ourselves, very well, we will try it. They have sent us a new religion, and have shown us a new way to live. For this we must be thankful to them. The mission is now giving us very little. We are willing to work without it. Our members would support us, if the crops were always good. But when they and their children have not enough to eat, how can they give to us? Therefore, the only way for us to do is to eat of the labor of our hands. Some of us already own a little field and a buffalo or two. Our wives and children thus have something to depend upon when other supplies fail us. Let us work harder with our hands, and we can nevertheless go about preaching and ask nothing from the mission."

I had to take them at their word, and I did it with great misgivings. It was the method of the Apostle Paul, yet he distinctly did not advocate this method for anyone else. I knew that only our most capable workers could make this a success. I feared that by gaining a point in self-support we might lose several points in the evangelistic work of the field. It was at best an experiment. I was glad when the way opened to me so that the workers could go back to the old order of things.

With this question of self-support ever pressing upon us, a crisis was now coming upon our Telugu Mission. The force of missionaries for the past few years had been only barely sufficient for the needs of the field. We now had thirteen stations. The Ongole station still had about 15,000 Christians connected with it—surely a sufficient load, but I had seen heavier loads and

did not complain. My field was now shut in, bounded on the north, west and south by other stations of our mission. I could not extend my outposts, but I worked hard within my borders.

The year 1886 marked an almost wholesale depletion of our ranks, as missionaries, leaving only about one half of our number on the field. Early in the year Dr. and Mrs. Jewett left India, both in very feeble health. They did not return, and thus one pillar of strength was removed. Dr. Jewett died in 1897. "With eyes uplifted toward heaven he beckoned with a familiar oriental gesture, and said, 'Come, Lord Jesus.' Then in a moment he exclaimed with rapture, 'Jesus is coming.' After this he knew no more of earth."

Dr. Williams had to go home with his family, which meant that another of my old comrades was gone. Two of the new stations established in the outlying taluks of the old Ongole field lost their missionaries through breakdown of health. One station came back to me for one year, the other for five years. The Hindus spread a report over those two fields that their gods had driven away two missionaries and the Americans were not going to send any more to either place. I met this cry by stationing a Eurasian evangelist in one of those stations. The high school was transferred to me, and for five years it was without an American principal. I had to do the best I could to keep it going. I was made the burden bearer of the mission. Those were hard, grinding years. Work, work from morning till night. I called myself the head coolie of the district.

When I realized that there was no immediate prospect of help from America I looked about me in India. Our boarding schools in Ongole were in the care of Eurasian ladies. I already had a Eurasian assistant stationed at the outposts. I now engaged another assistant to help

me at Ongole, by being a kind of right-hand man. It worked well. During two and a half years I leaned a good deal on him, as he took more and more of the detail of the work off my hands. Death took him away. He said good-bye to me one morning to go on tour; he never went. Before he could start, typhoid fever laid him low, and twelve days later he was gone. To everyone who came to the bungalow and spoke his feelings by asking, "Why has God done this?"—my one reply was, "Jesus makes no mistakes."

A year before this my physical strength had given way to the strain. By the blessing of God my excellent constitution had thus far been equal to the constant heavy work and care, without let-up. But now a break had come. Ill health was on me, and now indeed I was staggering at my post. It came through a tour into the Darsi taluk. I knew that my presence was needed in Ongole, and did not linger long anywhere. But it was a good tour, and I felt that I had never worked harder in touring in my life than during those fifteen days. I baptized 420. This done, I started for home, and as I was nearing Ongole I had to ride the last miles very slowly, because my pony had walked all the shoes off his feet, except the half of one, and his feet were sore. The slow riding meant long exposure to the sun. Already worn with overwork, it was too much for me. A slight sunstroke was the result. Dizzy attacks now became the order of the day whenever I worked a little beyond my strength. My physical elasticity was gone and my resources grew less and less. Afterwards an eminent surgeon in America said I must have burst a blood vessel in the brain during that tour, and that it was a wonder I survived at all. Yet it was not till two years from that time that I was released and could go on furlough.

What was against me now in my broken-down condition was the inability of the people to grasp the fact that the one on whom they had been laying their burdens for many a year was now scarcely able to bear his own. They were so accustomed to see me in my place and always at work that when I now had my doors closed, and it was said that I was sick, it seemed beyond their comprehension. But the government medical officer at Ongole saw what was needed. He ordered me to our little bungalow at Kottapatam by the sea, ten miles east of Ongole, and there I now stayed much of the time; for there I could rest and yet could keep my hand on the work in Ongole.

It would not have been possible for me to hold that field together in a thriving condition if it had not been for the strong band of native preachers who were a part of the movement. I was at the head, and formed the link between the field and our society in America. They did the rest. The group of men who came to us at the beginning now stood out with prominence. The people called them the "big, or elder, preachers." They were the men who had made the search for truth in Hindu religious movements before they knew anything of the Christian religion. Their apprenticeship as Christian preachers had been served under me; they had stood by my side during famine and ingathering. They were pillars of strength to me. We had had successive classes of graduates from the theological seminary, and some of them were leaders among their people. But those "big preachers" had a place in the hearts of us all which was undisputed. Somehow there was a spiritual background with those men which we all felt, and to which we yielded the first place.

I began to wonder whether the time had come when the strength of this work would have to undergo a severe

test. It would have been premature to make the native church wholly responsible. But with no missionaries from America in sight, our appeals bringing no apparent response—it looked as if something of that kind might be coming at a time not very far off. Sometimes, when too ill for days to leave my bed, I told myself that it would not take much to extinguish the little flame of life that was now only flickering in my body. If they carried all that remained of me around the hill to our cemetery, then what would become of this Ongole Mission?

I felt that I wanted to talk this over with those faithful men, the "big preachers" of the mission. Yerraguntla Periah was still with us, an old man now, but a host in himself. There were others like him. They had evidently faced the situation from their own point of view. They saw how I was left alone year after year. Their one fear was that some day they might come to Ongole and find that I was gone, sent out of the country perhaps, suddenly, by doctor's orders, as is sometimes the case in India. I asked them what they would do if I had to leave them. They refused to face this. They said they would do all the work contentedly if only they knew that I was at Ongole and had not left them. I said, "Suppose the day is near when you will have to learn to stand with no white missionary to help you." They replied, "We cannot do it yet. Wait till our children grow up. They are in school, and are getting the education that is necessary before we native people can stand alone. Stay with us till they are grown up. Then we will be able to get on without missionaries from America. Not yet." There it was left. I could give them no assurance. I told them we must all look to God for help; for the work was his.

After I had taken them into my confidence, the preachers looked about on their fields, and talked the situation

over together. There were converts everywhere in the villages ready for baptism. The preachers had put them off and told them to wait till "our Clough Dhora" could come on tour, or some other missionary. As they realized that no one could come to them, they began to ask themselves why they should not gather the people together and take them to Ongole for baptism. It required some concerted action: the villages needed to be stirred. Rumors began to spread from village to village that large companies of converts were going to walk long distances to Ongole to receive baptism. Even those who lived thirty or forty miles from Ongole did not hesitate. It meant several days of walking, at the rate of ten miles a day, and there were the weary miles back home. They knew they would be footsore in doing it. But a revival was once more sweeping over the Madiga community. To go to Ongole and receive Christian baptism was the one thing they wanted to do, and they forgot the miles they had to walk.

I became aware of this movement. It looked as if upon us, who were so little able to bear more than a very quiet daily routine, a revival was now coming, the like of which we had not seen since the great ingathering thirteen years before. When the preachers came to the usual quarterly meeting, December 14, 1890, they brought with them 352 converts for baptism. They told me that many more were waiting, and urged me not to put them off much longer, lest they grow disheartened. We therefore decided on another meeting two weeks hence.

The preachers went out into the villages to gather the converts. Saturday afternoon, December 27, a great crowd began pouring into the mission compound. Sunday morning we saw that the chapel could not hold one third of the people; for they had come by thousands. We

"One thing I know: I loved the people. And when I told them in the simplest words that I could use about Jesus Christ and his love for them, they somehow believed me. Whether my listeners were a few, or whether they were a crowd, by the time I was done telling them of Jesus' love they believed in it and wanted it."

discarded the chapel and seated the people under the margosa trees near the veranda of my study. I stood on the veranda steps and preached to them for an hour on my favorite text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." After the sermon the preachers spent some hours in the examination of those who had come for baptism.

We began baptizing early in the afternoon in the baptistery under the big tamarind tree in the middle of the garden, close to my bungalow. Two preachers officiated at a time, much as we had done at Vellumpilly twelve and a half years before. It took four and one half hours, and the total was 1,671. Many who could not come the fifty or sixty miles into Ongole sent us urgent appeals to come out there and baptize them. I could not go, and I had no one to send.

A revival was on us. It was not confined to Ongole. From the time way back in 1869, two years after I began work in Ongole, when a revival broke out in Cumbum, and hundreds were baptized, that field had continued fruitful and prosperous. During the past eight years it had been independent of Ongole, with its own missionary, Rev. John Newcomb. Ongole and Cumbum now kept pace. During the three months beginning with the quarterly meeting in December, 1890, we at Ongole baptized 3,765 converts, the missionary at Cumbum 1,466. Cumbum at the time of the great ingathering belonged to Ongole, and the proportion of baptisms now approached closely the relative figures at that time. There was no famine now; no one had reason to look for material benefits. The people had become roused; they were asking about spiritual gifts; they knew they had souls and wanted to find a way to save them.

Thus did God show us that he could work his will and complete his own purposes wholly regardless of what was

done by the churches in America. To teach men and women to believe in Jesus Christ was what he had called us to do. They were believing by thousands. We had not the strength to gather them in. It looked almost as if the Telugu Mission had had a life all its own, and as if the Lord Jesus had taken it into his special care.

XXI

THE RESPONSE AT HOME

THOSE years in the eighties were a time of great strain in the foreign missionary enterprise. It came through the far-reaching changes that were taking place the world over. The East was waking up, and the West was becoming aware of great opportunities open to those who knew how to seize them.

Travelers were going around the world, bringing back tidings of the ancient civilizations they had seen. Commerce was spreading fast; political relations were growing; consular service became a necessity; and ambassadors from Western governments were sent to nations of the East, whose doors had until recently been closed to the white race.

The men and women of our nation were beginning to take a keen interest in the races populating distant parts of the world. The resourcefulness of the Asiatics was a marvel to Americans, as they read about them in the daily papers. Many had first heard about oriental races in missionary meetings. It was now more than twenty years since the women of the churches had put forth organized efforts. They had carried the children with them, enlisting their sympathy. These children were growing into manhood and womanhood and gave evidence of their training.

We missionaries at the outposts were sending home to

our constituency reports of the fields open and waiting for occupancy. We were appealing for a more aggressive policy. The question was whether missionary activities could keep step with the progress of the time. There was much response in the home churches. Men saw that a new basis for missionary endeavor was needed; something far-reaching must be undertaken. The missionary societies were under fire, especially from the financial point of view. Existing methods seemed too slow. There were aggressive men who pointed out that since the world was now open, men and women of zeal should be given brief missionary training, and sent out in numbers to carry the gospel to all parts of the world. An idea prevailed that by some sudden process the heathen were to believe in Jesus Christ, to form themselves into churches, become self-sustaining, and then promptly be left to themselves. The various attempts to solve the question of winning the world for Christ were watched with deep interest. Men were working their way through to new ideas of Christian activity.

During those years, while the missionary motive demanded expansion, the call for social service began distinctly to be heard in the churches. Forerunners of a new era talked of the kingdom of Christ which was to come on earth, to save not only the souls of men, but their whole environment. Social Christianity was waking up the churches at home. The effects were felt on the foreign field. Men were introducing business methods into phases of Christian life that had lain dormant. The energy of modern Western civilization pulsated in movements that united business capacity and strategic skill to the desire to exalt Jesus Christ in the hearts of men. The Young Men's Christian Association had for years been doing pioneer work in this respect, and was now carrying its work to foreign lands. It was the first

movement of the kind that gathered Christian men into one united effort beyond the boundary lines of denominationalism.

Situations such as existed in our Telugu Mission brought into clear outline the demand for larger resources. There was no adequate recruiting agency at the command of the missionary boards to form the link between the demands of the foreign field and the supply which had to be drawn from the theological institutions and the men already in the pastorate. As a first step toward concerted action the Inter-Seminary Alliance was formed during those years. It was a united effort of missionary societies, and was in the right direction. But something more far-reaching was needed. The demand for men on the foreign field continued to outrun the supply available. The boards were ever under pressure. They enlisted a man here and a man there, while they felt that the call of the hour was for an uprising of many men, ready to respond. The time was ripe for such an undertaking as the Student Volunteer Movement.

It was in the summer of 1886. Three hundred students from ninety colleges were in conference at Northfield. Christian service was the subject; no one talked of foreign missions. A nucleus of men among the students, however, had a spiritual passion for the world's evangelization. They met in their rooms; others joined them. It spread. A call went out to every one of the students. They had meetings of consecration of which men afterwards could not speak without deep emotion. A pledge was passed around, expressing the willingness, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary. One hundred of the men signed it. They went back to their studies. Two of them visited the colleges of the United States from East to West. The young intellectual life of America was touched. It was a great onward move-

ment, which had due regard for denominational lines, and yet, in the spirit of it, went far beyond them. The urgent call from the foreign field was answered by thousands of Student Volunteers.

All this would not have been possible if there had not been a deep undercurrent of missionary interest in the churches, ready always to flow forth to meet an emergency. It was fed by the tidings which came home from the foreign field. Each denomination had its special fields, with which the men and women and children of the churches became acquainted, as with something that belonged to them. The Baptists had no mission dearer to them than the Telugu Mission. There were men still living who were present during the "Lone Star" debate at Albany, in 1853. They gave their reminiscences. Other points of contact had been made. In emergencies the men and women of those days had helped. It was a rich experience in their lives. It had happened in their own lifetime that prophecy had been fulfilled, and that something that looked a good deal like a miracle had taken place. After all, it was not only in Bible times that men were moved as by divine inspiration. Such things had happened in their own day. Men did not weary of the story.

Year after year the call from the Telugu Mission begging for reënforcement was heard in the churches. We were not alone in this. The missions in China, Japan, Burma and Africa were calling for men. We men at the front were bowed down under our burdens till our cries rose to God Almighty. Help was coming. The churches were slowly becoming roused. Men were feeling after information. If some one would rise up and point out the way a host was ready to follow. Pastors and laymen were talking it over together. There was an undercurrent of impatience. Men were weary of these

cries from their mission fields. Something must be done. Many were ready to act.

The annual meeting of 1890 came. Again the reports from the several mission fields contained one long plea for reënforcement. We of the Telugu Mission had sent home an appeal, to which we all had signed our names. We were nine men and twelve women, in charge of ten mission stations and 33,000 Telugu Christians. Our appeal was printed. It was distributed during the meetings, and touched the hearts of many who felt that this could no longer be endured.

A crisis was at hand. Dr. Murdock was the one who met it. He was nearing the close of a long term of service as Foreign Secretary. With his wide outlook he knew the signs of the times. He knew that a period of reconstruction for our society was at hand. What form the change would take he did not know. The few candidates for foreign service of that year were standing on the platform. They had told briefly of their call to the service, and had received words of cheer and advice. Now came a sudden turn in events, unexpected but far-reaching. Dr. Henry C. Mabie was sitting in the audience. Dr. Murdock requested him to come to the platform and offer the dedicatory prayer. He went up, and stood with the candidates. He turned to the audience and asked permission to speak. Words fell in a torrent from his lips. All that other men had felt, and longed to express, he now said for them. It raised a storm of sympathetic response. The dedicatory prayer was offered. This prayer marked a turn in the history of the society.

The progressive element among the pastors wanted Dr. Mabie to represent them. The next day he was elected Home Secretary of the society. A new office was thus created. There was to be a united effort at enlargement

and expansion. It was decided that the new secretary should first travel around the world, and visit the missions of the society in Japan, China, Burma and India, and study the needs of the field. The denomination was getting ready to do something on a new scale. They were prepared to stand by him when he came back with his report, no matter what the demand might be.

I heard of all this, and was glad. I had had personal contacts with Dr. Mabie since the time when he was a lad of seventeen, and I rode over the prairies of Iowa with his uncle, telling him of my call to the foreign field. Twice in the course of the years I appealed to him to come to India. I always felt the man would have to come some day. He wrote to me now: "You see, the way is opening to go myself at last. I have yearned to go and personally relieve you for a time, that you might come home to rest. Cheer up, beloved, I'll do my best, and I am daily by your side *via* the mercy seat." He came in January, 1891. We were to meet him in Nellore and have a conference with him. I rode all night in my cart, and when I halted, at early dawn, before the mission bungalow in Nellore, he stood there in the gray light. I put my hands on his shoulders and shook him, and said, "We have you here at last, old fellow. Now get away again, if you can."

Decisive plans for the future of the Telugu Mission were now made. The whole field, from north to south, was to be reënforced. The new secretary, supported by my fellow-missionaries, laid it upon me to go to America, enlist twenty-five men for the Telugu Mission, and collect $50,000 to equip them. The division of the Ongole field was part of the project. My impaired health had shown to us all that if I were permanently incapacitated, or withdrawn by death, the result might be disastrous to the work. I was to provide for it while it was still

in my power to do so. It was not an easy decision for me to face. I had seen this emergency ahead only as through a glass, dimly. My load was heavy, to be sure, but there was much consolation in carrying it. Very reluctantly I yielded, and agreed to the new plans.

It was hard to break away from Ongole. The people protested. The faithful band of preachers came in from the field. It took me three days to convince them of the necessity for my going, and to put courage into them. Upon them, and upon all the thousands who now came and went, inquiring what was going to be done, I put a burden which they promised to carry. They agreed to pray every day for my success in America, that I might get the twenty-five men and the needed money, and come back to them soon. Considering that we had 30,000 members, who in varying degree of faithfulness voiced this petition every day—it produced a volume of power. They used to add, "Let him get it easily; for he is not well."

I arrived in Boston May 17, 1891. The annual meetings were to be held in Cincinnati ten days later. To go there and state before a great audience what I had come home to get for my mission was a task suited to a well man, not to one who had to hoard his strength as a miser does his gold. If I could have spoken in Telugu, to dusky faces, I would not have cared how many thousands were before me. But my English tongue for public speaking was rusty. I quietly went on the platform during the morning session, and sat there to get accustomed to a sea of white faces.

As the time approached for my address, in the evening, my strength was sinking. Nevertheless, I was upheld. The house was packed. I spoke for forty minutes. When I came before the audience, they applauded. It was the last thing I wanted. I stretched

out my arm and made the emphatic, rapid movement with my hand which is the Telugu gesture for, "No, no; I do not want it." Some of the papers reported that I put forth my hand as if to ward off a blow. I knew how my countrymen enjoyed having their feelings stirred by missionary adventure. On former visits in America I sometimes told them we did not want their tears, because missions were not run by water power. The papers talked of me as a venerable old man, yet I was only fifty-five years of age, grown prematurely old through the burdens I had carried.

I began by saying, "Fathers and Brethren of the Foreign Mission Society, you will have to be patient with me. I will do the best I can, but I am not well. I have not an English tongue with me, and I have been in the United States only ten days. God help you to understand our situation." I told them in simple words how the Telugu Mission had grown until now it was necessary to make some special effort to establish it. We must have twenty-five new men, and also $50,000 to send these men out and build houses for them and provide their salaries for one year. I asked them to grant this request soon, without expecting great labor from me; for I was broken in health, and must regain my strength in order to go back to my people in India. Nearly five thousand dollars were subscribed at this meeting. The Baptists were stirred.

This was the sequel to that memorable meeting in Albany, in 1853, when men wept because they felt the abandonment of the Telugu Mission was not to be endured. Here now they had a man before them who for years had been staggering under the load of the harvest that had come. I made a heavy demand upon them. They granted everything for which I asked. One year later, most of the twenty-five men, and as many women,

stood on the platform together, at the annual meeting, ready to go to the Telugu Mission. Fifty thousand dollars were given to me twice over, because when the first was on hand, we asked for an endowment for a college at Ongole. Often, out in India, I had felt forsaken by my constituency. Now when I came home, and stood before the men of my denomination, they granted everything I asked of them. Had I asked for more they would not have withheld it.

The Lord Jesus was in it. The work in the Telugu Mission was his work. I was only the man who had tried to do his bidding, all through the years. When now I formed the link with his followers in America, there was instant response. He was bringing the uttermost parts of the earth together in spiritual contact.

I could not begin my task at once. Six months were passed with my family in recuperation. Meanwhile I was getting my bearings. I soon found that I was being carried along by the strong current of spiritual energy and consecration which had been generated by the Student Volunteer Movement. When I had to find four men for the Telugu Mission in 1873, I had no movement of that kind to help me. It was as hard then to get the four as it was now to get the twenty-five. Baptists had participated in that movement. Some of the leaders in it were Baptists. Ten of the twenty-five men whom I enlisted for the Telugus had signed the Volunteer Declaration. No wonder that a man like me, worn with service, could find his twenty-five recruits before a year had passed by.

Everywhere I found the hearts of people warm with interest in the Telugu Mission. The story of it had been told and retold. Yet they wanted to hear more. It was no longer possible for me to go about and hold meetings at rapid intervals, as I did on previous visits

in the United States. Generally several churches combined in some large gathering. Thus I could reach many with a minimum of effort. Dr. Mabie was conducting a campaign in which the home forces of the society participated. Great meetings were held. The second of these was at Des Moines, Iowa. I was present, and found myself on familiar ground, in the state from which I was sent to India. Faces of old friends greeted me. The warm grasp of their hands showed me that I was not forgotten. Men from adjoining states were there. The meetings overflowed from the Baptist meeting-house into the larger Presbyterian edifice. On the closing night the large opera house of the city was freely offered. Crowds were coming that night to hear me tell the story of the Telugu Mission. Not less than fifteen men and women soon after volunteered for service abroad. Several of these are to this day filling prominent places in various missions. The men for the Telugus were coming, and now we were recruiting other missions as well. Those who had long been looking for some great forward movement began to think that signs of it were at hand.

There were great celebrations in America at that time. The year 1892 completed four hundred years since the discovery of America by Columbus. The World's Fair was held in Chicago. Americans were in a mood to do something big, and to see money poured out in streams. The missionary enterprise, too, had a centenary to celebrate. It was now one hundred years since Dr. William Carey went to India. The Baptists in England were raising a centenary fund of £100,000 for their foreign missions.

The American Baptists had helped support Carey and his associates till Adoniram Judson, in 1814, gave us occasion to form our own missionary society. We de-

cided that we, too, would celebrate the Carey Centenary. A million dollars and one hundred new missionaries were called for, to reënforce all our mission fields. The Baptists had never faced such an undertaking before. But the Telugu Mission had already served as the entering wedge. Men and money on a large scale were in sight. The denomination rose to the call. At the end of 1892 the project was announced a complete success.

The first part of my task was finished when 1892 began. Then there came a call for a second $50,000. The leading high caste inhabitants of Ongole had sent a petition to our Foreign Mission Society, signed by about fifty of them. They requested in very courteous and urgent terms that our high school in Ongole might be raised to the grade of a college. They wished henceforth to look to the Baptist Mission for the education of their sons, paying fees as they would in a government institution. They wrote:

"Missionaries have been sent out to preach the Christian faith. While fulfilling the object of their mission, they have not ignored the general status of the people; with a view to develop the nobler qualities of man they have awakened in them a desire after Western education."

This petition was regarded in Boston as an historical document. A long road lay between the request it contained and the time in 1867 when the Brahmans of Ongole broke up, for the time being, a government school, because I tried to bring three Christian boys into it. The change was considered a sign of the times.

Again I had opposition to face. My fellow-missionaries were against the project almost to a man. They united in sending a protest to Boston: they did not want a college, because few Christian lads were ready to

enter, and the heathen, they claimed, should have no consideration in this matter. In America, too, here and there, the old argument against the use of mission money for secular education of the heathen was revived. I held out against it all. I knew I was on the right road. Several other missionary societies in America and in Europe had founded and endowed large colleges in non-Christian lands. I refused to believe that we Baptists could be on the wrong track by endowing a college for our growing Christian community of about 200,000 adherents, letting the caste people send their sons to it, according to their request.

I went ahead. I had the leading men of our society with me. Dr. Mabie told Americans of his interview with the Brahmans of Ongole, when they requested him to tell his countrymen that they would intrust their sons to our care. Dr. Murdock handled the situation in a masterly fashion. From beginning to end through all the years he had stood by me with an unwavering support, while I sought to provide educational equipment for our Telugu Christians. Through the denominational press the two secretaries announced the project of a second $50,000 for the Telugu Mission, as an endowment for a college.

I had been going, in a friendly way, to the home of John D. Rockefeller, but had not thus far asked him to help me. Now I told him I needed him. Ten years before he gave money for our large high school building. He agreed to take half of this present load upon himself; he knew I could carry the other half. In six months the task was completed. An illiterate people I had found those Madigas twenty years before. There was no reason now why they should not have physicians and lawyers and teachers and government officials of their own, to help in the uplifting of their fellows.

This last stroke of work was strenuous, but by it the permanence of our Telugu Mission was assured. If now by death, or other cause, I were removed from my post, it would apparently make no difference. The stability of the work was insured, so far as resources from America were concerned. I returned to India toward the end of 1892, prepared to help in the readjustments proposed.

Two of my daughters, with their husbands, were among the new missionaries, and had preceded me. My two sons were settled in business in America. My youngest daughter was in college. Mrs. Clough had made a home for our children until they had obtained a college education, and for my aged mother till she died. My children grew up without the personal care of their father, except by weekly letters, but they had the wise care of their mother.

A few months after my return to Ongole our family circle was greatly bereaved in the death of Mrs. Clough. The cable message came to us in India like a sudden blow. Through an accident a heavy article of furniture fell upon her. A long period of unconsciousness followed. She died on the morning of May 15, 1893. The sudden nature of her death accentuated the sorrow which was widely expressed.

It was a somewhat dark time for me out in India. I did not see my way before me clearly. My field was to be divided. I cannot say that it was easy for me to let the care of the people pass into other hands. I had known for years that this was bound to come, and had done all in my power to bring it to pass. Our Christians, too, had known that it was coming, and willingly now entered into the changes which it brought. I waited until the new missionaries had had a year for the study of the Telugu language. Then, one after another, they took over portions of my old field, follow-

ing the taluk boundaries. Each man built a bungalow in the taluk town, and began the activities of a separate mission station. The original Ongole field had covered more than ten taluks. The outlying taluks had been made independent fields in 1883. The rest were staked off now. I kept the Ongole taluk and one adjoining it.

Again we dealt with large groups in giving letters of dismissal from the Ongole church to those who were now to form new churches in their taluk towns. Again I sent the people away with words of blessing, committing them to the care of the Lord Jesus, as I had always done. I told them to be faithful in their new relations, but to remember the Ongole Mission always as their mother. I felt it keenly when I had to give up the Kanigiri taluk. The old Kanigiri preachers were sitting on the platform once more with the rest. Their faces brought to my memory the old days, when the movement began in the Kanigiri taluk and spread so fast. To their new missionary, who stood on the platform with me, I said, "I give you the apple of my eye. Take care of that field." He still remains with them.

The twenty-five new men reënforced our Telugu Mission from north to south. For the first time in our history we could say that our mission was well-manned. We had staked our boundaries in 1873. Strategic points had been waiting for occupancy. Now we could bring our plans to pass. By the time our adjustments were completed we had more than twenty mission stations, and in several of them additional men were located for educational or medical work. There was much activity, much reaching out. In some of the more remote places the new missionaries found new ground, and entered upon no man's labors. In the fields, however, that had formerly belonged to the Ongole field, it was otherwise.

Definite methods were here in operation, with the evidence of years of work.

Naturally the new missionaries were under pressure from the first to give their close attention to uniting the people into self-sustaining churches. That was the point where the work of our Telugu Mission was considered weak. It was now to be strengthened, since we had men in sufficient numbers from America to devote themselves to the task. I looked on at their efforts and helped them all I could. I knew that the Western conception of the Church was not necessarily adapted to an Eastern community. I had tried it, and had made only a partial success of it. But I said nothing to them about my doubts. I wanted them to bring it to pass, if it could be done. My only fear was that they might pay too high a price for any success they might achieve, by sacrificing the spiritual growth of the people to a rigid adherence to Western customs and traditions.

The men did their best. They talked it over among themselves and at the annual conferences; they put their theories to the test; they made experiments, as they had perfect freedom to do. But when they advocated some new measure, they found in trying to convince the staff of workers of its expediency that they had come upon conservative forces that held more or less tenaciously to that which had been handed down from the past. Our native preachers and teachers formed a continuity of management. At that time the older men among them, who had helped me evolve the Ongole methods, were still living. They gathered around the new missionaries with the loyalty that had made me prize them as fellow-workers. They had taught me to see with their eyes, and had often in the course of the years made me prune down my opinions and intentions. I knew all

along that the same process would modify the views of my successors.

Notwithstanding the diversity among the new missionaries, and the fact that they came to their work with preconceived ideas, they nevertheless, with few exceptions, adhered to the methods which they found in force. They had adaptability. Their common sense showed them that the American type of Christianity did not fit in all cases into the conditions which they here found. After all, given the people, and given the peculiar circumstances of the case, we had taken the line of least resistance. It did not therefore fall to my lot to be forced to stand by while the work I had built up was going to pieces. Here and there, in some isolated case, I had to bear this. That I was spared an experience of the kind on a large scale I count as one of the mercies of my missionary life.

I have been asked what I would do if I were once more at the beginning of my missionary career; would I bend all my energies to efforts of church organization, or would I make it my chief aim to preach the gospel of Jesus? I unhesitatingly say: I would let all the rest go, and just preach Jesus as the Saviour of men. I am glad I did all in my power to give educational opportunities to the people. I would again raise up large native agency. I would again organize groups of believers, serving God in the simple ways of their village life. I would again do all I could for their social betterment. Above all, I would preach Jesus, the Christ, to them, and I would consider everything else subservient to that.

I can well bear the criticism that I failed, at least partially, in organizing churches on a self-sustaining basis. It is a minor charge. The day will come when Western people will cease to expect the people of the East to

adopt their customs and forms of thought along with their faith in Jesus.

The invulnerable fact of the Ongole Mission is that many thousands believed in Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and tried to serve him. They continued in that faith and died in it. For this I thank God.

The work goes on. A good force of missionaries is at the head. The descendants of the converts of the old days form a large proportion of the men and women in our Telugu churches to-day. The boys and girls who received an education in our mission schools in the early years form the present nucleus of the more intelligent members of the Christian community. Our Telugu Mission stands as an instance of raising to better social conditions the submerged tenth of that land.

XXII

THE END OF LIFE

THIRTY years had passed since the call of the Far East rang in my ears and I was sent out to the most forlorn and desolate mission of the American Baptists. The times had changed. The Lord Jesus had brought into the lives of thousands a new and uplifting power and had expanded his Kingdom.

My own work was now practically finished. I had lived a strenuous life. I had been a part of a great and divine movement. I had given myself to it with all my heart and soul. Then, because it seemed necessary for the stability of the interests which I had cherished, I had laid upon younger shoulders much of the responsibility which I had carried. This left me in a measure free. I felt that I still had capacity for work; I was not yet sixty years old. How to utilize the years still before me was not clear to me.

During the summer of 1894 I left my post at Ongole for a few months and went to Europe. During my sojourn there I was married to Miss Emma Rauschenbusch, and we returned together to India in the fall of that year. As I told her at that time, I intended to stay only two years longer.

But old ties reasserted themselves. The associations of my life were bound up with my old bungalow in Ongole. I could not bring myself to leave it. It was all the home I had. America had ceased to seem like

home to me. Had I gone there, I would have felt as a stranger in the land of my birth. I had children and grandchildren in India as well as in America. Moreover, just at this time, my ten-acre orange grove in Florida, which was beginning to make me independent of other income, was killed by one night's sharp frost. Even the roots of my trees were dead. It changed my outlook. I did not want to draw pension. I preferred to stay at my post and work.

The native people held me. They would have protested strongly against my going. Ongole had been the center of the movement. As long as I was in the old place, always accessible, the people felt that two essential elements of the days of our early strength were intact. Ongole and Clough were names which could not be separated in the minds of a host of people. The contacts which I had made with men of all castes and kinds in the course of the years were still in force. My withdrawal would have broken them off prematurely. I felt this, and feared the effect might be far-reaching.

Sometimes one of my old trusted men came to Ongole and sat down with me in my study, as formerly, and opened his heart to me. They all told me it was well that the division of the field had been made. They were loyal to their new missionaries. But they wanted me to stay on at Ongole: it made a difference to them. They said: "Though you do no work, and sit quietly in your chair, with the punkah swinging over your head, it helps us. We are kept settled in mind, and go about our work as before. If the caste people ask us whether our Clough Dhora has left us, we can tell them that he is still in the old bungalow at Ongole."

There was the point: this movement had grown to large proportions in a short span of years. I had no fears. Still, I was not certain but that some day, by

some unforeseen combination of circumstances, the people might move *away* from us in masses, just as they had come in masses. That staff of preachers of the old days knew this as well as I; for they and I had watched over and shepherded the multitude, and the Lord Jesus had kept them from straying. The well-meant words of my old fellow-workers contained a valuable hint as to a necessary safeguard. That is one reason why I stayed on.

The Ongole methods were not yet fully established as legitimate methods of missionary operations. I had broken away from a rigid adherence to the Western forms of Christianity. Some of the men who were at work where Ongole methods prevailed would perhaps have been disposed to make radical changes, which, later on, they might have found cause to regret, if I had not been at Ongole. Some recognized this and gave me evidence of allegiance which I keenly appreciated. In general I stood in the way of those who sought a closer approach to American methods of evangelization and organization.

Often I realized that I could be proud of our Telugu Mission. Never was this more the case than when the Canadian Baptist Mission north of us joined our mission in a conference at Ongole in December, 1895. We took an afternoon for a service on Prayer Meeting Hill. A long procession of missionaries and native Christians walked together up the hill, singing hymns. As sunset drew near, a cloud hung over the hill, covered with rosy light. It touched us, as we stood up there, praising our God. Below, in the Ongole bazaar, the caste people gathered and watched that hilltop, pointing to it as something supernatural. They said, "Their God is hovering over them. Our opposition is useless. They are bound to conquer."

A new day was coming. Young men and women, trained in our institutions, were making themselves felt with their fresh strength. They brought in new ideas, new methods and a new spirit. Western thought was pulsating in the India of to-day, and touched this younger generation, whose parents had risen from a bondage that was almost serfdom. The leaders of the old days, who had borne the brunt of a social uprising among their people, were beginning to bend under the load of the years. Some of them saw their own sons taking their places, educated as they had longed to see them. The fathers had not suffered in a thankless task. God had granted to them according to the desires of their hearts.

Groups of the old leaders came to Ongole during 1896 to tell their stories. They stood for the history of the movement. We could not let them die, one after another, and take away with them the memory of experiences which were their own, but belonged to the Christian world also. With one of the groups of the old men, Yerraguntla Periah journeyed to Ongole once more. I knew it was the last time. I loved that old man. He had never in all the years failed me. They brought him to the platform on Sunday morning. Heavy and almost helpless, younger men carried him that he might sit once more in the accustomed place of the Ongole preachers. I stopped in my sermon and put him in my own place. As I turned to the congregation again, I saw a wondering look on the faces of the younger generation, students in our schools, who knew little of the leaders of the old days. My heart was full. I wanted them all to know the love and veneration which I felt for this man who sat there like a child, hardly aware that I was speaking about him. I said:

"Do you want to know who this is? I will tell you. When you get to heaven—and I hope you will all get there —you will see some one who looks radiant with light, far above you. You will almost need a telescope to see him distinctly, the distance between you and him will be so great. And you will ask some one, 'Who is that man clothed in exceeding brightness?' Then you will be told, 'That man is Yerraguntla Periah from the Telugu country.' And you will strain your eyes to behold him."

A year later his spirit took its flight.

During those years a railroad was constructed, passing through much of the district which was once my field. We thus became connected with the outside world. I had had something to do with this railroad. The intention of the government had not been to make a straight line through from Madras to Calcutta, about one thousand miles, but to make a detour some distance north of Ongole, using a branch line already in existence, somewhat inland, thus breaking the direct connection. I addressed the Chamber of Commerce in Madras on the subject, and my statements were then taken up by the daily papers. When I was going on furlough in 1891, several prominent men in Madras requested me to call on Lord Cross in London, then Secretary of State for India, to call his attention to the desirability of a direct broad gauge line between Madras and Calcutta. I did so. I called on him at the India Office in London. Ultimately the line was made as I advocated. The engineers came up our way, surveying the country with a view to laying the railway track. With my letter to the Chamber of Commerce in their hands, they found all my observations correct. They had orders to give me opportunity to say where the railway station in Ongole should be located. This was a courtesy which I appreciated.

While the railway was under construction, a partial famine broke out. A group of our preachers came into Ongole one day much disheartened on account of the scarcity. Their families were in want; for the Christians had not enough to eat themselves, and could not give anything toward the support of the preachers. I told them I had no money to give them, that they must pray to God, who sent the ravens to feed Elijah in time of famine, and then trust that same God to keep them from starving. They went away with gloomy faces and spent a long time in prayer together on the veranda of my office. Then they came smiling and happy, showing me a fish. A crow had come flying past and had dropped it among them. The supposition was that the crow had picked it out of a basket full of them in the fish bazaar, about five minutes' walk away. But even then it was remarkable that so small a bird as a crow should have carried a fish about six inches long in its beak and dropped it right there among the group of praying preachers. It encouraged them greatly.

The sequel of it was that in 1897 the executive engineer of the railroad offered me a contract for stacking 450,000 cubic feet of broken stone ballast along the line. I accepted, and later took a still larger contract of similar work. This meant that I once more had charge of a famine camp with several thousand people in it, while I lived in a tent close by, superintending the work. People came long distances to my camp, and the government inquired of me what I was doing to attract so many to come, for relief work conducted by others was not always popular.

There was a time when I had an industrial project much in mind. It was a question in these latter days, as never before, how to help our Christians to help themselves. The tendency among the most intelligent of

them was to fall into line as preachers and teachers in the mission. They thus remained under the supervision of the mission. It was a one-sided development. I had in mind to establish a tannery. Our Christians were doing their leather work in the same crude fashion which had been handed down to them from their ancestors. I wanted them to have a chance to learn modern methods, so that their work might command a sale beyond the borders of their own village. But nothing came of this plan.

The baptisms on my field continued about the same. When the last division of the field was made, about 14,000 members left the Ongole church. We kept about 8,000, and the size of the field that remained in my charge was about like an ordinary county in the state of Iowa. Most of my best workers had gone with their respective fields, but I had a good staff of preachers, teachers and Bible women left. The baptisms were on an average 500 each year. This represented steady growth. I saw no occasion to change my methods. I enlarged on them by letting the Christian community govern itself on the lines of their village customs. I made much of the *panchayat* system—the old village council. At every quarterly meeting I let the people elect the men who were to sit in council and take up their requests one by one. The judgment passed by them was generally ratified by me. It worked well and was a step in the direction of self-government. Thus I worked in the old grooves.

Then an accident befell me. The Podili station was under my supervision for a time and I had gone there to hold a quarterly meeting. After a hard day's work, I mounted my pony to go out into the open country, away from the people, for rest in the cool of the twilight. I had heard that a wolf had been straying about

at dusk. This wolf now suddenly stood by the roadside. My pony started in terror; the saddle turned to the side; I was thrown. No one had seen me fall. I got up and walked to the mission bungalow. Fortunately, I had not far to go. My collar bone and two ribs were broken. I gave myself only a few days for recovery and went to work again. A stiffness remained which rendered me liable to a second accident.

This came a year later. Many baptisms had been taking place on my field. People from several villages south of Ongole had sent requests to me to come. I sent my camp there and expected to hold meetings and then baptize several hundred of those who were waiting. I arrived at the camp very worn and tired with the work that had to be done before leaving Ongole and exposure to the sun on the way. The cot in my tent was one of the tall, folding camp cots, that stand four feet from the ground, in order to place the sleeper above the reach of straying half-wild dogs, snakes and creeping things. I woke up in the middle of the night, and in trying to get off the cot, I stepped on a chair by the side of it. The chair slipped, and I fell heavily upon the hard ground. My right hip was broken.

What followed I hardly know. As soon as I consented, my servants and the preachers who were with me put me on my spring wagon and took me the twenty miles to Ongole. There now I began a fight for life. I had had eight years in Ongole with no let-up since my last furlough, and was in a worn-out condition. Very likely mine was not an easy case to handle, for I was not accustomed to obey. I refused to lie still. I insisted that I must get up and go to work. I held out against the doctor's order to go to America for recovery. But days of pain and nights of delirium taught me to submit.

The accident happened early in February, 1901. In April Mrs. Clough and I started on our journey to America. On my cot they carried me to the railway station in Ongole. Word had been sent to the native people not to come: if they loved me to stay away. Several thousand came nevertheless. They promised to be silent if I would say *salaam* to them. I was carried out on the veranda and said good-bye. Later, when on my cot I was carried to the railway station, many of them took their sandals into their hands and silently followed through the still starlit night. I was now going forth on the last ten years of my life—ten hard, crippled years.

The friends who had gathered around us, helping us in every possible way, had to be left behind. My faithful Indian servants, too, could not go further than Colombo. We secured the services of a young Englishman as attendant, and proceeded on our journey halfway around the world. As the hot season was now on us, the steamers by way of the Atlantic were crowded; we had to go by way of China and the Pacific Ocean. Upon three steamers and five launches I had to be carried, and always there were the willing hands of sailors to lift me, with ships' officers standing by to superintend. In Hong Kong six Chinamen, amid discussion of the unusual nature of their task, took up my stretcher and carried me to the hotel, where we had to wait five days for our next steamer. We landed in Vancouver, though the ship's doctor wondered whether he was going to get me across the Pacific alive. Then I found the sturdy Canadians said, "What is the matter with that old gentleman? Let us help him," and I often had ten men ready in a moment to lift me on or off a train. On our long journey across the American continent a prominent Baptist professor with some students came to the train. He said, "Well, Dr. Clough, you never did anything

for anybody, but we must lift you on this train nevertheless." It was a revelation to me to see that I was never beyond the circle of human helpfulness.

In the heart of the Canadian Rocky Mountains there is a beautiful place, Banff, with a good sanitarium. It was on our way. We stopped to break the journey, and then stayed four months. Here I did some deep down resting. I took comfort in watching the huge, snow-capped mountains from my window. There was no humbug about them. When I tried to talk of my recent experiences—plucked out of intense activity and reduced to helplessness—I was choked with tears. Why had this come upon me? It was while I was trying to do my duty. But Jesus makes no mistakes. I submitted in patience.

My old friend and pastor, Dr. G. J. Johnson, who baptized me forty-three years before, now came to see me. After many years of faithful friendship, lingering not far from the other side, he felt that he must see his "son in the faith" before he passed away. He came from St. Louis, traveling three days and nights, his daughter accompanying him, and they stayed with us a month. The genial surgeon of the sanitarium remarked that I was more "subdued and submissive" since Dr. Johnson had come, and I admitted that I felt like a boy alongside of the doctor. It did me good to feel that way. We talked much of old times, and told each other old-time stories.

We stayed in America eighteen months. I visited my children, and saw relatives and old friends again. I attended the Anniversaries, but I saw that my days of public work were over. With some help I could walk a little, but I remained helpless to a large degree. Our secretaries and the Executive Committee were very considerate and generous to me, and when I now asked to

be sent back to my old place in India, they told me I should be cared for, whether I did any more work or not, whether I remained in America or went back to Ongole. My heart was in India; I wanted my old work again. We sailed in October, 1902.

On arrival in Ongole I was met by the same great crowd of people that always met me after a furlough. They were glad I was back in the old bungalow. For two and a half years I held out, in the old grooves, carried along by the impetus of the past. It was hard work. I could not keep it up. My strength was failing. We had to seek a cooler climate in one of the hill stations not far away. Sickness nigh unto death showed me that even a portion of my former work was henceforth out of the question. I retired from active service in 1905.

Life away from Ongole was hard to bear. I longed for the accustomed surroundings. But I had to wait; for at just about the time when I was beginning to break down, it looked as though my old bungalow also would fall into ruin. The old house and I had seen great days together, and now it looked as if we were tumbling down together. It was rebuilt, and then we went to live in it again. I soon found that my being there could not bring back the past. In my thoughts I had been living in the old days, when my compound was the center of activities reaching over portions of several districts, and thousands of Telugu people were glad when they knew I was at my post. But these days were gone. Even before the hot season was on us, I was ready and glad to go to Coonoor on the Nilgiri Hills, where it would be cool and quiet.

Then the question came up about the story of my life, for which Mrs. Clough and I had been collecting the material. If this was to be written while I was still there to help, it could not be put off much longer.

I had often been asked to write this story, but while I was still in the work I was too busy. After my retirement it was too late—I could not write any more. We all looked to Mrs. Clough to do it. She wrote several chapters and then she came to me and told me the difficulties were too great, that I must release her from the task. This I could not do. I wanted her to write the book. Finally she said, "There is only one way in which it can be written: you must tell your story yourself. In that case I am willing to do the work for you." I hesitated; for I feared that in such joint authorship I might no longer be equal to my part. But I saw that she believed it could be done. I asked her to go ahead and I would do all in my power to help her.

I soon saw that this worked well. It often encouraged me to find that where it was a question of the deeper motives of my work, I could answer for myself better than I could have done when still in my prime. That strange thread of happenings that ran through my life with an overruling destiny, seemed clearer than ever before. During my years of retirement I had not been idle: I had kept up a steady thinking, and my life had become far removed from me. I saw my failures, and saw the places where my expectations did not come to pass. As we talked it all over, I realized that we were setting forth aspects of this story which had never been brought out before. I saw that it was going to be just such a book as I had had in mind.

It was a strange experience to me thus to come face to face with my past. I had never before realized to how great a degree I was led in ways which were not of my choosing. In the earlier portions of the story I sometimes felt almost as if a sort of violence had been done me: my own schemes were always thwarted, I was always going where I did not want to go. At times

I felt dazed, and had to readjust myself, and tell myself that Jesus makes no mistakes. But, as I thought of the Telugu Mission, as I was leaving it, with its 100 missionaries, 60,000 members and 200,000 adherents, and all its schools—it is the very mission which I wanted when I first went to India. God had fulfilled my hopes.

When this book was so far finished that I saw the rest could be done without me, I realized that the next step for me to take was to leave India. Mrs. Clough had been under doctor's orders for the past two years to go home to America, but she had steadily refused to go and leave me behind; nor had I any wish to be left behind. I could not allow her to run further risk. I said: "I am going. Engage passage as soon as possible."

This meant that I could not die in India, and I could not have my grave in Ongole. I had the place selected in our cemetery there. But I had of late been told repeatedly that almost any other place, even the ocean, would be a better place for my grave. I would not believe this. They said the native Christians, and others also, over all that seven thousand square miles which was my tramping ground in the old days, were not even waiting till I was dead; they had already begun to use my name in the various rites and incantations which are so prevalent in India. It was said that when they were digging a well, and did not strike water, the village elders boiled rice near the well, each took a handful, and holding it over the well, thinking of me, they together spoke my name, dropped the rice, and it was said "the water came immediately." Thus they had already begun to do when plowing their fields, when tending their cattle, and in more ways than was known. I can only say, I am sorry they are doing that way. I always taught them not to do such things and they are thus setting aside my teaching. I know my hands were open

to help them. They seem to be trying thus to make me help them still.

But I had held to it, that no one would interfere with my grave. Then they told me that an old missionary south of us, who had really loved the people as I had done, died and was buried among them. His grave was kept covered with marks of worship, and signs that prayers for help had been offered. His friends built a high wall around it, and then the worship was conducted outside the wall. They told me also of a missionary north of us, whose remains had to be removed to some silent, peaceful spot, of which only a few knew. Thinking this over in all its bearings, I had already begun to keep still about that grave in Ongole. If it stood for something in my life, which, like many another intention and expectation of mine, belonged to that which "was not to be," then the sooner I let it go the better.

Very reluctantly I set my face toward sailing for America. My work in India is done. Soon I shall meet my Master, Jesus, face to face, to whom I led so many thousands of the poor and ignorant and despised. When that time comes, may it be my joy to find in the light of his countenance the assurance that the purpose is fulfilled for which I was brought into life.

. . . . . .

We undertook that voyage with the greatest hesitation. Neither my husband nor I wanted to go, yet the doors opened before us, and there was nothing to do but walk through them. Loving interest was shown us in leaving India, and help in abundance was awaiting us when we landed in Boston. We settled in Rochester, New York, which is only forty miles away from the place of his birth.

The months passed. He seemed at least to hold his

own, and spoke sometimes of returning to India. But a change came. He realized that the end was near. At twilight one evening, he said, "I am thinking of the will of God." He saw that he was understood. Long ago he said that when he came to die there would be no good-bye and no farewell message: "I am going to die and say nothing about it." He carried this out.

A friend of former years came and offered Christian consolation. He appreciated the sympathy that breathed through the prayer, but the friend said afterwards, "Like some great oriental he meant to go and meet his God in his own way. He wanted the prayer of no man."

Early the last morning of his conscious life he spoke in a few brief sentences of the past, intimating that he had scanned his life, and pronounced judgment on himself. He wanted no reply: he only wanted to be understood.

His spirit held him to the last in the calm faith and childlike trust that always marked him. He died unafraid. Very weary he was, but his eyes were calm and fearless till they closed, as if to go to sleep, and he sank into long unconsciousness. In an atmosphere of great peace, a serene look coming over his face, he breathed his life away, still unconscious, when the sun was rising on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1910.

Since the grave in Ongole was not to be, it was his wish to be buried in Newton Center, a suburb of Boston. In its beautiful cemetery the society which he served had bought ground to bury its dead. Here now he was gathered unto his fathers in a spiritual sense. In this cemetery, long before, Dr. Warren was laid to rest,—his chief, the man of whom he used to say that a father could not have been more to his own son than he was to him. Here was Dr. Jewett's resting-place, with whom

he was sent forty-six years before "to give him Christian burial in a heathen land." The order was reversed. He had now come to receive Christian burial close to Dr. Jewett. And here, only a narrow path between them, was the grave of Dr. S. F. Smith, whose song, "Shine on, Lone Star," had contained a prophecy, which the body now laid to rest had worked strenuously to fulfill.

Both in Rochester and in Newton Center there were services in which men participated who were bound to him by ties of fellowship in work. A cable message took the tidings to India. Once more religious and secular papers rehearsed the story of the work with which his life was knit together. There is peace where his body lies, peace unbroken by incantations aiming at material benefits. There is joy where his spirit went, and the continuation of this story may now be proceeding in the language of the heaven world. Inscribed over his grave is his favorite verse:

"Be still and know that I am God."

GLOSSARY

BRAHMANS, THE—The aristocracy of learning in India, of Indo-Aryan descent.

DHORA—A white man; equivalent for Mister.

GURU—A religious teacher.

JUTTU—The sacred top-knot of hair on a man's head.

KARNAM—The village accountant, generally a Brahman.

MADIGAS, THE—The leather workers of the Telugu country, of tribal origin, forming more than one-half of the Pariah population.

MANTRA—A prayer, holy verse, or mystic word.

MUNSIFF—The headman of the ancient Dravidian village organization.

PANCHAMA—Fifth caste—the recently created caste name of the Pariahs.

PANCHAYAT—The council of five village elders.

PARIAHS, THE—The submerged portion of the Hindu community, outside the caste system, held in menial service.

RUPEE—A silver coin worth about thirty cents.

SALAAM—Peace—an oriental gesture of salutation.

SUDRAS, THE—Landowners and artisans, of Dravidian race, forming the bulk of South Indian population.

TAHSILDAR—A subjudge for criminal cases.

TALUK—A county, about 30 miles square.

TELUGUS, THE—A South Indian people, about 20,000,000 in number, living in the northern part of the Madras Presidency.

YETTI—A Madiga who carries loads for the village.

YOGA—The experimental union of the individual with the divine. There are four paths of Yoga, of which Raja Yoga is one. It is the psychological way to union through the practice of concentration.

YOGI, THE—One who practices Yoga.

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